

THE
SIXTH VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

WRIT by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty YEARS
undiscovered at

PARIS:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the
Divan at Constantinople of the most remarkable Transactions of *Europe* and discovering several Intrigues and Secrets of the Christian Courts, (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1659, to the Year 1682.

Written originally in Arabick. Translated into Italian, from thence into English, by the Translator of the First Volume.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

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TO THE

R E A D E R.

AS superfluous as *Prefaces* seem, yet there is one Thing which makes it in a manner necessary to prefix a few Lines to this *Volume*, in regard there is an Occasion given by the Objections some Gentlemen have been lately pleased to make against the Style of the *English* Trans-

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lation. These Persons having, by a very costly Inquisitiveness, found and procured the *Italian* Copy of these *Letters*, and compared them with the *English*, pick many Faults in the latter, which they would fain improve to the lessening of the Reputation of the *Turkish Spy*, or at least to the heightening of their own Characters, as *Wits* and *Criticks*, *Masters* of *Languages*, and the *Grand Patentees* of *Human Sense*.

In the first Place they say, the *Italian* Translation keeps close to the original *Arabick*; whereas the *English* abounds too much with *Anglicisms*, which are not sufficient to express the *Author's* primitive Sense.

How

To the READER.

How impossible a Thing it is to please all People in Undertakings of this Nature ! Formerly they were offended that so many *Turkish* and *Arabick* Words were left untranslated. And that being answered in the *Preface* to the *Fourth Volume*, they have now formed new Arguments out of that very Answer, to assault us on the contrary Side, and tax us with being too *Vernacular*. It is true, the *Letters*, they have sent to the *Bookseller* on this Account, are not subscribed at length : Yet, by Accident, one of the Gentlemen's Hand-writing is known. And though we acknowledge him to be an ingenious Person, and a Man of Learning ; yet I believe
he

To the READER.

he would be unwilling his *Letter* should here be exposed in Print, (or the *Original* shewed to some that know him, and perhaps may claim an equal Rank among the *Criticks*.)

But to come to the Purpose; I have often heard *Translations* blamed for keeping too close to the *Original* Phrase; but never any, before this, for a Negligence that is absolutely necessary to retain the Sense of a *Foreign Author*. All the World knows there is a vast Distance between *Arabick* and the *Languages* of *Europe*; and if the *Italian* Translator was more exact in forming his Words up to a near Imitation of the *Eastern* Proprieties of Speech, no doubt but impartial
Men

To the READER.

Men will rather censure it as a Fault; than cry it up for an Excellency; since nothing sounds well in any *Language*, which is not delivered in the *Natural Idiom*. Every Thing ought to be writ in as familiar a Style as we discourse; especially *Letters*, which are but a Proxy-Method of conversing at a Distance. And he that translates out of one *Language* into another, ought to aim chiefly at this, that he be sure to retain the *Original* Sense, and render it smooth and easy to the Reader. The Flowers of *Arabia* and *Italy*, when once transplanted to our barren *English* Soil, lose their Vertue and Beauty, until they are naturalized: What then must we expect from their Weeds? Doubtless, there are some Peculiarities

To the READER.

liarities in all *Languages*; and to translate *Verbatim* from so remote a *Tongue* would sound as harsh as *French* does in an *Englishman's* Mouth, when he pronounces it as it is writ.

What I have more to say is, that as this *Volume* contains a *History* of Things transacted within the Memory of most Men now living; so the two succeeding *Tomes* fall down lower and nearer to the present Times: Giving an Account of Events whereof many have been Eye-witnesses, and wherein not a few have had a personal Share either by way of Action, or suffering Profit or Damage; which must needs afford Delight to thinking Men; since there is nothing more agreeable to

To the READER.

to Mortals, than to reflect on the former Passages of their Lives, according to that of the *Poet*.

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Besides, for the farther Encouragement of the candid *Reader*, he may assure himself, that toward the Conclusion of the last *Volume*, he will meet with several *Secrets* between the *French* and *Turkish* Courts, which will discover the true Source of the *Present War* between the *Emperor* of *Germany* and the *Grand Signior*; and give a Glimpse of the private *Machinations* and *Springs*, which have put all *Europe* into the *Hurly-burly* it is now in.

I have

To the READER,

I have but this more to say,
that we hope to be more speedy
in publishing the Remainder of
these *Letters*, than we have hi-
therto been in the former *Volumes*.
Reader, Adieu.



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LETTERS and MATTERS
CONTAINED
In This VOLUME.

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LETTERS

REPORT



LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. VI.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the Arabian at Paris, to Dgnet Oglou, his Friend at Constantinople.*

IT makes me smile sometimes when I reflect how often I was put to it for an Address suitable to the Manners of the *Nazarenes*, and the particular Mode of *Paris* when I first arrived at this City: For thou knowest we had other Employments, than to learn Fashions and Congees at *Palermo*. The Mind of a Slave is dejected under the Circumstances of his Captivity; so that he has not Leisure to regard any Thing, but how to accomplish his daily Task, and to please his Patron. All his Study and Care is bent upon this, and there is no Room left for generous Thoughts; neither has he Means or Courage to venture on Projects, or improve the present Occurrences in order to his future Happiness. Nay, he hardly dares think of ever being happy again. This was my Case, and I believe it was not much better with thee.

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B

Yet,

Yet, notwithstanding all the rigorous Usage I had, the Bastinadoes, Kicks, Bruises, Cuts and wounds, I received from the Hands of that barbarous *Giaffer*, my Master, which made me sometimes incapable of doing him any Service by Day, or of taking any Rest myself by Night, I was resolved to find some spare Time for Books. I rose early, and went late to Sleep; neglecting no Moment, wherein I could apply my self to Study. The acquaintance I had with that *Sicilian* Carpenter, our Friend, was of singular Advantage to me in this Kind: For, thou mayest remember, he was well stocked with many antient and learned Treatises. He furnished me with *Plutarch*, *Polybius*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other Histories. All which, and many more, I devoured with Greediness; for I had a strong Appetite to Knowledge. And after my Redemption I passed away some Time in the Academies, where I learned the knotty Tricks of Logick, how to split Moods and Figures, and chain one impertinent Syllogism to the Tail of another to Eternity. I also run through a Course of Philosophy and other Sciences. Neither was I altogether ignorant of Men: For the reading of Histories fits a Man the better to make practical Experiments in the Affairs of the World. To which also Philosophy is not a little helpful, in directing our Observations on the various Tempers of People, Men's Personal Dispositions and Singularities, with the Humours and Customs peculiar to this or that Nation. For these Things depend many times on the Difference of the Climate, the Nature of the Soil, the Qualities of the Air, and the Manner of their Diet.

But neither History, Logick, or Philosophy, were able to efface the Impressions of my early Years, or unteach me the Manners in which I had been educated from my Infancy. I brought *Arabia* and *Constantinople* along with me even to *Paris*. And because I had not been used to dissemble the Profession and Carriage of a *Mussulman*, during my Thralldom in *Sicily* I was at a Loss in my deportment, when I came first hither.

How

How often have I been like to discover my self by pronouncing the sacred *Bismillah*, either when I sat down to eat, or put a Glass of Water to my Lips; or when I began any other Action of Importance? So likewise in uttering the *Handillah*, after a Repast, or when any Thing happened which prompted me to praise God.

When I met any of my Acquaintance in the Streets, I was apt to forget that I had a Hat on. And instead of putting off that, according to the Fashion of the *Franks*, I laid my Hand on my Breast, and sometimes bowed so low, that my Hat fell off from my Head, before I was sensible of my Error.

If I had Occasion to address myself to a Person of Quality, I was ready to take up the Bottom of his Cloak, Gown, or Robe, and to kiss it in Token of Reverence, as the Custom is in the East, when we salute the *Grandeess*. Nay, sometimes I could not forbear falling on my Knee, or prostrate on the Ground before Cardinal *Richlieu*, and those of his high Dignity. All which, nevertheless, passed only for Clownishness, and Want of courtly Education, which teaches the nice Punctilioes of Address. They took me for a Kind of *Moldavian* Rustick, without any further Jealousy. Or, perhaps, they smiled at all this, as some singular Caprice or Humour, like that of the Philosopher *Pascles*, who coming to salute a great Captain, and the Ceremony of those Times requiring him to touch the Captain's Knee, he laid his Hand on his Genitals. At which the Captain being affronted, and thrusting his Hand away with scornful Words, What! says the Philosopher, does not that Part belong to you, as well as your Knees? It often diverts my Melancholy, to consider how many Errors of this Kind I have committed, not through Ignorance, or any Cynical Humour, but only in pure Oversight, and Forgetfulness.

It was a long Time before I could frame my Fingers to handle a Knife and Fork at Meals, as is the universal Custom in these Western Parts; whereas thou knowest we make use of no other Instruments in Eating, but our Fingers and Teeth. Whence it was, that I could

not sometimes forbear thrusting my Hand into a whole Dish of Meat; which is counted a great Indecency in *France*. And after I was reconciled to those nicer Instruments of Voluptuousness, as to carve my Meat *a la Mode*; yet when once I had it on my own Plate, I laid aside those Tools as useless, and tore it asunder with my Fingers and Teeth, feeding *a la Turcesque*, as the *French* call it; that is like a *Mussulman*.

Nevertheless, no Body suspected me; but all these Miscarriages passed for *Moldavian* Barbarisms, the savage Customs of that my supposed Country. I tell thee, that though the Manner of eating among the *French* seems to have something more of Neatness and Delicacy in it; yet it appears full of Softness and Luxury, and I cannot in Reason prefer it to the more natural and simple Method of Diet, used in the East. Neither would the *French* themselves condemn us for Savages in this Point, as they commonly do, did they but consider, that this Negligence very well becomes Men of the Sword; and that in their Campaigns their own Generals are ambitious to appear careless in every Thing relating to their Body.

Doubtless, the ancient *Romans*, who brought the greatest Part of the World under their Power, shunned all Finesses in Diet and Apparel, until such Time as their Manners were debauched, and their Empire in its Decline. Our Annals record, That when *Sultan Selim* lay down with his Army before a certain Place, and the Governor of the Town sent Commissioners to treat with him about a Surrender; they found him at Dinner, which consisted only of two or three Onions, a little Salt and Bread,

Histories also relate of the faithful *Omar*, Successor of the Prophet, That when he was with his Army not far from *Jerusalem*, the *Nazerene* Prince, who governed that City, sent a Spy into the Host of the *Mussulmans*, to observe their Discipline, and, bring him a lively Character of their General. The Spy went according to his Master's Order; and, having tarried some Time in the *Arabian* Camp, returned again, and thus spoke to the Governor.

“ It

" It will not be needful to recount every Thing I
 " observed among these Soldiers; since by what I
 " shall say of their Leader, thou mayest comprehend
 " the Manners of them all: For they obey him, and
 " follow his Example in every Thing with exquisite
 " Silence and Modesty. I saw *Omar* their Prince, at
 " the Head of his Army, sitting on a Camel, his Face
 " tawny and scorched by the Sun, in a Vest of *Persian*
 " Cotton, girded about with a Belt of Leather, at
 " which hung a Cymetar and Dagger, with a Knap-
 " sack tied behind him like the meanest Soldier. I
 " saw him take out from thence hard Crufts of Bread,
 " shaking off the Husks of Millet which stuck to
 " them; and saying, In the Name of God, he eat
 " heartily of the same. Then he drank Water out of
 " a leathern Bottle hanging by his Side; and when he
 " had done, he said, Praise be to God. All his Army
 " made their Repast at the same Time, and in the same
 " Manner, with admirable Temperance, and such an
 " Order and Modesty, as I never saw before, neither
 " can I express.

When the Prince heard this, he stood still a considera-
 ble Time, musing as one astonished. Then turning to
 the Seniors and Chief of the People who were present,
 he said, " It is necessary that we surrender our City to
 " these People; for they have the Smiles of Heaven.
 " Their Prophet and their Law oblige them to Tem-
 " perance, Frugality, Obedience, and a modest Deport-
 " ment. These Virtues are certain Steps to Victory
 " and Empire. Besides, I have received a Tradition
 " from my Ancestors, That a People shall come out
 " of *Arabia*, with a new Law and Religion, which
 " shall abolish all that went before it. They shall sub-
 " due *Palestine* and *Egypt*, and shall build Mosques,
 " wherein their Prayers shall sound like the Hummings
 " of Bees. Their Empire shall extend from East to
 " West, and to the Extremities of the Earth. This
 " is what I have learned from my Forefathers, and
 " which I believe is now coming to pass. Therefore

" it will be in vain to resist these Men; for they are
 " invincible by a Decree from above.

Those that were about him did not approve the Counsel of this wife *Nazarene*. However, he sent to *Omar*, and obtained Favour for himself and his Family,

Thou wilt say I am got wide of the Mark of my first Discourse, which related to myself, and not to any of the primitive Caliphs: But it is impossible to restrain our Thoughts from roving. Some say, they hang together like the Links of a Chain; and that one Idea being fastened to another in our Memory, we muster them in Rank and File, according to their proper Order, when we think, or make Reflections. God knows how it is. This I am sure of, That when I write to my Friends, I study not to make an elaborate Speech on it, as if I were penning an Oration; but pursuing my first Intention at Random, I run on, letting one Thought and Word beget another.

But I was telling thee how great a Bungler I was at first in all the Ceremonies and Manners of the *Franks*, which differ from those of the East. I was as much to seek in my Address, as an *Afs* would be to play on a Lute, according to the *Roman* Proverb: Yet Time and Practice rendered all these Things familiar and easy. Now, methinks, I am a thorow-paced *Nazarene* as to my Exterior. I go to the Court and the Temples with as much seeming Formality as the Christians, whilst, God knows, my Heart is somewhere else: All my Actions are out of their natural Byass, so long as I am absent from the Society of True Believers.

In a Word, I am forced to imitate the Fox, which Creature, when it is environed with Huntsmen and Dogs, counterfeits a Barking like the latter, and so passes undiscovered for one of their Company.

Paris, 3d of the 9th Moon,
 of the Year 1659.

LETTER II.

To the Reis Effendi, or Principal Secretary
of the Ottoman Empire.

I Am at this Time possessed with more Apprehensions and Jealousies, than an old Infidel Usurer. My Lodging affects me with greater Melancholy, than would a Prison. And my uneasiness is the same when I go out of Doors. Every Body that meets me looks either as my Accuser or my Judge: And some appear as terrible as Executioners. By Day, my Imagination torments me like a Fury, and by Night, I am affrighted with melancholy Visions. I dream of nothing but Racks, Wheels, Saws, Gibbets, and such like Instruments of human Cruelty. Or that I am in some dark Dungeon, condemned to more unsufferable Tortures, by Order of the State; with Cardinal *Mazarini*, sitting by me like a *Spanish* Inquisitor, and, in the most Tyrannical Manner, threatening me with Pains, to which the Damned themselves are wholly Strangers, if I will not confess what I am, and reveal the Secrets with which I am entrusted.

The Occasion of these Terrors, which harrafs me Night and Day, is this: I have for four or five Days together found myself dogged up and down *Paris*, by a Man whose Face I never saw before in my Life. Let me go where I will, he is always some Distance from me. If I stand still, so does he: Or if I turn back, he is quickly at my Heels. I have endeavoured by all the prudent Methods I could take to drop him in the Crowd of People, or in the Churches: But all in vain; for still I encounter with the same Face. He pursues me like my Shadow. Neither Coach nor Boat, Land or Water, House or Alley, can rescue me from the Fellow's Eyes, who is more quick-sighted than *Argus*, and nimbler than *Mercury*. He is very cunning also in this Business, and as dextrous as a Juggler, conveying himself

himself when he pleases out of my Sight; yet presently after he is in view again. And if I chance to lose him in the dark, I am sure to find him not far from my Lodging next Morning.

This is it which gives me so much Disturbance, and pierces me with a thousand Anxieties; for I know not what to conjecture of this Fellow's Design. Sometimes I think he is employed by Cardinal *Mazarini* to watch my Motions, observe what Houses and Company I frequent, and trace me in all my Appointments. And I am the more confirmed in this Suspicion, when I reflect on my former Imprisonment in this City, and the Occasion of it. Besides, when I went yesterday to see *Eliachim* the Jew, this Spark followed me near to the Door: And though I tarried there two full Hours, yet when I came out, I had not walked a hundred Paces, before I saw him again, footing it after me in a careless Manner, with his Arms folded, and his Eyes fixed on the Ground, as if he knew nothing of the Matter. These are convincing Circumstances, that he is set at work by the Cardinal, or some body else, to discover my Business.

But when, on the other side, I consider, that if the Cardinal suspected me, he might go a nearer way to work, and seize me in my Chamber, where my Letters would betray me, this Thought vanishes, and I am at a loss what to think.

Then comes into my Mind the Encounter I had once with my *Sicilian* Master, who strove to set the Rabble upon me in the Streets of *Paris*; but my better Stars delivered me out of his and their Hands, whilst, for ought I know, he drew upon himself the Mischiefs he designed for me. However, when I reflect on that Passage, I am apt to think he may be now in *Paris*, and having by some Accident seen me go in or out at my Lodgings, contrives how to revenge himself on me, and uses this Fellow's Assistance in compassing his Ends. Perhaps, think I, he will cause me to be stabbed or pistolled at some convenient Season; or he will find out some other Way, less noisy and more malicious, to dispatch

patch me. It may be he seeks to entrap me, and render me obnoxious to the State. I have a thousand Imaginations about it, and know not what to conclude. I value not my self, nor am I careful to prolong a miserable Life for my own sake. All that I can hope to enjoy in this World would come far short of tempting me to screen myself from the Stroke of Death, by an Action unworthy of a Philosopher, and a Man. But the Duty and Affection I owe to the Grand Seignior's Service, makes me willing to live, until I have acquitted my self of my Province with perfect Success, that so I may return to *Constantinople* with Honour; And then I care not how soon I pass to that unknown World, where all the Generations of Mortals take up their eternal Rest: For in this there is nothing but Labour and Grief.

In the mean Time, I know not what Conduct to use in this Emergency; Whether I had best to speak to this Fellow, or dissemble my Suspicion; whether it will be safe to trust this Event to the general Providence, or to sacrifice him that gives me so much disquiet, and so secure my Peace. I could easily have him dispatched without any further Noise. But then my Conscience would trouble me with After-claps, lest I should have murdered a Man without Reason, which is expressly forbid by the Alcoran. Besides, I should always stand in fear of some Discovery; I protest, I am at a Loss for want of ample Instructions in such Cases as these. And I am weary of mentioning what I have so often intimated already to the Ministers of the Porte, without any direct Answer. However, I will do what my Reason suggests, and leave the Event to Destiny.

Happy Minister! the Affairs of this World are full of dark Windings and Meanders; and we have all need of a Guide, or a Clew, to conduct us through them. May that Omnipresent assist us, whenever we are caught in a Knot, or lost in a Labyrinth of Difficulties.

Paris, 25th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER III.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of
the College of Sciences at Fez.

THY venerable Dispatch I received with Kisses, and a Transport of Joy. I thrice touched my Eye-lids with the Paper of high Esteem, and as oft I laid it to my Breast. I broke up the Seals with Modesty and Reverence, and my greedy Eyes devoured the Lines of profound Wisdom, the Sentences and Aphorisms worthy to be written in Letters of Gold. Then it was I blessed the Hour of my Nativity, and the more happy Moment wherein I first had the Honour of thy Familiarity and Friendship: O thou sincere and eximious Patron of such as love the Sciences! Renowned for thy Learning, and Probity of Manners! Prince of the *Alfaqui's* and Doctors! Crown of the Sage Assembly of Philosophers! Oracle of the Age!

Glory be to God, who has neither Beginning or End! who alone possesses the infinite Expanse and Life eternal; who is adored by the Inhabitants of Heaven, of Earth, and of Hell: Benedictions on *Michael, Gabriel, Israphail, Itburriel, Jeremiel, Hafmariel*, and on all the happy Ministers of his Divine Majesty; as also on the Angel of Death. Peace to the True Believers on Earth, and Salvation to the Devils and Damned, after they have accomplished their Penance in Hell, and the Term of Wrath shall be expired.

An universal Charity dilates my Heart; I embrace with Love all the Creatures of God. This is owing to the seasonable Arrival of thy Letter: For at the Moment when that came, I was plunged in so deep a Melancholy, that I could hardly afford a kind Thought for any thing on Earth, and I perfectly hated my self. I have these Fits of Sadness often, it being an Effect of my Constitution.

At those Seasons Life appears an insupportable Burthen, and all the Bustle and Noise of Mortals a vain Fatigue. My Senses, which at other Times administer Delight and Pleasure, are now the Instruments of Anguish and Pain. Every Thing I see and hear disgusts me. I abhor my necessary Food. Neither can the sweetest Odours, or softest Strains of Musick bring me into a better Temper; until Sleep eclipses the Light of my busy Imagination, and puts out every glaring Thought. Then my Soul takes her Repose; and stealing from my Body, enters into the shady Vale of Visions, and sports with innocent Ideas. Thus having diverted myself with jumbling monstrous Essences together, and hurling one Chimæra at another, I return again to my Body, and sighing awake, grieved that I could not longer stay in that Mock-World, where I could have wished my Residence for ever, rather than in This, which gives me so much real Pain. Thus is my Anguish renewed with the Morning. Light is more irksome to me than Darkness, and the Day, which brings Joy to other Mortals, is more terrible to me than Night, and the Shadow of Death.

I complain to the Elements, but they will not hear or regard me. All Nature seems to laugh at my Affliction, and the Beasts of the Field triumph over me. As for Men, here are none but Infidels, my professed Enemies, to whom I can vent my Sorrows: And I am ashamed to make a Woman my Confessor, though it were my own Mother, who lives in *Paris*, and daily sees me.

If in this dolorous Condition I prepare myself with the accustomed Purifications of the Law, and Addresses to the Omnipotent, I know not where to find him: His Essence is unsearchable, and flies from human Thought. I call him aloud by his Ninety-nine adorable Names, but receive no Answer. I repeat his incomprehensible Attributes, but all to no Purpose. In a Word, I say and do all that the Law enjoins, the Prophet counsels, holy Persons recommend, or my own Reason suggests, as a proper Means to obtain the Fa-

vour

vour of Heaven, and a Redress of my Calamity: But find no Comfort. And, for ought I know, that *Spaniard* might as soon be heard, who, being ignorant what Form of Prayer to use, rehearsed the four and twenty Letters of the Alphabet, desiring God to form such Words out of them, as best expressed the Petitioner's Necessities.

I tell thee, illustrious Prelate, after I am tired with vocal Devotions, I have recourse to Contemplation. I examine my past Life, and find that I myself am the Source of my own Melancholy, in not strictly obeying the Law of the Prophet, the Precepts of the Seniors, and the Dictates of my Conscience: And all this, for the Sake of Loyalty to the Grand Seignior, and in Confidence to the Musti's Dispensation. Now I ask of thee, Whether it be lawful to commit a thousand Vices, that I may only acquit my self fairly in one Virtue? Or, to think, that, in such Case, the Musti has power to disannul the express positive Injunctions of our Holy Lawgiver? Is the Empire of the Faithful to be served by the Infidelity and Profaneness of Mussulmans? Or the Truth to be supported by Lyes and Perjuries?

I tremble to think what a Confusion I shall be in, when the Prophet shall reproach me, That I have preferred the Favour of Men, to the Smiles of Heaven. I know not what to do. Oh, that I were in the parching Desarts of *Lybia*! or any the most unfrequented Solitude of *Egypt*! A Companion of Dragons, and other horrid Monsters of *Afric*! rather than in this Station, which renders my Life a Hell upon Earth, and torments me with half the Disquiets of the Damned.

But if this appears too extravagant and desperate a Thought, let me at last with myself at *Fez*, the meanest of thy Slaves, or of thy incomparable *Musu Abul Yahyan*, of whom thy last Letter gave so high a Character. I have addressed a Dispatch to him, hoping for the Honour of his Friendship and Correspondence.

Let not the Liberty I have taken to tell thee of my Sadness, discourage thee from writing: But rest assured, that whenever thou shalt vouchsafe me a Letter, though
I were

I were in the Agonies of Death, it would call me back again.

Paris, 25th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THESE *Nazarenes* are very fertile in new Religions. *Europe* is a Wilderness over-run with monstrous Sects and Heresies. Every Age produces fresh Pretenders to Prophecy and Divine Revelation. Error is prolifick, and multiplies infinitely, whilst Truth remains the same for ever, and is comprehended in a few Rules.

Of late Years there are a Sort of People sprung up in *England*, *Holland*, *Germany*, and other Parts of the *North*, boasting of a new Commission given them from *Heaven*, to preach the everlasting Truth, reform the Errors and Vices of Mankind, and lead People the only infallible Way to Happiness. Their Address is plain and simple, bold and uniform, using no other Ceremonies or Compliments in their Discourse or Carriage to Persons of the greatest Quality, than to the Vulgar, and those of the most inferior Rank.

They stile themselves, The true Seed, The Off-spring of *Jacob*, *Jews* of the Promise, *Israelites* without Fraud, with such like vain Titles; but by others they are generally called *Quakers*.

They say, the Ring-leader of this People professes himself to be the *Messias*, being in all Parts of his Body, and Features of his Face like *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*: Or at least it is observed, that he exactly resembles the Portraiture of him which *Publius Lentulus* sent to the Senate of *Rome* out of *Judæa*, when he was Governor of that Province. Hence his Followers

scruple

scruple not to call him *Jesus*, the Beauty of Ten Thousand, the only begotten Son of *God*, the Prophet who is to seal up all Things, the Prince of Peace, King of *Israel*, Judge, Consolation of the World.

When he travels, his Disciples attend him bare-headed, (which thou knowest is a Token of Reverence among the *Franks*) yet they never uncover to any other Mortal. He rides on Horseback, whilst they walk on Foot before, behind, and on each Side of him, spreading their Garments in the Way through which he passes. The Hoofs of his Beast tread only on Silks or other costly Stuffs. And as they enter into any Town or City, they chaunt aloud his Praises, proclaiming him The Son of *David*, and Heir of the Divine Promises.

All his Followers pretend to be Prophets, boasting of strange Illuminations and Raptures, foretelling Things to come, and reproaching the Vices of Governors and the greatest Princes, with a Boldness which has but few Precedents. In a Word, they every where preach, That *God* is laying a Foundation of a New-Monarchy, which shall destroy all the rest in the World, and shall never have an End it self.

This gives a Jealousy to the States where they live, and therefore they are persecuted in all Places. Yet they appear very constant in their Sufferings, and tenacious of the Doctrines they preach.

They seem, in my Opinion, to resemble one of our *Mussulmans* Sects, who assert, That *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* shall return again upon Earth: That he shall marry and beget Children, be anointed King of the Nations who believe in One *God*, and in this glorious State shall remain forty Years: After which he shall subdue *Antichrist*, and then shall follow the Dissolution of all Things. Yet the Orthodox Believers reject this Tenet as fabulous. Neither is there any Countenance given to it in that Versicle of the *Alcoran*, where it is said, Thou *Mahomet* shalt see thy *Lord* return in the Clouds: Since that only intimates the glorious Descent which *Moses*, *Jesus*, and *Mahomet* shall make from Paradise,

Paradise, with *Enoch*, *Elias*, and the one hundred twenty four Thousand Prophets, to assemble the Elect at the Day of Judgment.

If thou wouldest have my Opinion of these new Religionists in *Europe*, and their Leader ; I take him to be an Impostor, and his Followers to be either Fools or Madmen. Even just such another Crew as those who followed *Moseilema*, in the Days of our Holy Lawgiver. This was an *Arabian* Impostor, who pretended to set up for a Prophet, and attempted to compose a Book like the Alcoran. But he was infatuated with a vain Arrogance, and there was no Truth or Elegance in his Writings, no Justice on his Side, nor Understanding in him or his Party. To be short, both he and they were all cut to Pieces in the Vale of *Akreb*, by the Troops of *Abu Bacrossadic*, the first Caliph.

As to these modern Seducers, they are not Men of Arms, but a Herd of silly, insignificant People, aiming rather to heap up Riches in Obscurity, than to acquire a Fame by an heroick Undertaking. They are generally Merchants or Mechanicks, and are observed to be very punctual in their Dealings, Men of few Words in a Bargain, modest and composed in their Deportment, temperate in their Lives, and using great Frugality in all Things. In a Word, they are singularly Industrious, sparing no Labour or Pains to encrease their Wealth : and so subtle and inventive, that they would, if possible, extract Gold out of Ashes. I know none that excel them in these Characters, but the *Jews* and the *Banians* : The former being the craftiest of all Men, and the latter so superlatively cunning, that they will over-reach the *Devil*.

But these are no Signs of a pure Religion ; for that only prescribes the Methods of withdrawing and separating the Soul from the Contagion of earthly Things, and of uniting it to the Deity, which is its Source.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, I bid thee adieu, praying that thou and I may at last meet in that Centre of all Things,
after

after our various Epicycles and Excursions in this lower World.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER V.

To the same.

I Sent a Dispatch some Moons past to the *Cadilefquer* of *Romili*, Guardian of the *Imperial* Canons, Interpreter of the Laws of Equity; wherein I informed him of the Advances that were made in order to a Peace between *France* and *Spain*. Now I can assure thee, that Peace is concluded, and the Articles signed on both Sides by the two Plenipotentiaries.

I need not repeat what I particularly related to that Grandee. My Letters are all published in the Divan, and registered. Yet it will not be unwelcome perhaps to thee to hear with what Niceness of Punctilio, these Infidel Ministers met to accomplish an Affair, whereon depends the Interest and Honour of their respective Masters the Happiness of the two Kingdoms, and the general Byass of all the West.

There is a little Island formed by the River *Bidassoa*, called the Isle of *Pheasants*, through the middle of which a Line is drawn, which exactly separates the Territories of both Monarchs. This Place was agreed on for the Interview of the two Ministers. Each had his Bridge to enter the Island in that Part which belonged to his Master. And over the Line of Separation was erected a large Divan or Council Room, to be entered only by two private Doors, one out of Cardinal *Mazarini's* Lodgings, raised on the *French* Side of the Council Room, the other out of *Don Louis d' Aro's* Apartment, built on the *Spanish* Side.

Each

Each of these Ministers was accompanied by several Princes and Grandees of the Court, and above sixty other Persons of Quality, with a Guard of four hundred Horse and Foot to secure their Bridges, and the Place of Conference. In a Word, Things were managed with so much Moderation and good Success, that the *Mareschal de Gramont* was sent Ambassador Extraordinary into *Spain*, and received at that Court with infinite Civilities and Honour.

The Subject of his Negotiation was to treat of a Match between the King his Master, and the Infanta of *Spain*. His Conduct and Address were such, as soon procured the *Catholick King's* Consent : And from that Time the *Mareschal* approached the Infanta with more than ordinary Submissions, esteeming her now as the Queen of *France*. Soon after this, the Nuptial Contract, and the Peace were mutually signed, to the immense Joy of the Subjects of both Sides, who were very glad to exchange the Toils and Calamities of War, for the Sweets and Profit of Peace.

It will be needless to insert here all the Articles on which they agreed. Two will be worth the Knowledge of the supreme Divan. And those are the Release of *Charles Duke of Lorrain*, on the *Spanish King's* Side : And on the Part of the King of *France*, the Restoration of the Prince of *Conde* to the free Possession and Enjoyment of all his Estates, Honours, Dignities, and Privileges, as the first Prince of the Royal Blood, with the Government of the Provinces of *Burgoigne* and *Neffe*.

A little before these Articles were signed, the young Prince of *Spain* dyed suddenly, not having seen twelve Moons. I mentioned the Birth of this Royal Infant in one of my Letters, and the extraordinary Solemnities that were made thereupon by the King of *Spain*, and his Ambassadors at foreign Courts. These Infidels appear in all Things too passionately affected with the Glories of our Mortal State, which at the Height are but transient Shadows, or something less considerable.

I am

I am amazed at the bold Rebellion of the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, and that he should endeavour to cheat the Empire with so stale an Imposture, as a sham Son of *Amurath*. Yet it seems he made a considerable Progress under this Pretence. Some were glad of Novelty, others were frightened out of their Allegiance: Whilst only a few served his Interest in pure Discontent and Hopes to amend their Fortune. The Country People are generally oppressed by their Governors, and it is no Wonder if they take up Arms for one that promises to deliver them from their Calamities. This is the usual Pretence of all Innovations in the State. The Soldiers also are defrauded of their due Pay; and then they are ready to fight under the next General that brings most Money with him. Neither are there wanting Malecontents among the *Grandeas* at such Times to foment and abet an Insurrection.

All these Events proceed from the ill Conduct of the Supreme Ministers, who alone are responsible for the Miscarriages of the State.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, the Frame of the Ottoman Government is out of Order; I wish Fate does not pull it in Pieces, as a necessary Step to its Amendment. Adieu.

Paris, 2d of the last Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

I Wish thee all imaginable Joy of thy new Dignity, yet question whether thou or thy Predecessor be the happier Man. It is a vast Honour indeed, and attended with immense Profit, to serve in this Station the most high, most potent, and most invincible Monarch on Earth.

Earth. But at the same time there is infinite Toil and Fatigue in it, with abundance of Perils. From all which the fortunate *Muzlu* is now delivered, and they are become thy Portion.

As for him, I cannot but esteem him happy, in that he has got Permission to retire to his Country Seat, out of the Crowd and Noise of the City, and from the confusing Business of State, which choak the more innocent and natural Delights of the Soul. Now he is fully restored to the Elements, and to himself; whereas before, the perpetual Hurry of the Court made him in part a Stranger to both: For there a Man insensibly loses Acquaintance with his own most intimate Affections. His Spirit is alienated amidst the Multiplicity of his Concerns; it is stretched on the Rack of ten thousand Cares and Inquietudes; it is divided, shattered and rent in Pieces.

Besides, were he as free from these distracting Thoughts as a *Santone*; yet the very Necessity of living always in a City was enough to render him miserable. For I esteem such a Confinement no better than a Prison at large; and not far from being buried alive.

It is true, *Constantinople* has the Advantage of all the Cities in the World, for the Delightfulness of its Situation; the Houses being so pleasantly intermixed with fair Gardens, and the Streets refreshed with cold Breezes from the Sea. It looks at a Distance like a Town in a Wood: Or one may term it a Forest composed of Minarets and Cypresses. The Terrasses afford agreeable Prospects of the neighbouring Fields and Mountains; and it is pleasant to stand on the Water side, and view the innumerable Variety of Boats and Vessels sailing from one Port to another, with all the other Divertisements on the Sea, and the beautiful Mixture of Palaces and Groves, Chioses and Gardens, Seraglios and Villages, which grace the opposite Shore. O Queen of Cities, Mistress of Kingdoms, Glory of Nations, Commandress and Sanctuary of the Whole Earth! Thrice happy should I count my self, if I might have the Favour to reside within thy venerable Walls,
and

and exchange the polluted Society of Infidels, for that of True Believers.

How often do I languish to see the glittering Crescents, the triumphant Ensigns of the *Ottomans*, on the Tops of the Minarets in the *Imperial City*! How oft do I wish my self prostrate on the Carpets of the sacred *Mosques*, in the devout Assemblies of the Faithful, adoring the Eternal in the Perfection of Sanctity! Whereas, now I am forced to go into the Temples of Idolaters, to kneel and bow down before Stocks and Statues, to join seemingly with Unbelievers, and pray to that which has no Life, nor Sense, nor Power.

How do I envy the blessed State of the meanest Artizan in *Constantinople*, who daily feeds on the wholesome Pillaw of the *East*, and drinks the delectable Sherbets, or Waters tinged with the rich Fruits of *Greece*? Whereas I am compelled to eat Meats forbidden by our holy Prophet, and to render my Soul execrable by an impure and profane Diet, or I must starve. For these Uncircumcised are more abominable than Ravens and Vultures, to whom the most filthy Carrion is a Dainty. And to cloak their Uncleanneſs, they corrupt their own Gospel, and forge a Toleration from the *Messias* himself. As if that holy Prophet, who in every the least Tittle obeyed the Law of *Moses*, and set himself as an Example for his Followers to imitate, could be guilty of contradicting those divine Precepts, and running counter to his own Practice, in recommending Uncleanneſs and Libertiniſm. No: The admirable Son of *Mary* was the most temperate and abstemious Man in the World, and both in his Words and Actions preached up those Virtues to others; having often expressly declared to his Disciples, That he came not to abolish the Law, but to refine and perfect it.

He was circumcised on the eighth Day after his Nativity, according to the Injunction of *Moses*, and the constant Practice of the Sons of *Israel*. In a word, through the whole Course of his Life, he never deviated from the Traditions of his Fathers, the Seniors of the House of *Jacob*.

It is true, he frequently argued against the many trivial Superstitions of the *Pharisees*, who evacuated the more essential Points of the Law, by superinducing a number of insignificant Ceremonies: But he never opened his Mouth against any positive Precept; such as were those which limited the Choice they were to make in Meats, distinguishing the Impure from the Clean. But the Christians delude themselves with a false Belief, that he gave them a Dispensation to eat any Thing without Caution or Reserve.

Hence it is, that they defile themselves with Swine's flesh and creeping Things, and Blood is in all their dishes. They scruple not to eat of that which died of itself, and banquet as freely with what was knocked down or strangled, as we would do with the Flesh of a Beast that was killed in pronouncing the Name of God. The Shambles here afford no other Provision but such as this; and he that will not eat that which is an Abomination to a *Mussulman*, must be contented with herbs. This I reckon as one of the greatest of my misfortunes, and it makes me burn with desire to return to *Constantinople*.

Yet, after all, I should think my self far more happy, if I might have the Liberty to spend the rest of my days in my native Country: So great an Admirer I am of a rural Life and Solitude. And it is for this Reason, I count thy Predecessor a happy Man, in having the Privilege of a sweet Retirement; where he may take Breath from the vain Importunity and Bustle of mortals.

In the mean time, there is a Species of Felicity in any Employment: And thou can'st not be called miserable, so long as thou acquittest thy self fairly, and enjoyest the Favour of thy Sovereign.

I perceive by thy Letter, that thou art curious to know the Characters of Foreign States, with the various Interests of *Nazarene* Princes; the Intrigues of these Western Courts; their Overtures of Peace and War; and the different Laws, Maxims, and Customs by which the People are governed. Thy Conversation
with

with Ambassadors at the *Porte* will furnish thee with Abundance of useful Remarks in this Kind : But, since thou requirest me to send my Observations, I will hereafter obey thy Commands in successive Letters, for this is too large a Theme for one Dispatch.

At present, thou mayest receive and register for true News, that the Peace between *France* and *Spain* has been signed by both Kings, and solemnly published throughout their Territories, with inexpressible Joy and Magnificence. It is certain also, that the King of *Sweden* is dead, and the Duke of *Orleans*, Uncle to the *French* King : Which has in some Measure qualified the Mirth of the *French* on this Occasion. Assuredly, human Affairs are equally chequered with Good and Evil. Bliss comes not to us in pure unmixed Streams. Death keeps an even Pace, and knocks as boldly at the Gates of Kings, at at the Cottages of the meanest Slaves.

It is the Part of a wise Man to be always resigned to Heaven, and prepared for the worst Events : As for the best, they never come amiss.

Paris, 17th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHALL I converse with thee, as *Horace* used to do with his Friends, over a Glass of generous Wine ? Let us lay aside Masks for a while, and discourse with open Souls. I believe thou hast as equal a Veneration for our holy Prophet as I ; and hast been educated in all the Tendernesses of Piety, the Niceties of Divine Love, as our *Mollabs* are pleased to call it. We have been both of us careful to rise before the Sun, and say our Oraisons every Morning in a Demi-Trance, that

is,

half asleep, and half awake. This, no doubt, is a necessary Point of Piety. And we have been no less diligent in observing the other Four Hours of Prayer. Whether of us would have accounted it an irreligious Negligence, if we had seen a Piece of Paper on the ground, and had not stooped to take it up with Reverence, wiping off the Dirt, and kissing the *Tabula Rasa*, which Men use to write the Name of God. As if it were not an equal Argument of Respect to secure from profanation, Sticks, Stones, Rags, or any thing where it were possible to engrave or print the All-Mysterious characters; nay, on the very Sands themselves, which, some say, were the First Books on Earth. However, if they were not the First, we are sure that in very early Ages Men used to stamp their Memoirs, or saw them out in perceptible Figures on the Surface of the Earth: Witness the old Ship-wrecked Philosopher, who, being cast ashore in the unknown Land, soon traced out the Manners of the People by certain mathematical Impressions which he found in the Sands: for he concluded these to be the very Foot-steps of Humanity and Virtue. But to return to the Business of Religion: We have been obedient to the Instructions of our Fathers and Tutors; zealous in observing every precept of Traditional Piety. We have fasted, prayed, washed, and given Alms, at the appointed Seasons, and in the Manner prescribed by the Law. All these, however, are commendable Exercises: But, methinks, they are not the solid and substantial Parts of True Religion. I hate Hypocrisy, and the devout Wantonness of those who think to mock God with Ceremonies and empty Forms. It were much better to mix with the idolatrous Rites of *Bacchus*, (if they deserve that Epithet) and rant in Honour of eternal Wine, talk reputed Blasphemy, and reform the Model of the Universe; I say, I would chuse to do all this, and more, rather than cheat my self with empty Hopes of gaining Paradise, for acting to the Life the Shams of pious Mimickry.

I would

I would not have thee think, that what I have now said proceeds from any Contempt of the Eternal Majesty.

By those fair Heavens above, and all the Immortal Spangles of the Sky, I swear, there is not a Faculty in *Mahmut's* Soul, which is not filled with Gratitude and Veneration, which does not burn with Flames of Sacred Love to the adorable Fountain of all Things. In a word, I only strive to rescue my Friend from the Attempts of pious Frauds, the religious Burlesques of our Mollahs and Musties.

Believe, my dear *Dgnet*, That there is a God, a First Cause, a just Judge presiding over the World: Believe also his Prophet, the holy, the beloved *Mahomet*, the Minion, as I may say, of the Omnipotent. But, have some Faith also for the rest of his Messengers and Favourites. Let not *Hali* be thought of without some inward Flurries of Devotion. He was a *Mussulman*, and the fourth Caliph, though his Followers be damned Hereticks in our Divinity. Had Right taken Place, perhaps he had been the First of the Vicars, but his Cause was superseded by his Absence. Let him, and that rest, till the final Inquisition. And acknowledge that I have said too little for a *Schiai*, and not too much for a *Sunni*.

I know no Reason also, why we should not reverence the Memories of *Mercury*, *Orpheus*, *Cadmus*, *Melissus*, *Fanus*, and the rest of the ancient Sages and Lawgivers, who instructed the Nations of the Earth in the Mysteries of Religion, taught them to adore one Supreme God, to believe the Immortality of the Soul, and to practise Good Works.

What, though the Ceremonies of their Worship were different from ours, and perhaps polluted with an unjustifiable Adoration of Images? What though their Altars reeked with the Blood of slain Beasts, and sometimes smoaked even with Human Sacrifices? These barbarous Rites were not instituted by the First Oracles of Religion, illuminated Souls, Nuncios from God to this Lower World: But they were afterwards super-induced through

through the Corruption of Times, the Avarice of Priests, and the Superstition of the People. And, for ought we know, our own Historians have not been impartial in relating the Truth.

There is an innate Envy between People of different Families and Nations. Both we and our Fathers, that descend from *Abraham* by *Ishmael*, and the *Jews*, who are his Posterity by *Isaac*, have been too favourable to the Offspring of that Beloved of God. We generally entertain and cherish a specific Pride on the Score of our illustrious Pedigree: Especially the *Jews*, who will not allow any People on Earth to be their Equals, either in Point of Antiquity, the Nobility of their Race, or the innumerable Multitude of their Brethren. Whereas they consider not, that they are dispersed up and down over the whole Earth, like Sheep without a Shepherd, not permitted to possess a Cubit of Land, which they can call their own: Condemned, hated, and made a Proverbial Scoff among all Nations: Infamous Magabonds, Usurers, Slaves and Pimps to other Mens Pleasures: Men of no Fame or Character: Finally, in their present Circumstance, the most spurious and Ignominy of all the Sons of *Adam*, except the *Kafars* of *Ethiopia*, who feed on the Guts and Dung of Beasts.

It is true indeed, their Ancestors made a considerable Figure in the World in the Days of *Solomon*, and other glorious Kings, during their Possession of *Palestine*. And yet, in those very times, they were often humbled and led away into Captivity, by the more fortunate Kings of *Babylon*, *Persia* and *Assyria*, and afterwards subdued by the *Grecians*; until at last they were totally ruined, their Cities laid waste, their Temple burnt to ashes, and their Country quite dispeopled by the *Romans*.

If we ascend yet higher, to their celebrated Migration out of *Egypt*, of which their own Historians make much a Noise, and tell so many fabulous Wonders, we shall find a very mean and contemptible Character given them by *Egyptian* Writers, and those other Nations, even of as great Authority as *Josephus*, or any other

Jewish Historian. *Manethas*, a Priest of *Egypt*, calls them a Crew of leprous and nasty People; and says, they were expelled the Country by *Amenophis*, then reigning, and driven into *Syria*; their Captain being *Moses*, an *Egyptian* Priest. A like Relation we have from *Charëmon*, an Author of good Credit among the *Greeks*, who tells us, That in the Reign of *Amenophis*, two hundred and fifty thousand Lepers were forcibly banished out of *Egypt*, under the Conduct of *Tisithen* and *Peteseth*, (i. e. *Moses* and *Aaron*.) And though other Writers differ in the Name of the King then reigning in *Egypt*, yet all agree in asserting the *Israelites* to be a nasty Sort of People, over-run with Scabs and infectious Boils, and that they were esteemed the Scum and Filth of the Nation. *Tacitus*, a *Roman* Writer of unquestionable Authority, adds, That *Moses*, one of the exiled Lepers, being a Man of Wit and reputation among them, when he saw the Grief and Confusion of his Brethren, bid them be of good Chear, and neither trust the Gods or Men of *Egypt*, but only confide in him and obey his Counsel: For that he was sent from Heaven to be their Conductor out of this Calamity, and to protect them from all their Enemies. Upon which, the People not knowing what Course to take surrendered themselves wholly to his Disposál; from which Time he became their Captain and Law-giver, leading them through the Desarts of *Arabia*, where they committed great Rapine and Spoil, putting Man, Woman, and Child to the Sword, burning their Cities, and laying all things desolate. Dear *Dgnet*, What could be said worse of a Company of Robbers and Banditti?

Moses is gone to Paradise, and when I mention his Name, it is with a profound Reverence; for he was the greatest of the antient Prophets. Yet give me leave to have some Regard for my own Reason. He was but a Mortal as well as I; and, without doubt, was not exempt from human Frailties. He had the Advantage to be educated in the College of the Royal Priests at *Memphis*, which none of his Nation could boast of besides himself. Suffer me to tell thee my Thoughts
frankly

frankly, and without Disguise. Magick and Astrology were the only Sciences then in Vogue: And he being perfectly versed in all the Mysteries and Secrets of *Egyptian* Wisdom, it was no hard Task for him to possess the rude and ignorant Sons of *Jacob*, with a profound Attach and Veneration for his Person: And in that distressed Condition, to mould their flexible Spirits to what Discipline he pleased.

Suspect me not for an Infidel or an Atheist, because I discourse with this Freedom. I have heard some of our Mollahs say a great deal more in their private Conversation. And it is a superstitious Timorousness, not to be bold in the Exercise of our Reason, which taught even the Prophet *Moses* himself the Methods of Conquest, and getting a Fame which should know no End.

I am not ambitious, nor would I tempt thee to aspire at an undue Grandeur: But let us not be less than our selves, that is, Men. There is no Reason we should be imposed upon by fabulous Reports of interested and designing Writers: Or that we should give Faith to every credulous Fool. Doubtless there were many Nations established on Earth before the *Israelites*; and great Prophets who were not of the Lineage of *Abraham*. The Date of the Olympiads is much more certain to a Day, nay to an Hour, than the Hejira of the *Israelites*; since the former is demonstrated by the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon, interwoven by the Gentile Historians in the Body of their History; whereas the latter is defective in this material Point, and is exposed to a thousand Disputes among Writers.

My Friend, let not thou and I trouble ourselves with needless Controversies, or be zealous for Things of no Moment; but adoring One God, and believing what is rational, we may possess our Souls in Tranquillity and Peace.

Paris, 11th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

AT length, after a long Alienation, the Prince of *Conde* is restored to the King's Favour: For which he is obliged to the King of *Spain*. I have already intimated in one of my Letters, That this was agreed on in the Treaty of Peace between these two Crowns, as an Article equivalent to that of the Duke of *Lorrain's* Release, solicited by the King of *France*. Now it is put in Execution, and the Rebel Prince is received with abundance of Caresses by the King, Queen-Mother, Cardinal *Mazarini*, and the whole Court.

He is counted the valiantest Man of this Age; and was so pronounced long ago by the Marechal *Turenne*, who is a Soldier of no mean Character both for his Judgment and Courage. He was once extremely beloved by all the *French*. But his Wildness and Inconstancy, with the destructive Effects of the Civil Wars which he raised, changed their Affections for a while into Indifference, Coldness and Ill-will. But now all is well again.

He and his Brother the Prince of *Conti* seldom agreed, being often the Heads of contrary Parties during the Minority of this King. And the Younger being crumppshouldered, *Conde* used to be a little sarcastick upon him, threatening to shave his uncourtly Back into the Fashion with his Sword.

It is certain the Prince of *Conde* was very wild and profuse when young, but now he begins to take soberer Measures. During his Father's Life, he was called the Duke of *Enguen*. And to reflect on the Parsimony of the old Prince, he used to take several Handfuls of Gold with one Hand, and fill a Purse, saying, This is my Father's Practice, Then he would turn the Purse upside down with the other Hand, and, scattering the
Gold

Gold among his Favourites, would add, This is my Humour.

Once as he was passing on Foot through a Town in *France*, under his Father's Government, the chief Magistrate of the Place, who was an old Man, met him, and began to make an Oration with the best Rhetorick he could. But the Prince, being in a frolicksome Humour, took Advantage of a very low Conge the old Gentleman made him, and leaped over his Head, and stood still behind him. The Magistrate not taking any Notice of this wild Prank, turned very gravely about, and address'd himself with a new Obeisance, but not so low as the former. However, the nimble Prince caught him upon the Half-bent, and setting his Hands on the old Monsieur's Shoulders, whipt over again the second Time; which quite spoiled his intended Speech, to the great Diversion of all the Spectators.

In his Youth he was much addicted to Women, and took a peculiar Delight in debauching Nuns: Which occasioned the Queen Mother to reflect on him something satirically once, when he informed her that the *Suisse* Soldiers were guilty of great Disorders, some of them getting into the Nunneries, and violating the Chastity of those consecrated Females. For the Queen replied, If you told me they broke into the Wine-Cellars, I would believe you; for the *Suisses* are all known Drunkards. But as for Amours with Nuns, none so likely to make them as the Duke of *Enguen*.

However, all that I have said hinders not but that he is now a prudent Man, a good General, and Fortunate in recovering his Sovereign's Favour.

In a word, this Court is so overjoyed at the Marriage of the King with the Infanta of *Spain*, that they have no room left for peevish Resentments. All Crimes are forgiven; and the Devil himself would be welcome at the Wedding, provided he would be debonair, and good Company,

The Nuptials are only celebrated by Proxy as yet: But here are vast preparations making for the compleating the Ceremony,

What the Issue of this Marriage and Peace will be, it is not easy to divine : But I doubt, the Christians are hatching Evil against the *Ottoman* Porte, in regard all the Princes in *Europe* are coming to an Agreement,

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, let not this Intimation pass away as a Dream. For I tell thee again, these Infidels are plotting of Mischief.

Paris, 1st of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER IX.

To the same.

I Believe thou wilt now receive from me the earliest News of a mighty Change, a surprizing Revolution in the *English* Government. Know then, that he whom I have so often mentioned under the Title of King of the *Scots* in many former Letters, the eldest Son and rightful Heir of the *British* Kingdoms, *Charles II.* is restored to the Throne of his Fathers, without Violence or Bloodshed, by the unanimous Consent, and earnest Desire of his Subjects.

This young Prince has been an Exile for twelve Years in Foreign Courts, and has heard of as many several Alterations in the State of his Dominions during his Absence ; every Change producing a new Form of Government. The Rebels had run over all *Aristotle's* Politicks, and the various Models of *Plato* and other Philosophers, who treated of Common wealths, to find out such Patterns as best suited with the necessities and Genius of that Nation. There is not a Species of Aristocracy, Democracy, and Oligarchy which they did not put in Practice to support the Frame of that Government whose Basis they had removed ; for it was founded on a Monarchy of a long and hereditary Descent. And heretofore all their most artificial Contrivances were ineffectual.

fectual, and they might as well have endeavoured to make Buttresses for a Castle in the Air. In a word, the *English* found themselves so disjointed and weakened by Civil Wars, Taxes, and the other usual Effects of Usurpation and Tyranny, that they had no other Way left to save their Nation from utter Ruin, but by bringing their lawful King back again, who is the Angular Stone, whereon all their Welfare and Interest is built.

There is one Thing remarkable in this Turn of *English* Affairs, That their Sovereign landed and made his triumphant Entry into that Island, on the Anniversary Day of his Birth. Which puts me in mind of what is generally discoursed here at *Paris*; That on the Day of his Nativity, there was seen a bright Star in the Heavens, when the Sun was just above the Meridian. From hence the Astrologers of those Times predicted great Things concerning him. And those of the present Age, who have seen his fortunate Return to his Kingdoms, presage yet greater Events to come.

God only knows what Embryos are in the Womb of Futurity; and we *Mussulmans* have no Reason to rejoice at the Grandeur of any of these Infidel Princes. Yet such a Sign as that of a Star appearing at Noon-Day just over the Place where a mighty Queen was in Labour with a Prince, has something in it extraordinary, and full of promising Circumstances. It was an Appearance of this Nature which rendered the Birth of the *Messias* so illustrious, though otherwise obscure enough; when the Eastern Magi directed by such a Star, came and found *Mary* the Mother of Jesus in a Stable, and the Infant Prophet lying in a Manger, instead of a Cradle. So we are told, that Eclipses of the Sun portend the Misfortune or Death of great Personages; and that all other Prodigies, whether in Heaven or Earth, have their proper Signification.

But whether these Observations be true or no, it is certain, this late banished Prince is returned with abundance of Splendor and Advantage to his native Royal Possessions. And I thought it would be a grand Neglect in me, to let one Post Day pass, before I gave thee

thee an Account of a Revolution so astonishing to all Europe, and which is like to give a new Turn to the Affairs of most Christian Princes and States.

Besides, I know there is an Ambassador from *England*, residing at the *August Porte*, which determines the Quarrels of all the Nations on Earth. There are also abundance of *English* Merchants in the Imperial City. They may have Feuds among one another. The Interest of some of them is joined with that of the *English* Rebels; others are for their King. Therefore knowing of his Restoration, thou wilt be better able to adjust all Matters of this Nature, according to Reason, Equity, and the Honour of the majestic *Porte*. For this King makes already a greater Figure than any of his Progenitors, and therefore his Friendship is not to be contemned.

The Care of these Things rests on thee, who art the Vicar's Vicar of the Vicegerent of God.

Paris, 3d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER X.

To Mehemet, an exiled Eunuch at Caire in Egypt.

OH that I were in one of the Pyramids near the City where thou residest, shut up in tremendous Darkness, in the most obscure and horrible Vault of the Royal Pile! That I might converse with the Ghosts of *Egyptian* Kings, hug Dæmons in my Arms, and run the Gerit with Hobgoblins, and all the Spirits of the Night round the Tomb of *Cheops*, or up and down the dismal Galleries, or in the Nest of Bats, Screech Owls, Harpies, and the rest of the winged Moniters, the excrementitious Spawn of human Souls, or at least the Superfetation of pickled Carcasses, repositied there for
Eternal

Eternal Mummies, some of them before *Noah's Flood*, and the rest after, if the Story be true. God knows whether it be or no: That is nothing to me: But I have a strong Inclination to try what I can find in those antique Monuments, after all the Search of so many Travellers. I have a specific Sort of Melancholy upon me, which cannot be vented any other Way, than by keeping Company with the Dead, or having ten hundred thousand ugly rampant Spirits dancing their Infernal Measures about me, and grinning like Baboons of Hell. Oh God! how it would set me a laughing? An Entertainment of this Nature would ease my Spleen, and restore me to a good Humour.

Are there no Beings extant, but those which are every Day exposed to our Senses? Or is Nature poorer than the Imagination of a Mortal, which can form the Ideas of an Infinity of Creatures that he never saw? I am cloyed with the Crambe of Objects and Joys which these narrow Elements afford, and therefore would fain grope out some new and untryed World, to find Refreshment in.

But oh! my *Mehemet*, when I look toward the Heavens, and behold the Moon and Stars; when my Eye is lost in the boundless Firmament, and my Soul can find no Limits to the Universe; then I sink into myself full of Humility and Confusion, because I have injuriously reproached the Omnipotent, and cast Obloquies on his Works. For all Things appear admirably beautiful and perfect, and the least Atome is large enough to afford Apartments for a thousand Souls. Every Thing in Nature is pregnant and full of pleasing Wonders: Yet I cannot be free from these Hypochondriac Fits at certain Seasons. I am sometimes the saddest and most melancholy Man in the World, I take all Things by the wrong Handle, look on them through false Opticks, and yet persuade myself I am in the right, and see them in their true Complexion. Such is the fatal Sophistry of this black and sullen Passion; It takes away the Gust and Relish of the sweetest Enjoyments, and if the Contagion could possibly find

Admittance among the Blessed above; surely it would render their Paradise a Hell, and would afford some Ground for the Fiction of the ancient Poets, who brought up the Use of *Nepenthe* among the Gods, to appease their Choler, and put them in a good Humour.

I know not what that Drink was: But I tell thee, my *Nepenthe* is a Glass of good *Languedoc* Wine, which is as rich, and far more delicious than the Wines of *Tenedos* and *Mytilene*. I once could boast of another Method to subdue my Melancholy, by giving Battel to my Thoughts in open Field; but now I am fain to have Recourse to Stratagems and Ambuscades, trepanning the ugly, hideous Monsters out of their strong Retrenchments and Fastnesses in the Spleen, by generous Frolicks and Wine, Women and Musick. I bury all Care in profound Sleep, the Effect of brisk and free Drinking: And then I awake as merry as a Lark; as young as if I had been in *Medea's* Cauldron.

What signifies it to pretend Sanctity in our Words and exterior Carriage, whilst at the same time we are ready to burst with Malice, Pride, Ambition, Avarice, and a thousand more Vices? Whereas Wine, seasonably drank, cures all these Distempers of the Soul, makes a Miser liberal, a cruel Man tender, a spiteful Fellow kind; melts stiff and haughty Spirits into a wonderful Softness and Compliance: In fine, it makes a Lamb of a Lion, and changes a Vulture to a Dove, purifying and transforming Souls into a Temple wholly Divine.

Why then should we be tyed to Laws of Morality, never practised by those who made them? All the Philosophers were boon Companions, and our Holy Prophet himself privately drank the Juice of the Grape. Our Emperors and Grandees do the same. The only Reason why they forbid it to their Subjects, is, lest they should grow too wise, and strive to shake off the Yoke: For Wine elevates the Spirits, emboldens the Heart, and transforms a Slave to a Lord in his own Conceit. For want of this Liquor, all Nations, where the Vine grows not, have found out one Beverage or another,

another, as efficacious to relieve Melancholy, and drive away Sorrow from the Heart. The *Chinese* make Wine of Rice. In my Country they have another intoxicating Drink compounded with certain Roots. The same is used in some Parts of *Persia*. In these Western Provinces, they brew divers Sorts of Strong Liquors of Wheat, Barley, Honey, Molossas, and other Ingredients, And they make Wine of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Currants, and most Fruits that grow. I tell thee, my Friend, there is no living, unless we sometimes give Nature a new Ferment to rouse her from her Lees.

Yet let us practise a due Mediocrity, remembering that God gave us these Things for our Health and Refreshment, and not for our Bane. In a Word, *Mebeemet*, let us be Merry and Wise.

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

I Have taken some Pains, turned over a great many Memoirs of old Courtiers, and conversed with not a few now living, who can remember the Days of *Henry IV.* that so I may comply with thy Order, and oblige thee with some Remarks on the Life of that Prince, who though he had but a little Body, yet like another *Alexander*, had so vast a Soul, and performed such illustrious Actions, as deservedly fastened on him the Title of Great, and made him be esteemed the Arbitrer of all Europe,

It is observed of him, that he was always unfortunate in his Wives; yet they relate a pretty Passage of his

his first Wife, *Margaret of Valois*, which seems to contradict that Remark.

He was then a Protestant, and only King of *Navarre*, when the famous Massacre of *Paris* was committed, with Design to murder him among the rest of his Religion. But being aware of this, when he heard the Assassins making toward his Chamber, where he sat with the Queen, he hid himself under her Garments as she sat in her Chair. The Villains rushing in, asked for the King. She with a great Assurance of Spirit, told them, *He went out from her in a Passion*. They, seeming satisfied, went away without doing any farther Hurt. Which occasioned a common Jest, That Queen *Margaret's* Smock saved King *Henry's* Life.

This Woman was called the *Minerva* and *Venus* of *France*, on the Score of her Learning and Amours, never denying any Thing to her Lovers, and being seldom without Men of Science in her Company. In a Word, King *Henry* looked on himself as a noted cuckold, and so gave her a Bill of Divorce. Her own Mother *Katherine de Medicis* was called the Fourth Bury of Hell.

It is recorded of this Lady, that she practised much with Wizards and Magicians, who in an Enchanted Glass shewed her who should reign in *France* for the Time to come. First appeared this *Henry IV.* then *Lewis XIII.* next *Lewis XIV.* and after him a Pack of Jesuits, who should abolish the Monarchy, and govern the Nations themselves. This Glass is to be seen in the King's Palace to this Day.

As for *Henry IV's* Second Wife, it is said, he never enjoyed a peaceable Hour with her, but when she was asleep. They often fought together, and she spared not sometimes to beat and scratch him even in his Bed, so that he has been forced to quit the Field, and take Sanctuary in another Chamber. This Prince was taxed with Ingratitude towards his most faithful Servants, and Want of Liberality to all. It was a common Saying of his Predecessor *Henry III.* That he shared his Kingdom

dom with his Loyal Servants and Friends. But *Henry V.* loved not to part with any Thing which he could handsomely keep.

Yet he was very obliging to his Mistresses, and his passion for them carried him into many Irregularities. He was so deeply enamoured of one, that to enjoy her he signed a Promise of Marriage to her with his own blood; which one of his Favourites seeing tore the paper in Pieces. The King being incensed at that, swore by the Belly of *St. Gris*, an ordinary Oath with him, that this Person was mad. Yes, replied he, but I wish I were the only mad Man in the Kingdom. Thereby reflecting on the King's Extravagancy. Another time he gave Fifty thousand Crowns for one Night's Enjoyment of a Lady.

I have many Years ago spoke of the Death of this Prince in my Letters to the Ministers of the *Porte*. Now I will acquaint thee with one Circumstance, to which I was then a Stranger.

It happened, that the Vice-Roy of *Navarre* was walking with several Nobles in the Meadows of *Bearn*, a town under his Jurisdiction, washed by the River *Pau*. When on a sudden all the Cows, (of which there was great Number in those Fields) ran violently into the river, and were there drowned. The Vice-Roy being astonished at this, as at a Prodigy, writ down the Day and Hour when it happened, which proved exactly the very same Time to a Minute, when *Henry IV.* was robbed in his Coach by *Ravaillac*; as the Vice-Roy was soon certified by Dispatches which he received from the Court, containing Intelligence of that Tragedy.

All this may be pure Chance, for ought I know, but there are Abundance of Symptoms of something else. As for Man, he is wholly a Stranger to himself, and the secret Operations of his own Soul are hid from him. How then can he know the Natures of other Things, or be familiarly acquainted with the occult Dispositions of Beasts? The least Worm or Insect baffles our severest Scrutiny, and we are lost in the Speculation of their embryoes. The most silent and inanimate Beings proclaim

claim aloud the Folly of our boasted Science: Every Atom in Nature ridicules our best Philosophy. Who then will pretend to unriddle the more uncommon Mysteries of Providence, or trace the Footsteps of Eternal Destiny? Historians speak variously of this Parricide. Some say, the Villain was approved of at the Court of *Rome*, and that he was there ranked in the Number of Martyrs. It is certain, he underwent as horrible a Death as the Wit of Man could invent, to punish his matchless Treason. And it seems, the Judges, that examined him, were either afraid, or ashamed to divulge what they heard from his Mouth: Obliging themselves by an Oath to eternal Secrecy. *Ravaillac* himself owned that he had twice before attempted to kill the King, but was thrust back by one of his Nobles, who suspected some ill Designs in his Looks.

Sage *Hamet*, may God preserve our glorious Sultan from the Rage of Mutineers, from a *Jewish* Physician, and from the common Disasters of Human Life. And the Care of his Attendants will prevent the sudden Strokes of a desperate Assassin.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XII.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THIS City is now as full of Noise and Lights, as some Cities of *Asia* are at an Eclipse of the Moon, or as *Constantinople* is during the Fast of *Ramazan*. It is near Midnight, and yet here is such a Mixture of Noises, compounded of the loud Acclamations of Mortals, the Ringing of Bells, Beat of Drums, Sound of Trumpets, and other Musical Instruments, with the Thunder of Sky-Rockets, Guns and other Fire-Works, that a Body would think one's Self in a Battle or Siege.

The Occasion of all this is the publick Entry of the new-married King and Queen, it being the First Time they have seen *Paris* since the Nuptials. Neither my Tongue nor Pen are able to express to the Life the inevitable Pomp and Magnificence that have appeared to us in the Royal Train, and in the Preparations which the City made to receive them. The Lullre of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones, dazzled one's Eyes from all Parts; and I could have wished for a *Mussulman* Army, to have been at the Plunder of such immense Riches. Yet there were Forty thousand of the Citizens, and King's Guards in Arms, to augment the glory of the Day.

The Monarch with his Royal Spouse appeared seated on a Majestick Throne, all glittering with Gold and Diamonds. It was raised on High, and there were several Steps or Degrees to ascend up to it. On these were placed the Princes of the Blood, the Dukes and Peers of the Realm, with other Grandees and Nobles; also Princesses, Dutcheffes, and Ladies of the first quality.

It was at the Foot of his Throne, there were made innumerable Speeches, and Congratulatory Addresses from the Priests and Monks of all Orders, by the Students in the Academy, and by the several Companies of Tradersmen. But, that which was most surprizing, a certain strange Maid uttered several Orations in *Latin*, *Greek*, *French*, and *Spanish*, wherein she magnified the King's heroick Undertakings, his wonderful Successes, his great Wisdom and Courage, with other Virtues, which she made the Subject of her Panegyrick. She also nobly extolled the Queen's matchless Beauty, the Greatness of her Birth, the Royal Endowments of her Mind; and concluded with reflecting on the Joy of all *Europe*, from this illustrious Match, and Alliance of two of the most potent Crowns in *Christendom*.

She delivered herself with such an incomparable Grace and Modesty, as drew the Eyes and Ears of all that were present. And it is said, the King was extremely

tremely pleased with her ; much more the Queen, who had never before encountred so learned a Female.

The *French* Ladies have for many Years applied themselves to the Study of Languages and Philosophy. But it is not so in *Spain*, where the Men are too rigorous to the Fair to allow them that Liberty. They are as morose to Women as the *Moors*, from whom a great Part of that Nation are said to descend. Every Country in *Europe* has suffered mighty Changes, by the Incurfions and Conquests of the *Moors*, *Goths*, *Huns*, and *Vandals*. So that it is difficult to trace the Original of any People in such a Hotch-Potch of Foreign Blood : Neither have they any Care of their Genealogies, as we *Arabians* have in the *Eaft*.

Illustrious *Aga*, though it signifies nothing to spring of noble Stock, unless we inherit the Virtues of our Ancestors, as well as their splendid Titles and Estates : Yet it is both profitable and pleasant to have by us a Register of our Families, that, reading their Characters and heroick Actions, we may imitate their Examples, and add to the Glory of the Tribe from which we descend.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not whether I shall finish the Letter I began, or, if I do, whether it will be above Ground, or in the Bowels of the Earth. However, I cannot forbear writing to thee, my dear Friend, though both the Paper and I, with the House wherein I lodge, and all this beautiful City, may, for ought I know, be transported to another Region before Morning. Nay, it is possible this very Hour may people *Elysium* with a new Colony from *France*, and *Paris* may descend with a

magnificent Palaces to the Shades below, changing Banks of the River *Seyne*, for those of *Acheron* or *Styx*, and the refreshing Airs of *Champagne*, for the smothering Sulphurs of *Hell*. In a word, we have felt the Menaces of a terrible Earthquake this Evening, but yet we have suffered no Damage.

When I lived in *Asia*, an Earthquake was almost as common as the Yearly Revolutions of a Summer and Winter: And we took as little Notice of it, as we did of Lightning, Hail, or Rain. Besides, one *Mussulman* encouraged another, and the general Faith of true Believers confirmed us all, That we ought to be resigned to the Will of God, and to the Appointments of Eternal Destiny, whether it were for Pleasure or Pain, Good or Evil, Life or Death. But now I have been so long disused to the Convulsions of the Globe, (for I have not felt above these two and twenty Years) and am also separated from the Society of the Faithful; that I am become like the rest of the World, and even like these Infidels, timorous, astonished, void of Reason, and of Faith or no Faith.

My Mind at first staggered as much as my Body, when I was walking cross my Chamber, and felt the floor rock under me with that singular Kind of Motion, which no human Art or Force can imitate. I then concluded it was an Earthquake, but knew not how to bear that Thought with Indifference. Death is familiar to me in any other Figure, but that of being surprizingly buried alive. It appeared horrible to sink on a sudden into an unknown Grave, I knew not whether: Perhaps I might fall into some dark Lake of Water; or it may be, I might be drenched in a River of Fire, or be dashed on a Rock: For who can tell the Disposition of the Caverns below, or what Sort of Apartments he shall find under the Surface of the Earth? We walk on the Battlements of a marvellous structure, a Globe full of tremendous Secrets. And whether Nature or Destiny, Providence or Chance, occasion the Ruptures that we find are made in divers Parts of the Earth, it matters not much, so long as we

we are in Danger of tumbling in. Such a terrible Fall would put the best Philosopher in the World out of Humour, and spoil all his Reasoning. I am sure I would vex me thus in a Trice to be plundered of my Thoughts. Which makes me either wonder at the Vanity of *Empedocles*, if he threw himself into the flaming Chasm of Mount *Ætna*, only for the Sake of being esteemed a God (as the common Report is;) or gives me Reason to conclude, he had some other End in his venturous Leap: Since it is not probable that empty Fame could be esteemed by that great Sage, as his final Happiness. A much easier Way had *Aristotle*, who, disgusted at his Ignorance of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, threw himself in to put an End to his Disquisitions, if the Story be true. But I can hardly believe the *Stagyrite* was such a Fool. I guess of other Men, according to the Experience I have of myself. I am as little solicitous about Death as any Man; yet I should be unwilling to hurl myself out of the World headlong, without a Firm or a Testa, I love new Experiments, but am not very fond of such as take from us irrecoverable the Means of trying any more,

We had News here of an Earthquake which had overthrown Part of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, some Days before this happened at *Paris*; but few regard it. Calamities at a Distance frighten no Body: It is those which we feel put us all in Tears. For my Part it has this Effect on me, that I am improved in my Carelessness, and become fearful of nothing. And I think, there is Reason on my Side, since all my Conjecture, Apprehension, and Forecast, can never defend me from the Underminings of the Omnipotent.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIV.

Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

LET not the Distance of Time between my Letters prompt thee to conclude, I forget my Duty; that I am careless to oblige so illustrious a Friend. I have many Obligations to discharge; and therefore endeavour to husband my Hours to the best Advantage, so to divide my Dispatches. That the Grand Seignior may be served, the Divan informed of all material Emergencies, and the Expectations of each Minister satisfied.

As to the Reign of Lewis XIII. it was shared successively between the *Mareschal d'Ancre*, the Duke of *Angoulême*, and Cardinal *Richlieu*. The first was the Queen Mother's Favourite; the Second was the King's; for the Third, he was absolute Master both of King, Queen, and Kingdom.

During the King's Minority indeed, Queen *Mary de Medicis*, the Relict of *Henry IV.* took the Regency in her own Hands, and managed Things in an arbitrary Manner. But the Princes of the Blood, with other Favourites, not able to brook the Government of a Woman, conspired against her. Among these were the Prince of *Conde*, Father to the present Prince, and the Duke of *Bouillon*. The former was a bold Man, and first do any Thing that was brave: The latter was a cunning Statesman.

They caballed not so privately, but the Queen Mother was acquainted with their Meetings, and the Duke of *Bouillon* was the first who knew his Party was betrayed. His Intelligence was brought him from assured Hands, whilst he was sitting with the Prince of *Conde*, and other Nobles at the Place of their private Rendezvous. Whereupon he acquainted them with it, exhorting all to abandon immediately, lest they should be seized on the spot. But they retorting, That the Queen would not

not venture on an Action of such dubious Consequence he started up and took his Leave of them with these Words, " My Lords, you may follow your own Council. I will immediately to Horse, and escape to *Sedona* in my Stockings: Where if they make me wear out a Pair as an Exile; by Heavens, I will make them wear out a thousand Pair of Boots."

His Words came to pass, and the Effect was a diminutive Civil War; when the Queen was forced to raise an Army to reduce this Prince to Obedience the Rest of his Party being imprisoned, as soon as he heard of his Flight.

Whilst these Disturbances lasted, the *Moors* were expelled out of *Spain* to the Number of six hundred thousand. Part of those who lived toward the Maritime Coasts went by Sea into *Africk*, The Rest, whose Residence was farther within Land, sought a Passage over the *Pyrenean* Mountains, and so through the Southern Provinces of *France*; offering a Ducat a Head to the Vice-Roy of *Navarre*, for their safe Conduct. He out of Curiosity coming to see these Travellers, and beholding them ragged and almost naked, with Visages like Ghosts, took Pity on them, and gave them Liberty of Passage gratis; saying, " God forbid, I should extract so much Money from these miserable Wretches who are abandoned to the wide World."

But it seems his Compassion was needless. For the *Mussulmen* were too cunning for him, having their squalid, torn Garments quilted all over with Gold and precious Stones: Which occasioned all People to ridicule the Vice-Roy's Easiness, and to call him the Friend of the *Gibeonites*.

I should appear too partial in reflecting satirically on this Prince, whose Generosity deserves Praise: Yet I cannot but smile at the Craft of the *Moors*, whereby they not only escaped paying the accustomed Tribute of Passengers, but also blinded these Infidels, and took from them the Suspicion of greater Riches; which if they had once known, perhaps not a *Moor* should have carried a Piece of Money along with him into *Africk*.

This Passage seemed worthy of thy Knowledge, as it in Part resembles the famous Departure of the *Helites* out of *Egypt*, though it comes short of the Robbery and Plunder which they committed on the Inhabitants the Day before they began their Journey. However, this Story may afford thee some Divertisement. As to the *Marshal d'Ancre*, the Queen's Favourite, his Life and Death he was compared to *Sejanus*, be-qualified with the like Virtues and Vices, and having much the same Fortune; his Body, after having being dragged about the Streets by the Rabble, was at last torn to Pieces.

If thou wouldest know how the Duke of *Luines* obtained the King's Favour, it was by Ingratitude. For, when he and his Brother were first brought to Court, they were both so poor, that they had but one Cloak between them; and for that Reason could not go abroad either. Yet being recommended to the King by a certain Nobleman for excellent Falconers, they were raised into Favour. But they abused the Kindness of their Patron; and, insinuating malicious Things into the King's Ear against the Nobleman and his Family, obtained him to be banished from the Court. After which they managed all Things.

When succeeded Cardinal *Richlieu* in the chief Ministry; of whom I have said a great deal in my former Letters to the *Grandeess* of the *Porte*; and thou wilt find them in the Register. I will now add, what I never mentioned before, that he was very ambitious to be thought a good Judge of Verse. He gave to one of his Poets for a witty Conceit in his Coat of Arms two thousand Sequins, though it was but a Verse of seven Words. Another he promoted to an Ecclesiastical Dignity worth a Thousand a Year for comparing him to the *sum Mobile*. But he caused a third to be kicked out of Doors for his Obstinacy in denying to alter a Word of his Poem which the Cardinal disliked.

This

This Minister was very revengeful, and among other Effects of his Temper none was more taken Notice of, or reflected on, than the Death of *Monfieur de Thou*, whom the Cardinal cut off for no other Reason, but because his Father, in a General History which he wrote, had represented one of *Richlieu's* Ancestors under a very ignominious and abominable Figure. The Historian was the renowned *Thuanus*, of whom I suppose thou hast heard.

As to King *Lewis XIII.* himself, he was esteemed a great Dissembler; accustomed to caress those with more than ordinary Endearments, whom he designed suddenly to ruin: Whence it grew to a Proverb in his Time, the *French* Court, when they saw any Nobleman smiling on, to say, His Business is done. It cannot be denied that this Prince had a great Spirit, and some Wisdom; yet he was observed to take Delight in many petty Actions unbecoming Royal Majesty. He would spend much of his Time in Painting, and send for the most famous Masters in that Art to view his Works. An equal Inclination he shewed to Musick: And sometimes he was ambitious to be thought a good Cook. Once he made a great Pasty with his own Hands, filling it with Venison only fit for the Mouths of Infidels, viz. The Flesh of Dogs, Wolves, and Foxes, with other abominable Animals, of which it is not lawful for a True Believer to taste. This he caused to be served up to a Table at a Feast which he made to some of his Courtiers, who to honour the King's Handy-work eat greedily of this horrid Dish, and highly praised his Skill; whilst he diverted himself with laughing at them. He had many other such Freaks as these, which rendered him contemptible and ridiculous to the Grandees of his Kingdom. In a word, he was more revered Abroad than at Home. And this was owing to the Conduct of Cardinal *Richlieu*, who was justly esteemed the great Genius of *France*.

Illustrious Minister, all that I have said of this Monarch speaks him but a Man: And no Body is wise

l Times. But the Follies of Princes are more conspicuous, than those of meaner Persons.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year, 1680.

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed in the Desert.

MAY the Angel of Peace pitch his Pavilion at the Entrance of that blessed Cave where thou hidest. May thy Soul feel calm and undisturbed, and for ever repose in Divine Tranquillity; whilst the rest of the World are molested with perpetual Cares and Fears, Broils and Enmities; Passions within, and Wars without: In a Word, whilst they are always in danger of one another, of themselves and of the Elements which compound their Nature.

O Man, highly beloved of God, Favourite of the Angels, Care of Heaven, and the singular Darling of Providence! The Palm of an Almighty Hand is extended under thee when thou fittest down, or walkest, always ready to snatch thee up from the Calamities, which threaten this lower World, and lift thee to Paradise, where the Assembly of the Just wait for thy Presence.

There has been an Earthquake lately in these Parts, which has put all *France* into a great Consternation, astonished every Body, and increased the Thoughtfulness of the Wise. The first Effects of it were felt by the Inhabitants of the *Pyrenees*, which are certain Mountains dividing *France* and *Spain*. There it did great mischief; overwhelming some Medicinal Baths, many Houses, and destroying hundreds of People. Only one Mosque or Church, which sunk into the Caverns below, was thrown up again, and stands very firm, but in another Place. This is looked upon as a great Miracle, especially by the *French*, who, for ought I know, may censure partially, favouring their own Interest; in regard

regard this Church has been disputed between them and the *Spaniards*, each Nation claiming Right to it, and standing before exactly on the Frontier Line. But now their Quarrel is uncontestably decided, for it is removed by this Convulsion of the Globe, near half a League from its former Situation, which is so far within the acknowledged Limits of *France*. This the *French* Priests magnify as an apparent Proof of the Justice of their Pretensions, and the People seem very willing to believe it.

As for me, I have another Opinion of Earthquakes and am persuaded, that they are as natural as the Winds, which no Man knows how to draw into any Party or Faction, unless we believe the Stories of the *Lapland* Witches. I am persuaded, that this Globe is much more ancient than the Generality of Mankind imagine it to be ; that it has undergone various Changes by the Predominance of Fire and Water : And that it is now hastening towards another Revolution. I believe the central Fire has eaten its Way almost to the Surface, and kindled all the Mines of Sulphur, and other inflammable Matter, which it meets with in its circular Ascent. These, corroding and daily consuming their own Vaults, approaching also sometimes too near the vast Receptacles of subterranean Waters which lie nearer the Surface, overheat those Lakes ; which being thus rarified into Vapours, and pent up in the Hollows of the Globe, strive to break forth with immense Violence, which causes that Heaving and Rocking of the Superficies that so terrifies Mortals. But then the Cause is very deep and far from us. For where the Surface is shallow, in such Passions of the Globe, the Earth commonly breaks and tumbles in, with whatsoever is upon it. Nay whole Cities sometimes have been thus swallowed up. And the Danger is easily fore-known by a short Snatching and Trepidation of the Ground, Houses, Trees, Men and every Thing within its Reach ; for then the Convulsion is generally fatal. But where the Motion is heavy, grave and regular, it is a Sign that both the Source and the Danger of it are far off. And this

this is so much the more evident, by how much farther the Earthquake is felt above Ground. For the nearer any such Passion happens to the Centre, it must be granted, that its Force is extended the wider on the Circumference. This depends on a Mathematical Demonstration, and there needs no more be said to thee who art consummate in the Sciences.

What I esteem a due Reflection on this, is, That though there be no Peril in these remote Earthquakes, yet we know not how soon they will come nearer to us, neither can we be assured, where or when they happen, or how far they will reach. It follows therefore by a natural Consequence, That since these Things are unavoidable, and all the Wit of Man cannot invent a Means to escape sinking into the Bowels of the Earth where it breaks in, we ought to be careless and indifferent what Death we die, and only be solicitous to live like Men, that is, according to Reason. For whether our Souls survive or no, it will be comfortable to expire in Peace, and full of our own Innocence.

Paris, 5th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

The End of the First Book.



LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. VI.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the venerable Musti.

HERE is now like to be a great Change at this Court. Cardinal *Mazarini* is dead. He died at the Castle of the Wood of *Vincennes*, on the 9th of this Moon, having been sick a long Time. There happened a great Fire at the *Louvre* (so they call the King's Palace in this City) about five Weeks ago, which obliged the Cardinal, who lodged there at that Time, to remove to his own House. From whence for the sake of the Air, he was advised by his Physicians to go to the afore-said Castle. But all in vain: For Death, which finds Access into the strongest Fortresses, pursued him thither, and led him in Triumph to the Region of Silence and Forgetfulness, who made so great a Noise and Bustle in this our World.

It

It is reported, that a certain Astrologer foretold him he should die in this Moon. But the Cardinal gave no Credit to him : Though one would think he had some Reason to believe him in this, for the sake of a former Prediction of his, concerning the Duke of *Beaufort*. I have mentioned this Prince, and the Enmity that was between *Mazarini* and him, which occasioned the Duke's Imprisonment in the Castle of the Wood of *Vinciennes*. During his Restraint, the forementioned Astrologer gave it out in *Paris*, That the Duke should escape out of Prison precisely on such a Day. The Cardinal, being informed of this, waited until the Day came, designing to punish the Astrologer as a Cheat, or at least to expose him for an ignorant Person. To which end he sent for him, and upbraiding him with Presumption and Folly, in that the Day was now come, and yet the Duke of *Beaufort* was still a Prisoner, without any Hopes, or scarce a Possibility of escaping, ordered him to be sent to the Bastile. But the Astrologer, addressing himself with much Submission and Earnestness, spoke to this Effect : May it please your Eminence only to respite my Sentence until to Morrow, and then hang me if you do not find that I have spoke Truth. The Day which I foretold is come indeed, but it is not past. A Courier will soon convince you that I have not studied this Science in vain.

The Cardinal, moved with these Words, only condemned the Astrologer in a Chamber of his own Palace. And the next Day he received an Express, which gave an Account of the Duke's Escape, and the Manner of it, viz. That, on the Day before, he had let himself down by a Ladder of Ropes into the Castle Ditch, and was no more to be seen or heard of. Thus the Astrologer escaped the Cardinal's Revenge, and got much Fame at the Court, which was increased by the Cardinal's Death, falling out exactly according to his Prediction.

This Minister was a very subtle Man ; and Cardinal *Michlieu* used to say of him, That if he were minded to put a Trick on the Devil, he would only set *Mazarini* to

Work. Therefore he made him his Confident, instructed him in all Secrets of the *French Court*, the Art of Government, and on his Death-bed recommended him to the King, as the fittest Man to succeed him in the Management of the Publick. He was after the Death of *Lewis XIII.* at first opposed by several *Grandeess*; but the Queen's Authority, and that of the Prince of *Conde*, supported him: Whence arose a common Proverb in those Days, The Queen permits All, the Cardinal commands All, and the Prince puts all in Execution: For this last had then the Office of General.

This Minister was not esteemed so covetous as his Predecessor; yet he heaped up vast Treasures; part of which he bestowed in magnificent Buildings and Furniture, the rest he sent into *Italy* to his Father; who astonished at the prodigious Quantities of Gold he received, used to say, Sure it rains Money in *France*. However he made himself odious to the Subjects of this Nation by his continual Oppressions; and they are glad he is gone.

It is a By-word at *Rome*, when any Pope dies, to say Now the Dog is dead all his Malice is buried with him. But I doubt it will not prove true in the Court of *France* at this Juncture. For the King will either find a Minister equal in Subtilty to the deceased Cardinal, who shall supply his Place; or he will take the Administration of Affairs into his own Hands. Be it which way it will, we are like to see the same Maxims pursued, as long as Cardinal *Richlieu's* Memoirs are in Being, who first taught this Crown to understand its own Strength.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER II.

To the Vizir Azem at the Porte.

I Have sent a Dispatch to the *Musti*, acquainting him with the Death of the Cardinal *Mazarini*, First Minister of State, and the greatest Favourite that ever lived. Now I will inform thee of some Passages which I omitted in my Letter to that venerable Prelate. It is necessary for me thus to distribute my Intelligence, with a due respect to the different Quality of my Superiors.

Thou, I suppose, wilt require some Account of his Disposition and Morals, with such a Character as may render this great Genius familiar to thy Knowledge.

He seemed to place his chief Happiness in aggrandizing his Master, whom he served with a Zeal so pure and disinterested, a Loyalty so incorruptible, and by such regular Methods of Prudence and Policy; as if in his Days nothing were to be counted Virtue or Vice, but what either favoured or opposed the King of France's interest. He was of a happy Constitution for a Courtier, being by Nature debonaire, complaisant, affable, and of a sweet Deportment. Yet Experience and Art taught him to improve these Advantages, to the height of Dissimulation. You should see Courtesy and extraordinary Goodness flowing into every Feature of his face; you should hear Words breathing from his Mouth like the soft Benedictions of an Angel. Yet, at the same time, his Heart gave the Lye to both. He meant nothing less, than that a Man should find him as good as his Word. He was ever ready to promise any thing that was demanded of him: But in Performance, slow, and full of Excuses; frugal of his Prince's Money, and liberal of his own: Magnificent in his Buildings, and the Furniture belonging to them; aiming in all Things to exceed other Men, his Equals, and in

some, to surpass, even mighty Princes, his Superiors. In a word, he was accomplished with all Qualifications requisite in a fortunate Courtier and a good Statesman.

Yet after all, this sublime Genius yielded to Death: But not like common Mortals. He died altogether like himself, without so much as changing that settled Gravity, and serene Air of his Face, as had been remarkable during his Life. He made the King Heir of his Estate, and bequeathed Abundance of Legacies.

To say all in brief: If he was Great in his Life, he was much more so in his Death; mingling his last Breath with the Sighs and Tears of the King, who lamented his Departure with the Mourning of a Son for a Father.

Paris, 26th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER III.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the
Customs, at Constantinople.

Yesterday a Dispatch came to my Hand from a very remote Part of the Earth. Our Cousin *Isonj* sent it from *Astracan*, a famous City for Traffick, formerly belonging to the *Crim Tartars*, but now in the Possession of the *Muscovites*. He has been there a considerable Time, finding Profit by Merchandise: For there is a vast Resort to that City from *China*, *Indostan*, *Persia*, *Muscovy*, and other Provinces of *Europe* and *Asia*. The Roads to it, are daily covered with the Caravans of trading People. And the River *Volga* can hardly sustain the innumerable Multitude of Vessels that transport Passengers with their Goods backwards and forwards, between *Astracan* and the Regions round about the *Caspian Sea*, into which that mighty River discharges itself.

Isonj

Ifouf is ingenious, and has pitched upon some advantageous Way of enriching himself, which tempts him to take up his Abode in that City, and there end his Travels; or, at least, he will repose himself there, until Fortune presents him with a fairer Opportunity of increasing his Wealth.

In the mean time, I perceive by his Letter, that he gets Money apace, lives very happily, and has the Wit to keep himself free from the Yoke of Marriage, which embarrassed him so much formerly. He soon put that troublesome Wife out of his Mind, after he had divorced her; and he never failed to gratify himself with new Amours, wherever he came in his Travels. He writes very comically; and I cannot forbear smiling, when he tells me, He has had as many Concubines as the *Grand Signior*: By which thou wilt perceive, that *Ifouf* is much addicted to Gallantry. He frankly confesses, that he first learned this Mode of loving at large in *Persia*, especially at *Ispahan*; where he says, it is a Mark of Honour for a Man to be good at intriguing with the Ladies: And he is called a *Turk* by Way of Disgrace, who frequents not every Evening the Gardens and Houses of Pleasure in the Suburbs. But he adds, that in *India* the Liberty of courting Women is much greater; and that the very Nature of that Climate disposes a Man to this soft Passion. In a word, our amorous Kinsman retains the same Humour still.

Yet this does not hinder him from prosecuting his necessary Affairs with Diligence and Alacrity. He dispatched a Business for me at *Archangel* in *Russia*, and another at *Mosco*, very dextrously. Which convinces me that he is not less sedulous and careful in Things which concern himself. He says, the *Muscovites* are the greatest Drunkards in the World. Their chief and most beloved Liquor is, what the *French* call, The Water of Life. It is a Chymical Drink, extracted from the Lees of Wine, or other strong Beverages: Such as thou knowest is common among the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and *Franks*, in the *Levant*. When the *Muscovites* are once

got into a House where the Nectar is sold, and are a little warmed and elevated with it, they will not depart until all their Money is gone: Nay, they will pawn their very Garments from their Backs in a Frolick, rather than want their Dose of this inebriating Stuff, and go out stark naked in the coldest Weather, that is, fall asleep in the open Streets, and yet are never the worse for it when they wake, but go to their daily Work with the greater Ardour. For it is only the common People are guilty of this Extravagance. As for the Gentry and Nobility, they are more close and reserved in their drunken Debauches.

The *Muscovites*, according to the Character he gives me of them, are a very rude and unpolished People; surly to one another, and extremely rugged to Strangers: They despise all other Nations in the World, and say, it is impossible for any Man to go to Heaven who has not a *Muscovite* Soul in him. They profess the Christian Religion, and were formerly of the Greek Church; but now they have separated themselves, and set up a Patriarch of their own; to whom so great a Veneration is paid, that the Emperor himself holds his Stirrop when he mounts on Horseback.

Brother, I desire thee to speak advantagiously of *Isouf*, to the Illustrious *Kerker Hassan*, and to the other Bassas of the Bench. He will be a serviceable Man to the *Grand Signior*, if encouraged by some Place of Honour and Profit. I wish I could say the same of our Cousin *Solyman*. But he is too wise in his own Conceit.

Dear *Pesteli*, excuse my Abruptness. for my Hours are divided between the Service I owe to the Sultan, and the Affection I bear my Friends.

Paris, 7th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

L E T T E R IV.

To Orchan Cabet, *Student in the Sciences, and
Pensioner to the Sultan.*

I Have heard of thy Fame, and the Manner of thy Conversion to the Law brought down from Heaven: How that from a Christian Priest, thou art become a Mussulman Abdalla, that is, a Believer and Servant of the True God. May thy Reward, both here and hereafter, be according to thy Integrity in this Change of Faith and Religion: For Hypocrites are neither acceptable to God nor Man; yet most Men are profelyted for Interest, Fear, or other human Regards. And in the Sense of the Christians thou knowest a Renegado and a Villain are reciprocal Terms.

The insupportable Miseries of Servitude tempt many to embrace Circumcision, which at once sets them free, and often puts them in a Condition to mend their Fortunes, and live more happily than they did, even before they were Captives: Whilst Ambition and Avarice are prevailing Motives with others in more prosperous Circumstances to be of the *Grand Signior's* Religion, that so they may rise in his Favour, and obtain some considerable preferment at the Court, or Office in the Army; like the antient *Melchites* among the Christians, who were so called, because they always professed the Faith of the *Grecian* Emperors, without examining whether it was Orthodox or no. A Sort of religious Parasites, who would be any Thing to serve their own Interest, and adore the Devil himself, provided their Sovereign shewed them an Example.

Yet after all, there are some who change their Religion in pure Sincerity, only compelled thereto by the Dint of exalted Reason, and Motives of Virtue. Such as these are thinking Men, Persons of bold Spirits, who dare call in Question the Tradition of their Fathers, examine the Principles in which they were educated,

dispute every Thing, and bring all to the Standard of natural Truth.

I rejoice to hear that thou art one of this Character, and not in the Number of Counterfeits or Bigots: For such bring no Credit to the Religion they embrace, but rather a Scandal. Yet the Arms of the munificent *Porte* are open to receive all who profess that God is one, and that *Mahomet* is his Apostle; leaving the Scrutiny of their Intention to him who searches the Heart.

Thy Learning gives thee fair Opportunities of doing Good. Put it to a right Use: Convince the Infidels, whom thou hast forsaken, of their Errors; confirm the True Believers in the Faith, without Blemish.

Do this by Discourse, by Writing, and by thine own exemplary Life, which last will prevail above Ten thousand eloquent Sermons.

In a word, shew thy self a true and faithful Follower of the Prophet on Earth, and God will translate thee to his Company in Paradise: where *Moses* will introduce thee, *Jesus* will entertain thee with Joy, and all the 124000 Prophets will welcome thee to the Pleasures which know no End.

Paris, 21st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER V.

To the Musti.

WE are apt to admire some strange Passages which we find recorded in ancient History, and whose Truth is out of the Reach of any Mortal to prove: Yet we slight the Miracles which are before our Eyes, evident Matters of Fact, which no Body can contradict. Whence this should proceed, I know not; unless it be from

from a natural Kind of Drowiness in the Soul, common to the greatest Part of Men; like the Sleep of those, who cannot so soon be awakened by the loudest Noises they are accustomed to, as by the soft and still Ideas of a strange Dream: So we regard not the Things to which we are daily habituated, though in themselves never so prodigious; whilst we start and are amazed at the most ordinary Relations of Antiquity, only because they are novel to us, and we were not Eye-witnesses of the Things themselves.

I formerly sent a Letter to *Cara Hali*, the Sultan's Physician, wherein I mentioned several Physicians of *Arabia*, who, in past Ages, were eminent for some remarkable Cures. But, I tell thee, not one of them could match the King of *France's* Success in curing an Epidemical Distemper, which they call the KING's EVIL. The general Symptoms of this Malady are certain Swellings in the Face, Neck, or other Parts of the Body; sometimes accompanied with Blindness, Deafness, Lameness, and other Imperfections. Those who are troubled with this Disease flock to the King's Court at certain Seasons of the Year, and being introduced into his Presence, he only touches the Part affected with his Hand, and an infallible Cure follows.

They say this Gift has been inherent in the Kings of *France* for many Generations: And the Priests magnify it as a great Miracle. But, I tell thee, all the Prodigy, in my Opinion, lies in the Strength of the Peoples Imagination, which thou knowest works half the Cure in many Distempers. The Priests stand by the King, whilst he touches the Sick: They repeat their Gospel, and use certain Prayers and Exorcisms, being vested all in White like Magicians. These Ceremonies are performed with Abundance of Gravity, which strikes an Awe into the credulous Patients. And to render the Business yet more mysterious; whereas other Physicians take Money of the Sick, this Royal *Æsculapius* bestows a Piece of Gold on every one whom he touches, which they are obliged to wear about their Necks as long as they

they live. Now, whether the Charm lies in the Gold, or the King's Touch, or the Prayers or Ceremonies of the Priests, or finally in the Patient's Fancy, it matters not much. This is certain, that Thousands who come to the King's Feet, very much disordered by this Evil, find a sensible Alteration in their Bodies, before they depart from his Presence; and in a few Hours or Days at most are perfectly recovered.

Perhaps, the Kings of *France* have some Magical or Physical Tincture in their Blood. Or, it may be, they have found out the Philosopher's Stone, so much talked of; and delivered it down to their Posterity, as a Part of the Royal Inheritance; which enables the present King to do so many prodigious Things both at home and abroad, in Peace and in War, besides his Part in curing this Sicknefs. I am no Rosicrucian, nor very fond or credulous of Miracles; yet I often wonder at the Treasures of this Monarch, which appear inexhaustible. But the Ways of Kings are secret, and he of *France* is singular in his mysterious Methods of growing Rich and Great: Neither do all his magnificent Expences seem to diminish his Wealth. The King of *Sweden* has been his Pensioner ever since he began to reign: And Millions of *French* Gold, are dispersed among the *German* Printes.

These Things cause his Subjects to descant variously. But I refer them to thy oraculous Judgment, whose single Testa is of Ten thousand Times more worth, than the Decrees of a *French* Parliament.

Paris, 3d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

L E T T E R VI.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale of Sidon.

NOW I will vent holy Things, and what the Divinity shall inspire. The World was in Weeds when *Hosain* the Prophet was slain, and the Moon put on her Mourning Dress. The Timbrels of *Persia*, *Arabia*, and *Babylon* were heard in the dead of the Night: Their Sound reached to the Third Heaven: The Shepherds ran to the Heights of the Earth, to discover the Occasion of so much Noise. The Centinels of Forts and Castles gave the Alarm, and the Men of War took hold of the Sword, the Bow, and the Spear. The *Tygris* overflowed its Banks, and *Diarbekir* became a Lake. A dark Body of Clouds overcast the Sky, and poured forth Thunder, Lightning and Hail. Fire ran all along on the Sands of the Desert, and the Air was all in a Flame. Horror possessed the Minds of Mortals, and the Angels themselves were uneasy. The Beasts of the Field ran into Dens and Caves, and the Dragons were touched with Remorse: Only the more venomous *Kifilbaschi* swelled with Pride: The Poison of Murder and Heresy had puffed up the Souls: They and their Posterity are accursed to this Day, and to the Hour of the irrevocable Sentence.

O *Santone*, great is thy Faith, in that thou hast abandoned the Shadow of this World, and separated thyself from the Contagion of Mortals. I revere the Majesty of thy sublime Soul, the Intellect ranging at Liberty. Thou daily gatherest Flowers from the Garden of *Eden*, and, being in the Body, enjoyest the Sweets of *Paradise*. Kings would lay down their Crowns to taste of thy Pleasures, did they but know them; and exchange all the Glory of Empires for one Moment of thy unspeakable Bliss. Thou Companion and Care of Angels, Darling of the Monarch Omnipotent!

Where-

Where-ever thou liest down, whether by Day or by Night, the Watchers above stand ready with Umbrellas to skreen thee from the scorching Beams of the Sun, the chilling Darts of the Moon and Stars, and from all Injuries of Weather. The Elements go out of their Courses to serve thee, and all Nature espouseth thy Interest.

The Merchant hires a thousand Camels, and loads them with the choicest Riches of the *Levant*. He endures all the Fatigues of a long and dangerous Travel, through *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Persia*; runs the risque of Robbers, Diseases, and ten thousand Methods of Death: And, after all his Hazards and Pains, is not half so happy, nor so rich as thou, who aboundest in every Thing, because thou desirest nothing which thou hast not, or that is unnecessary. The Ploughmen labour for thee in the Field, and so do the Artificers in the City. The Noble and the Vulgar are thy Purveyors, and the greatest Sovereigns pay Tribute to thee. Every House is thy Home, and they count themselves happy, under whose Roof thou vouchsafest to sleep. They are really so; for Benediction accompanies the perfect Man in all his Ways, and the Favours of Heaven overtake them that shew Kindness to him. Thou art Lord of other Mens Estates, and every Man's Field is thy Inheritance. Thou enjoyest the Riches of this World, without being tainted with the Vices that attend them, and receivest immortal Assurances and Seals of the future Glory, in the Life which is to come. O happy Estate of the Righteous! O Life to be truly envied!

As for me, I am like a Galley-Slave, chained down to the Oar, and forced to row incessantly whither the Master of the Vessel commands. So I am obliged to obey the Dictates of my Superiors, whether there be Sin in the Case or no. I am fastened in the Cares of this vain World, and the more particular Anxieties of State. From all which thou art happily free.

Oh that it were lawful for me to shake off the fretting Yoke, and disentangle myself from the Snares of human

human Policy ! that I might live like the Men of the first Ages, who honoured the Earth as their common Mother, and made no envious Inclosures ! they sported innocently on her fragrant Bosom, and never molested their kind Parent, by Cruelty to any of her Off-spring. They sucked the Milk of her Breast: Her Veins streamed with Wine and Honey. They banquetted on Variety of excellent Fruits ; and no Body thought of killing and eating his Fellow-Animal. The Birds could then range the Air without Fear of the Fowler ; neither did any yawning Huntsman rouse the timorous Hare from her Seat. The Roes and the Hinds could scamper at Pleasure over the Plain, without being haltered to the Mountains and Rocks for Sanctuary ; neither did any sly Angler trepan the Fish of the Rivers. As for the Sea, it was then unknown ; no Man, as yet, had ventured on that perfidious ELEMENT, or found out the Use of Ships. There was in those Days no Foreign Commerce or Traffick, or any Need of it. Every Region supplied its Inhabitants with what was useful and necessary : And those temperate Mortals desired no more. They lived without irregular Appetites, free from Ambition, Fraud, and Blood.

This is the Life so much desired by me, and which thou actually enjoyest. God augment thy Felicities and Raptures, that thou mayest pass from one Vision and Extasy to another, till *Gabriel* snatch thy Soul away in a Divine Transport, beyond the Possibility of a Relapse.

Holy *Santone*, whilst thou art on Earth, pray for me ; and, when thou art among the Immortals, do me some Favours which may last for ever.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

MY Business in this Place obliges me to keep Company with all Sorts of People. Hence I indifferently associate myself with Statesmen, Soldiers, Courtiers, Priests, Fidlers, Mechanicks, Seamen, or Persons of any Profession, from whom I can hope for any Improvement: For, there is hardly so despicable a Fellow in the World, who may not teach an inquisitive Mind something, to which it was a Stranger before.

Sometimes I converse with Painters, whom I generally find to be Men of Wit and Sense, but very lewd and dissolute: However, they serve to divert my Melancholy, to which thou knowest I am much inclined. For they are the merriest Sparks in the World, abounding with smart Repartees, Jest, and comical Stories, besides a hundred mimical Tricks of good Buffoonry to make one laugh; that it is almost impossible to be sad in their Company.

They are most of them bred in the Academy, or in Colleges and Schools where the Sciences are professed: It being in a manner necessary, that Men of this Trade should have a Smack of all Sorts of Learning, and especially, that they should be indifferent good Historians; they being many Times desired to represent Pieces of antique and modern History, without a Pattern. They have a very facetious Way also of telling a Story to the Life, as well as of drawing it so in Picture. They would dissolve the most stiff and morose *Hadgi* into Laughter and Jollity, to hear how gracefully they will ridicule the most serious Matters, and turn every Thing into Burlesque: For they are admirable Satirists by Nature.

Yet these are not all alike, but differ in their Tempers like other Men. Some of them are proud and stately,

tely, others fawning and abject : And all of them great Humourists.

It was an odd Whim of *Martin Heemskirk*, a famous Painter, that was born at a Village of the same name. He died in the Year of the *Christians Hegira*, 74. This Man had amassed together in his Life-time a vast Quantity of Money ; and having no Wife Children, nor other Relations of his own to leave it to, he was resolved to do something, for which he might be talked of after his Death. I have heard of many dying Men, that have had one Caprice or other in making their Last Will and Testament : But thou wilt say this of *Martin's* was singular. For on his Death Bed he bequeathed all his Wealth to be distributed into equal Dowries or Portions, wherewith to marry a certain Number of Maids of *Heemskirk*, his Birth-place, yearly, on this Condition, that the New-married Couple with all the Wedding-Guests, should dance on his Grave.

It is necessary for thee to know, that since his Death, there has been a great Alteration of Religion in those Parts : The Inhabitants, which in his Time were Roman Catholicks, are now all Protestants. And at the Time of this Change or Reformation, as they call it, it was the general Practice of the Protestants, to demolish all Images and Crosses where-ever they found them. Now, it was the Custom of the Roman Catholicks to set up a Cross at the End of every Sepulchre of the Dead. Yet, so great a Veneration have the *Heemskirkers* for the Memory of this Painter, that whereas there is not a Cross to be seen standing in all the County besides ; yet his, being of Brass, remains untouched, as the only Title their Daughters can shew to his legacy.

It was a more cruel and inhuman Caprice of an Italian Painter (I think his Name was *Giotto*) who, designing to draw a Crucifix to the Life, wheedled a poor Man to suffer himself to be bound to a Cross for an hour, at the end of which he should be released again, and receive a considerable Gratuity for his Pains. But,
instead

instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the Cross he stabbed him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was esteemed the greatest Master in all *Italy* at that Time. And having this Advantage of a dead Man hanging on a Cross before him, there is no Question but he made a matchless Piece of Work on it.

As soon as he had finished his Picture, he carried it to the *Pope*, who was astonished as at a Prodigy of Art, highly extolling the Exquisteness of the Features and Limbs, the languishing pale Deadness of the Face, the unaffected Sinking of the Head: In a Word, he had drawn to the Life, not only that Privation of Sense, and Motion, which we call Death; but also the very want of the least vital Symptom.

This is better understood than expressed. Every Body knows, that it is a Master-piece to represent a Passion or Thought well and naturally. Much greater is it to describe the total Absence of these interior Faculties, so as to distinguish the Figure of a dead Man, from one that is only asleep.

Yet all this, and much more, could the *Pope* discern in the admirable Draught which *Giotto* presented him. And he liked it so well, that he resolved to place it over the Altar of his own Chappel: For thou knowest this is the Practice of the *Nazarenes*, to adorn Pictures and Images. *Giotto* told him, since he liked the Copy so well, he would shew him the Original if he pleased.

What dost thou mean by the Original, said the *Pope*? Wilt thou shew me *Jesus Christ* on the Cross in his own Person? No, replied *Giotto*, but I will shew your Holiness the Original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all Punishment.

The good old Father, suspecting something extraordinary by the Painter's thus capitulating with him, promised on his Word to pardon him. Which *Giotto* believing, immediately told him where it was: And attending him to the Place, as soon as they were entered, he drew a Curtain back, which hung before the dead Man on the Cross, and told the *Pope* what he had done.

The Holy Father, extremely troubled at so inhuman and barbarous an Action, repealed his Promise, and told the Painter he should be surely put to an exemplary Death.

Giotto, seemingly resigned to the Sentence pronounced upon him, only begged Leave to finish the Picture before he died; which was granted him. In the meanwhile a Guard was set upon him to prevent his Escape. As soon as the *Pope* had caused the Picture to be delivered into his Hands, he takes a Brush, and, dipping it into a Sort of Stuff he had ready for that Purpose, daubs the Picture all over with it, so that nothing could now be seen of the Crucifix; but it was quite effaced in all outward Appearance.

This made the *Pope* stark mad: He stamped, foamed, and raved like one in a Frenzy. He swore the Painter should suffer the most cruel Death that could be invented, unless he drew another full as good as the former; for if but the least Grace was missing, he would not pardon him. But if he could produce an exact Parallel, he would not only give him his Life, but an ample Reward in Money.

The Painter, as he had Reason, desired this, under the *Pope's* Signet, that he might not be in Danger of a second Repeal: Which was granted him. And then he took a wet Sponge, and wiped off all that Varnish he had daubed on the Picture. And the Crucifix appeared the same in all Respects as it was before.

The *Pope* who looked upon this as a great Secret, being ignorant of the Arts which Painters use, was ravished at the strange Metamorphosis. And to reward the Painter's treble Ingenuity, he absolved him from all his Sins, and the Punishments due to them; ordering moreover his Steward to cover the Picture all over with Gold, as a farther Gratuity for the Painter. And, they say, this Crucifix is the Original by which the most famous Crucifixes in *Europe* are drawn.

I need make no other Reflexion on this, than that as the supposed Murder of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* is the Source of all the Christians Devotion; so the real Homi-

Homicide, which this Painter committed, has made it more intense and fervent, by how much the Crucifixes drawn after this Pattern excel all that were seen before them, in the tragical Portraiture of the martyred *Messias*.

And for this Reason it is, that Painters are in so great Esteem among the *Italians*, because they form the Gods which those Infidels adore. It is no Wonder therefore, that the Chief Head of their Church should so easily absolve Murder in a Painter, as a venial Sin, especially when it is done in Ordine ad Deum, as the Jesuits say, that is, to promote God's Glory, as the Pope easily persuaded himself this was; since Idolatry is the main Engine which supports the State and Grandeur of the *Roman Court*. And all the World knows, that Holy City is a Type of Heaven; or at least the crafty Priests would fain represent it so.

My Friend, thou and I have seen enough of their Tricks and Holy Frauds in *Sicily*. Praise be to God, they had no Power to pervert us. Our Faith remains inviolate: We still possess the Integrity of *Mussulmans*, the native Attach we owe to the Prophet, who was sent to exterminate Idols. In a Word, we adore none but one God, Creator of the Worlds. May that Incomprehensible for ever keep us in the same Faith and Practice, till the Release of our Souls.

Paris, 13th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER VIII.

To Lubano, Abusei Saad, an Egyptian Knight.

THIS Court is now at *Fontainbleau*, and all seems to be dissolved in Joy for the Birth of a Dauphin. The Queen was delivered of this young Prince

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on the first Day of this Moon. There is nothing but Feasting, Dancing, and Revelling on this Account, with Bonfires and congratulatory Addresses. Only the Duke of Orleans, the King's Brother, has little Reason to be over merry, since he was the next presumptive Heir of the Crown, in case the King died without Issue Male: For the Laws of *France* exclude a Female from reigning. Yet, this Duke dissembles his inward Grief, for being thus put by his Hope, and appears as joyful as the Father himself. He hugs and admires the Royal Babe, wishing him Health and Long-life in a Compliment, whom he really could rather wish out of the World; or at least that he had never come into it. So violent are the Temptations to a Crown, so strong the Desire of Empire, that the Nearness of Relation, which endears the Rest of Mortals one to another, estranges the Hearts of Princes from those of their own Blood, if they stand in the Way of their Ambition. And I can assure thee, the *French* do not spare to say, the Duke of Orleans has enough of this Vice to attempt great Things, were not his Genius over-awed by the matchless Fortune and Spirit of his Brother.

Neither is the King himself insensible of this; remembering with what Warmth the Duke received the flattering Addresses of some Courtiers, during his Brother's dangerous Sicknes, when the Physicians had well-nigh given him over for a dead Man.

I was acquainted with this Passage but lately, by *Osin* the Dwarf, who watches all the Motions of this Court. He tells me that the King being informed a Rumour was whispered among the Grandees of his Death, caused them all to be sent for, and to pass through his Chamber, whilst the Curtains of his Bed were drawn open, that they might see their Sovereign alive, though in a bad State of Health. He says moreover, that the true-Reason why several Lords of late have been removed from their Offices about the King, is because he presented ill the too early and passionate Court they made to the Duke of Orleans, on the Report of his Brother's Death.

Death. It is natural to all Men to love themselves and to desire the Disposal of their own Affairs. No Man would be content to have his Estate given away by his Servants at their own Discretion. And Sovereign Monarchs are the most jealous of all Men in such Cases: Particularly, the King of *France* is known to be a Prince very sensible of his Honour, and soon touched in that Point, by the least Appearance of Disrespect in his Subjects, and of Inroad in his Neighbours.

As for the Duke of *Orleans*, he is a Prince of no great Character, either as a Soldier, or a Statesman: Neither has he been much talked of in the World, till the Beginning of this Year, when he married an *English* Princess, by Name *Henrietta*, Daughter to the late murdered King of that Nation.

We have had another Match here also, between the late Duke of *Orleans*'s Daughter and the Prince of *Tuscany*. These Things occasion various Discourse among these who pretend to weigh exactly the different Interests of Christian Courts, especially of such as are concerned in the New Alliances. For the greatest Monarchs here in the West marry only for Profit and Advantage, to fortify themselves by a closer Union with the House to which they are allied. Whereas our Eastern Princes only indulge their Passions in the Choice of their Wives; admitting none to their Embraces, but the most exquisite Beauties that can be found. And where they once pitch their Fancy, they neither regard Riches, Honour, or any other Recommendation save what their Love suggests; being themselves inexhaustible Fountains of Wealth, Nobility and Good Fortune to all who have the Happiness to be in their Favour.

They scorn to sell themselves, and prostitute the Glory of their Diadems to a Foreign Prince, for the Sake of a little Gold, and much more Trouble with a proud Female whom perhaps they never saw. Yet this is the common Practice among the Princes of the *Nazarene* Belief; who consider not, that instead of a Wife, a Partner of their Empire, and a Friend, they often

can entertain a Snake, a Traytor, an Enemy : Especially if she be a Woman of Wit and Intrigue, as most of them are. This made the now Queen-Mother, Relict of *Lewis XIII.* suspected by her Husband : the present Queen of *France* is under the like Circumstances : And it will always be so, where Princes teach themselves after this Manner, and cannot debar their Wives from holding a secret Correspondence with the Family from which they descend.

Affuredly, the *Ottoman* Politicks are the most refined and secure of any in the World; our Religion most holy, and our Morals most sound. Which three evident Signs, that God has raised up this sacred Empire to subdue all the Nations on Earth, and bring them to the Faith of his Divine Unity.

is, 9th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER IX.

Cara Haly, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

AM now in my Chamber by a glowing Fire, wanting nothing that can comfort a reasonable Man : whilst I hear the Winds whistling, the Snow driving on my Windows, and the hollow Voices of the Watch proclaiming a Night little less cold than that which one they feel in the Arctick Circle once a Year. I wish myself in a Plain, or on the Top of some high Mountain, where I might feel Nature in the most kind of all her Humours. I love Variety, and it is a pleasure to be confined to Pleasure itself, when it is all of the same Kind, or what I am used to. It is to thee, my dear *Haly*, I owe this Thought, when you told me once, as we were walking together in the

the Cemetry of Sultan *Solyman's* Mosque, That Man made for all Things.

I remember the Elegance and Force of Reason which you explained your Sentiment, upon a Loss which I had then sustained by Shipwreck ; comforting me with this Reflection, That all the Gains on Earth are our Burdens : All the Riches, Honours, Pleasures, and whatsoever is desired by Mortals, are but so many Clogs to tie us faster to this little narrow Globe, which we are born to trample on as our Foot-stool.

All this is true : But I consider farther, that the Occurrences of this Life ought to be received with Indifference, and we should be as chearful in a Prison as in a Palace ; because nothing can happen to us, which was not decreed by Fate. Methinks I could go as freely to Torments in a just Cause, as to a sumptuous Banquet. I could smile at the Malice of my Persecutors, and triumph over the vain Executioners, when I see them sweat at their inhuman Toil, and yet can never have their Wills of a Soul cast into such a Mould as mine whatever they may do with my Body. Though they excruciate me with a thousand Inventions of Cruelty, though they reduce me to Ashes, yet they cannot rob me of my Reason. Neither Fire, nor Sword, nor Rack, nor any other Instrument of barbarous Rage can hurt my Thoughts. I shall still have the Power of Meditating in spite of them all : And I esteem that the specifick Happiness of a rational Creature. There is no such Thing as Pleasure or Pain, but what our Opinion makes so. I have tryed to handle Fire ; I have grasped hot burning Coals in the Palm of my Hand with which I now write. The devouring Element soon fastened on my Skin, and eat its Way through into my Flesh, whilst I was busy in contemplating its Nature and Effects, without being concerned in any Sense of Pain. I kept a tight Rein, and curbed my Soul. I held it within Compass, and would not suffer it to winch, or lash, or flounce out of itself, or descend into my Body, to rescue the Part affected, or be concerned

at its Grievance. But when I reflected on the Inconveniencies that might follow, and that it would hinder me from serving the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I threw the Coals away, well satisfied that I had made the Experiment without prejudicing my Reason, or falling into any Passion unbecoming a Man.

I take as much Pleasure in Fasting, as in Eating or Drinking; in Labour as in Rest; in Watching as in Sleep. There is no Excess or Contrariety in Nature, which does not afford me as much Delight as Mediocrity, or the Golden Mean itself. I find a Gust in every Thing that happens to me. And this I take to be the proper Part of a *Mussulman*, or of one resigned to God.

Yet this hinders me not from bustling in the World, and prosecuting my Business with Alacrity and some Eagerness. We are born for Action, and not only for Thought. It is a mixed Life we are to lead on Earth. But when I fail of my End or desired Success in any Undertaking, I am not troubled, considering I was born to encounter Evil as well as Good in this mortal State.

In all that I have said, I do not pretend to the celebrated Apathy of *Stoicks*. I feel Pleasure and Pain from the same Objects which thus affect other Men: But I feel them with Indifference, not suffering my Understanding and Judgment to participate with my Passion and Sense.

I have perceived myself sometimes in Agonies, which I thought exactly answered the Character of those which dying Persons feel. And I believe they were in a Degree the very same: Yet I found no paltry Fears upon me, no Dread of that amazing change: But rather certain blooming Hopes, young, tender, springing Joys, arising from the Thoughts of a new Life, the unavoidable Effect of that which we call Death, wherein I promised myself the Pleasure of fresh enjoyments and Diversions, to which I was wholly then Stranger.

If thou thinkest this too extravagant, and that Death is not a proper Object of our Wishes, yet thou wilt at least acknowledge, that it may furnish us with sufficient Arguments of Content and Acquiescence, since no Man can avoid it, and it is sure to entertain us with Novelties which we never were acquainted with before, which recommends it under a very desirable Figure, because human Nature perpetually covets new Things.

I have seen Persons condemned to Death here in *Paris*, who have been offered Life on certain Conditions not agreeing with their Humour; yet have refused it, and rather chose Death, which they knew would free them at once from all their present Troubles. And thou knowest with what Resignation our Greatest *Bassas* submit their Necks to the Executioners, when the *Grand Signior* thinks fit to call for their Lives. All that they reply to the Fatal Mandate is, The Will of my Sovereign Lord be done. They at once gather up all the Strength of their scattered Reason, and shrink their dilated Souls to a Point. Then with a redoubled Force they shake off their Inclinations to Honours, Riches, and the Pleasures of this Life, as a Man rowzes from a long Dream or Trance. With Smiles, and a profound Submission they kiss the *Royal Firme*, being awakened to the Thoughts of more Illustrious and Serene Joy than this gross Earth affords, even to the ineffable Pleasures of *Eden*, the sure Reward of those that die in Obedience and Peace: Since they are to be esteemed Martyrs, as well as those who meet Death in the Field of the Sacred Combat, in the War for our Holy Faith.

Oh! that it were my Lot thus to expire in Honour to have my last Breath mixed with the devout Aspirations and Suffrages of True Believers, that so my Example might edify others, and the publick Character of an untainted Loyalty might benefit myself: While Fame proclaimed it before my Arrival at the invisible Regions, to prepare the Ghosts of Just Men, to bid me welcome.

welcome, and give me a kind Reception, who am yet wholly a Stranger in those Parts of the World: For Death itself cannot banish me out of the Universe. And there is my last Comfort.

Thou, my dear Physician, wilt conclude, I am Melancholy by this kind of Discourse. But I tell thee, it is only another Way of expressing the secret Pleasure and Tranquillity of my Soul, which is more to be valued by him that enjoys it, than all the Laughter and extravagant Mirth in the World. These only ruffle our Passions, and raise a dust in our Eyes: Whereas the other compose and purify our Reason, giving us a constant Prospect of Things past, present, and to come. So that we can never be at a Loss, but always ready equipped for the worst Contingencies. *Hali, Adieu.*

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER X.

To the same.

THE Court of *France* in all Things endeavours to imitate the ancient Grandeur of the *Roman* Emperors, and their Policy. As they had their Amphitheatres, whereon were exhibited all Sorts of Shews and Spectacles to divert the People in Time of Peace; so have these their Theatres whereon, according to the more acceptable Mode of the present Age, are represented the various Kinds of Virtue and Vice; Men's follies and Perfections; modern Humours, and the ancient Morality; Intrigues of Love, and of State; surprizing Actions of War, and the subtle Overtures of Peace, the Tyranny of Sovereigns, and Rebellion of Subjects. In fine, whatsoever is treated of in Books is here acted to the Life on the Stage, and with so much Advantage of Scenes, Interludes, Musick, Dances, Language,

Language, Wit, Humour, and the like charming Circumstances, that a Man at some Hours cannot better pass away his Time, than in being present at these Entertainments. Where all that he has read, either in ancient or modern History, deserving Remark, shall be successively presented to his View, as efficaciously as if the Persons were now living, and in presence, whose Actions each Play describes.

There you shall be introduced as it were, into the Court and Camp of the Grand *Cyrus* ; You shall accompany *Alexander* the Great in his Expeditions through *Asia* : You shall see him die of Poyson at *Babylon*, and the *Macedonian* Empire cantonized among his Officers : You shall behold all the *Roman Cæsars* in their Rise and Fall : With whatsoever Particularities were observable in this or any other renowned Monarchy on Earth ; not excluding the last and most universal Empire of the *Ottomans*. For these Infidels presume to act over again the Part of *Tamerlane*, and lead about in Dramatick Triumph the enraged, yet invincible *Bajazet*. In Habits, which only become the destined Conquerors of the World, these Slaves dare personate the Glorious *Solyman*, *Mahomet* the Great, the Victorious *Selim*, and even *Amurat* himself, the stoutest Emperor that ever reigned : I mean, the Uncle of our present Sovereign.

Besides true History thus represented, the Spectators are sometimes diverted with fabulous Entries of Gods, Nymphs, Fauns, Satyrs, Muses, Graces, Monsters, and whatsoever we find in the ancient Poets.

There you shall see *Prometheus* fetching Fire from Heaven, to give Life to his Man of Clay ; *Lycam* transformed into a Wolf, for his inhospitable Carriage to *Jupiter* ; *Ganymede* snatched up into Heaven by an Eagle, and made *Jupiter's* Cup-bearer, for his singular Beauty. It is pleasant also to see *Phryxus*, with his Sister *Helle*, swimming over the *Hellespont* on the Back of a Ram, with a Golden Fleece ; whilst she for Fear falls off, and is drowned : And from her Name (*Helle*) that Sea is supposed to be so called. In the mean while,

while, *Phryxus* swims forward, and arrives at *Colchis* where he sacrifices the Ram, and hangs the Golden Fleece up in the Temple; which was afterwards stole away by *Jason* and his Argonauts. It is equally diverting, to see the Artifice of the Scenes and Machines, which represent *Jupiter* transforming himself into a Shower of Gold, and so descending into *Danae's* Lap, when he begets *Percus* on her, who subdued the *Gorgons*, and with *Medusa's* Head turned the *Cephen* Nobles into Statues: In a word, all the ingenious Fictions of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Ovid*, and the rest of the Greek and Roman Poets, are here translated, not so much from one Language to another, as from Words to Actions, and from dead, inanimate Characters, to living Figures of the Things themselves. For these Sort of Plays are acted by Men, Women, and Children, culled out and educated for that Purpose; and the Managers are at a vast Charge, for Variety of proper Scenes and Dresses for every Occasion; each Actor being exactly apparelled according to the different Quality of Persons represented; and the Mode of the Age and Country wherein they lived.

These Sorts of Divertisements are very agreeable both to the Court and City. The King takes great Delight in them, especially in Ballads and Pastorals, which consist chiefly of good Songs and Dances, mixed with bold and uncouth Entries of Antiques, representing Monsters and Devils, as the Christians usually describe them.

But there was lately a Check given to their Sport, by an Accident which has surprized all People that hear of it, and has puzzled the most intelligent Heads to give an Account of so strange an Occurrence.

On the 19th of this Moon, the King and the whole Court were present at a Ballet, representing the Grandeur of the *French* Monarchy. About the Middle of the Entertainment, there was an Antique Dance performed by twelve Masqueraders, in the supposed Forms of *Dæmons*. But before they had advanced far in their Dance, they found an Interloper amongst them, who

by increasing the Number to Thirteen, put them quite out of their Measures; For they practise every Step and Motion before-hand, till they are perfect. Being abashed therefore at the unavoidable Blunders the Thirteenth Antique made them commit, they stood still like Fools, gazing at one another: None daring to unmask, or speak a Word; for that would have put all the Spectators into a Disorder and Confusion. Cardinal *Maxarini* (who was the chief Contriver of these Entertainments, to divert the King from more serious Thoughts) stood close by the young Monarch, with the Scheme of the Ballet in his Hand. Knowing therefore that this Dance was to consist but of Twelve Antiques, and taking Notice that there were actually Thirteen, at first imputed it to some Mistake. But afterwards, when he perceived the Confusion of the Dancers, and that they could not proceed, he made a more narrow Enquiry into the Cause of this Disorder. To be brief, they convinced the Cardinal, that it could be no Error of theirs, by a Kind of Demonstration, in that they had but twelve Antique Dresses of that Sort, which were made on purpose for this particular Ballet; whereas the thirteenth Dancer was disguised after the same Manner. Therefore they concluded, that either the Devil or some Body else, had put a Trick on them. That which made it seem the greater Mystery was, that when they came behind the Scenes to uncase, and examine the Matter, they found but twelve Antiques, whereas on the Stage there were thirteen.

The preciser Sort of Bigots gave it out for certain, That the Devil was amongst them: Whilst others more probably say, it was only some envious or ambitious Dancing-Master, who was either resolved to be revenged for not being one of the Twelve, or designed to shew his Parts Incognito against another Opportunity, and in the Interim, set the Court a wondering at his singular Skill and Dexterity: For it was observed, that one of the thirteen far surpassed all the rest, and did Things to a Miracle.

Be it how it will, it has brought to Memory a Passage that happened on the like Occasion at a Town not far from *Paris*, about eighteen Years ago, yet was not half so much talked of then, as it is now ; which was the Reason I took no Notice of it in any of my Letters. But now they are big with it : It is the general Discourse of all Companies who make Comparisons of that Event with this. Perhaps it will not be unpleasant to thee to know it.

In the Year 1644, toward the latter End, a Company of Stage-Players were at a Place called *Vitry*, entertaining the People with Comedies ; but there happened something really tragical to one of the Actors. This Man was to perform the Part of one Dead, and when he was to revive again by Magick. He acted his Part too truly, and baffled the Necromancer's Art. For when he touched him with his Talisman, as the Rules of the Play required, in order to his Resurrection, the inanimate Trunk could not Obey. The Man was Dead indeed.

Whether he overstrained himself in imitating the silent, still, and irrecoverable Privations of that passive State, and gave his slippery Soul a strong Temptation, with a fair Opportunity to escape its Bonds ; or whether *Heaven* had a particular Hand in so remarkable a Catastrophe, I will not presume to divine. But this, and the other Occurrence, has put the People quite out of Conceit with Plays.

Sage *Hali*, remember the *Arabian* Proverb, which says, It is not good to jest with God, Death, or the Devil. For the First neither can, nor will be mocked ; the Second mocks all Men, one Time or other ; and the Third puts an eternal Sarcaasm on those that are too familiar with him.

*Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1662.*

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

GOD unravel my Soul, reverse my Faculties, turn my Nature inside out, make me a Monster of a new Predicament, or annihilate me, which he pleases, if I am not true to my Trust; yet the Ministers of the *Porte* suspect me.

By the Thoughts of *Mahomet* our holy Lawgiver, whilst he was climbing the boundless Heights of the Firmament, I have a Heart like the *Roman Curtius*, who bravely leaped into the fathomless Abyss to save his Country from Ruin. They mistake *Mahmut*, who think he will be pimped out of his Loyalty by Frowns or Smiles, Flatteries or Threats, Gold or Tortures. I would run the Risque of Damnation itself to serve my Sovereign, or to do any Thing becoming a Man of Honour. Yet my Superiors use me like a Villain or a Traytor. Their Letters are full of Reproaches and Threatnings, as if I were not worthy to live. It is strange to me, whence all this Malice should proceed; and that after I have done and suffered all that could be expected from a *Mussulman* in my Post, to demonstrate my incorruptible Fidelity to the *Grand Signior*, I should still be persecuted as a *Tiafer*, and Enemy to the *Ottoman* Interest. I know not what to think of it.

If I have done any Thing which deserves Death or Imprisonment, why do not they send for me to *Constantinople*, and execute Justice on me? Or if I am not thought fit to continue any longer in this Post, why do they not call for my Commission, and give it some Body better qualified? Either of these would be a merciful Proceeding, compared with the more cruel and ignominious Way they have invented to murder me: For, now, they put me to a lingering Death, by continually corroding and wasting the Peace of my Soul, which is my Life, with Contempts and Reproaches.

I am

I am not at all troubled when they tax me with Atheism, or say, I am a Kyfilbaschi, a Libertine, a Christian, a Heathen Philosopher; or when they are pleased to make a Monster of me, a Mungrel Gallimaufry, a walking Hotpotch, compounded of *Jew, Turk, Nazarene, and Epicure*. In loading me with these opprobrious Titles, they rank me with some of the greatest Mortals, and engage even our Holy Prophet himself to espouse my Cause, and vindicate my Reputation; since he is in these very Terms blasphemed by the Followers of *Jesus*: Those Infidels forgetting that their own *Messias* was after the like manner traduced by the *Jews*, who called him Impostor, Magician, Heretick, Devil, and I know not what. This has been the Lot of all holy Men and Prophets, to be envied and aspersed by the Grandees of the Nation and Age wherein they lived: Because they boldly removed their Vices, and taught them the sincere Maxims of Virtue both by Word and Example. And though I have not Vanity enough to list myself in the Number of Prophets, or perfect Men; yet I have Reason to conclude, that all this Persecution is raised against me, on the Account of the Liberty I take to reprehend the Errors and Failings of those, who are Slaves to the *Grand Signior* as well as I: Though I have been commanded to do this by the most August Minister of the Empire. But great Men in Power love not to be told of their Faults. They would live Arbitrary as Sovereigns, without the least Check or Controul. They will rather cherish a thousand Flatterers and Sycophants, than suffer one *Diogenes* to live.

But that which vexes me most is, that they glance upon me in some Expressions, as if I were false to the Trust which is reposed in me. A Crime for which I ever had an invincible Abhorrence, and which would sooner tempt me a thousand Times to die, than to be once guilty of it. Thou knowest my Temper, and I need say no more.

I should have burst with Grief and Indignation, had I not given my Resentments this Vent, and that to a

Friend who, by knowing my Affliction, takes one Half of it for his own Share, and so I am eased.

Paris, 2d of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XII.

To Ibrahim Eli Zeid, Hadgi, Preacher to
the Seraglio.

THEY have a Proverb here in the West, which says, All is not Gold that glisters. And it is frequently verified in their own Priests, who are generally the greatest Hypocrites in the World.

I had not been long in this City, before I sent a Letter to *Bedredin*, Superior of the Dervises of *Cogni* in *Natolia*, whose Soul is now with God ; wherein I gave him an Account of the Converse I once had with a Jesuit. For, pretending to be a Student and Retainer to the Clergy, I could not avoid the Company of Ecclesiasticks ; besides, it was my Interest to insinuate into their Acquaintance ; and to tell the Truth, I have made a great Part of my Business to gain a Familiarity with Priests and Dervises, ever since I came hither.

There was Abundance of Reason for this, on several Accounts. For I improved myself much by the Society of those amongst them that are learned ; and I edified not a little by the very Ignorance and Follies of others. From some I squeezed out secrets of State, and the Designs of Cabals : By others I penetrated into the mysterious Vices of their own Order. In a Word, all of them taught me something or other which I knew not before ; and I never had occasion to repent of keeping them Company.

I contracted a particular Friendship with an honest Friar or two in this City, who were Persons of Can-

tor and Learning : But now they are dead. Besides, I have had no small Intimacy with Cardinal *Richlieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini*. I tell thee, if I had not coveted the Friendship of these Princely Priests, yet it had been impossible to escape their Knowledge, as obscure a Figure as I make. For it was their constant Practice, thus to seek out all the Strangers and Travelers in this City, under Pretence of that great Regard they had for Men of Merit, but in reality to pump out of them Foreign Secrets.

Cardinal *Richlieu* professed a great Kindness to me, because I had been at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the *Grand Signior's* Dominions. He seemed also to value me not a little for my Skill in interpreting *Greek*, *Slavonick*, and other Languages of the East. What he thought of me in his Heart, I cannot divine ; but I have Reason to think that he suspected me for a *Mussulman*. And yet I wonder he never searched for the main Proof, the Mark of Circumcision. Perhaps, it was an Effect of his good Nature, as being loth to ruin me irrecoverably. But I rather ascribe it to Providence, which would not suffer him, it may be, to make so fatal a Reflection : Yet by his Order some Years ago, I was imprisoned for six Moons. What the Meaning on it was I could never dive into. But I had a shrewd Jealousy of a certain *Transylvanian* Resident at this Court, who perhaps might do me some ill Offices. The World is like a Lottery, wherein we must expect to meet with many unlucky Chances.

By what I have said, thou wilt easily perceive, that though the Priests make a fair Semblance of Piety, Mortification, and other Religious Virtues, yet they are great Busy-Bodies, and wholly taken up in secular Affairs.

If this were the worst Character they deserve, they might pass for very good Men, and necessary Instruments of the publick Welfare : Because they have the Tutelage and Guardianship of all Mens Consciences ; they form them in their Youth, and govern them in their ripest Years : Besides, they have many Advantages of
 Study-

studying the Politicks more than other Men, as being all Educated in the Academies, where, if they be not very dull, they cannot fail of becoming good Historians, and indifferent Statesmen. For their Libraries abound with all manner of antient and modern Writers, and their Conversation is generally refined and pregnant in Intrigues.

But they corrupt their Learning with false Maxims which they borrow from an intolerable Pride and Sensuality; persuading themselves that they are as far above other Men, that is, the Laity, as those are above the Beasts; that God has bestowed on them a Dignity superior to that of the greatest Temporal Monarchs; and, in fine, that this Earth is a Paradise, and themselves the Gods and Lords of it.

When I speak at this Rate of the *Nazarene* Priests, understand me not without Restriction. There are some good and holy Men amongst them, Persons of unblemished Manners, and incorrupt Sincerity. But, these are very rare; and the *French* Priests are esteemed the most sincere of any within the Pale of the *Roman* Church.

As for the *Italian* Clergy, they are meer Libertines; the most debauched and profligate Fellows in the World.

Adonai the *Jew*, a late private Agent of the *Grand Signior*, who had travelled up and down through all *Italy*, and resided a considerable Time in the chief Cities and Towns of Note, made many curious Observations and Remarks on the Lives of the Priests, which he set down in his Journal. This I have by me now, it being sent me, according to my Desire, after his Death by *Zeidi Alamanzi*, his Successor in that Station, who is at present at *Venice*.

I have perused this Relation myself, with no small Pleasure; and believe it will not be unwelcome to thee, to give thee an Abstract of what he says.

It is possible, he may exaggerate some Things, and deliver himself too partially in others, out of the natural and inherent Aversion the *Jews* have for the *Christians*. But thou wilt find, that, in the Main, he in-

fits

its only on such Reflections as it becomes any Man to make, who has the least Spark of common Morality and Reason.

In the first Place, he finds Fault with the Ecclesiastics, in that they abstain from Marriage themselves, yet recommend the State to the Laity as a very holy Sacrament and Mystery of Religion: Whilst they indulge themselves at the same Time in all manner of Lasciviousness; wallowing in Fornication, Adultery, Incest, and Sodomy itself. He says, there is hardly one Priest or Ten, who does not keep two or three Harlots; and the most Recluse Dervises are either Pimps to other Mens Lusts, or they indulge their own with the most famous Courtezans and Catamites. These Pretenders to Perfection and Sanctity, are often found Masquerading and Revelling about the Streets, in the Time of the Carnival, with a Company of Whores for their attendants. Nay, all the Year round their Monasteries are no other than Stews or Brothel-houses. They introduce Women into their Cells in a monastick Habit, and so they pass for Men who come to visit them as friends, Relations, or Travellers. These Ladies of pleasure lie thus concealed for many Days and Nights together. And the superior of the Convent winks at this for a little Money, being most commonly as bad as any of them.

These Holy Fathers go marching and slouching along the Streets, in the most mortified manner imaginable. You would take them for perfect Santones and Idiots. Yet this is but all Mummery, whilst they are the most amazing Hypocrites in the World, meer Devils in a City, and abounding in wicked Thoughts and Practices.

Adonai tells a pleasant Story of a young Monastick of St. Dominick's Order at Rome. This Monk was of noble Extraction, and his Parents were very rich and powerful in the City. On which Account he was indulged many Liberties denied to the rest of his religious Brethren. He was permitted to carry good Quantities of Gold and Silver about him, for his personal expences; and to wear a secular Habit, suitable to his Birth

Birth and Quality. But this Liberty had like to have proved fatal to him one Night during the Carnival.

It was late, and very dark, when this Religious Bully was beating the Streets, upon the Hunt for Whores; and walking under certain Piazzas near the River *Tyber*, he was accosted by a Woman masked, and in a very good dress, who spoke to him frankly, asking him the Way to *Il Rotundo*. This is the Name of a Church in *Rome*, dedicated to All the Saints; In the Time of the Gentiles, it was called *Pantheon*, or the Temple of all the Gods. The Monk being in one of his rambling Equipages, and his Inclinations equally bent on Pleasure; having also a hundred Florins about him; presently made answer, He would conduct her to the Place she enquired for. She, after some counterfeited Essays of a modest Repulse, at length accepted his Offer: And by the Way he persuaded her into a Tavern. The cunning Nymph managed her Business so well, that the Monk over-heated with Wine, and other costly Entertainments, grew so in Love with her, that he forgot she was to go to the *Pantheon*, and offered to wait on her Home. She accepted the Motion, and telling him her House was seated on the Banks of the *Tyber*, they returned the same Way as they came.

When they arrived at the Piazzas, where they first met, three Persons appeared muffled up in Cloaks: Two of which suddenly seized the Monk, holding their Poniards at his Breast; whilst the Third disclosing the hidden Light of a dark Lanthorn, which he held in his Hand, fastened on the Lady, and made her unmannerly. As soon as he saw her Face, he stamped and raved, menaced and swore he would be the Death of that Villain who had debauched his Wife. All this was but a fore-laid Design. In a Word, after all the Parts of an abused, incensed, revengeful Husband, acted to the Life, at last, through the Intercession of the two other Ruffians, and the Monk's penitent and submissive Address, it was concluded to spare his Life, and only strip him naked; leaving him in that Condition to seek his Fortune among the Watch.

This was soon put in Execution, and the Freebooters, with all their Prey, securely marched off. The poor Monk, thus miserably abandoned, without Garments, Money, or any Thing to comfort him in this Calamity, or to bribe the Watch, gave himself over to Melancholy and Despair, in regard this Accident would bring an eternal Infamy on him, and he should be no longer able to shew his Face in *Rome*, the Seat of his Nativity; nor among any of his Kindred and Friends. Sometimes he thought to drown himself in the *Tyber*, or else to counterfeit a Frenzy, and so run brawling, revelling, and talking Nonsense through the Streets; hoping the rest would never be divulged.

Whilst he was in these pensive Thoughts, irresolute what to do, the Watch, walking their Rounds, bolted upon him on a sudden; and seeing a naked Man, at that Time of Night, in such a solitary Place, at first were startled, as though they had met a Ghost; but reflecting themselves better, they boldly seized his Person, and examined how he came in that Condition.

It was in vain for him to beg, intreat, and promise any Thing, if they would not expose him to open shame. This did but increase their Curiosity and Suspicion. In a word, the Place of their Rendezvous being very near the same Tavern where this unfortunate Monk had regaled his Strumpet, they led him thither, and kept him Prisoner until the Morning. He that kept the House remembered his Face again; and knowing that the Governor of *Rome* had a secret Enmity against the Monk and all his Race, sent him private Intelligence of this Adventure, encouraging him to take this Opportunity of Revenge; hinting withal, that he need not take Notice, that he knew the Monk, but only punish him as an ordinary Fellow, breaking the Laws of the City.

The Governor, glad of this Occasion, when the Monk was brought before him, ordered him to be whipped through the very Street where his Monastery stood. This was done accordingly; and as he passed by the Gate, his Brethren, seeing him in that Condition, rushed

rushed out, and rescued him from the Executioner's Hands, breathing Revenge against the Governor, and all that were concerned in putting this Dishonour on their House and the whole Order.

I must be forced to break off, before I have informed thee of half their Tricks, lest I should tire thee with the Length of my Letters. Besides, it is necessary for me to conclude, unless I would miss my Opportunity. For the Post carries for no Man.

Venerable *Hadgi*, live thou to enjoy the serene Pleasures of Virtue and Innocence, and pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never be stained with the Corruptions and Vices of Infidels, among whom he resides.

Paris, 18th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XIII.

To the Chiaus Bassa.

THE *French* King's Genius seems altogether bent on Martial and Politick Affairs; and though he allows some Moments to his Love, yet the greatest Part of his Time is consecrated to the necessary Affairs of State, and to the Improvement of Military Discipline. This has been his Course ever since the Death of Cardinal *Mazarini*. That Minister, whilst he was living, endeavoured nothing so earnestly as to divert the young Monarch from minding Business, by Plays, Ballads, and other soft Entertainments. But as soon as he was dead, the King began by degrees to forsake his youthful Recreations, and look into the Affairs of his Government.

The first bold stroke of Regal Authority which he gave was the suppressing the Superintendant of the Finances, a very antient Office in *France*, but much abused of late by those who have enjoyed it. For having the

management of the Royal Revenues, it has been found that they embezzled them to their own private uses, purchasing Houses, Castles, Towns, and the fair-Estates in the Kingdom for them and their Posterity. The last in this Office was the *Sieur Fouquet*; who, besides the Waste he made of the King's Money in this kind, was laying up an extraordinary Provision of Arms and Powder in *Bell-Isle*, a Sea-Port of France: which gave the King so great a Suspicion of his ill Designs, that he went in Person after him as far as *Nantes*; and being there farther informed of a private Correspondence held between the *Sieur Fouquet*, and some Alecontents of Cardinal *de Retz's* Party, he caused him to be arrested, and sent Prisoner to the Wood of *Vincennes*: From whence he has since been brought to the *Isle*. This was done in the 9th Moon of the last Year, and was the Occasion of erecting a new Chamber of Justice, to enquire into the Conduct of those who were employed by *Fouquet* in the Management of the Finances. The great Discoveries this Chamber has already made of the Cheats and Tricks practised by those through whose Hands the King's Revenues have passed, will, it is thought, move the King to establish it as a perpetual and Sovereign Court of Inquisition: So that not the Value of an Asper shall henceforth be paid out of the Royal Treasury, without the Approbation of this Chamber. He has also retrenched many superfluous Offices in his Household, that he may the more easily support the Charges of those that are necessary.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Wisdom of this Prince, when thou shalt know, that he trusts nothing absolutely to his Ministers, but pries into every Thing himself. He examines Matters of the smallest Moment, as narrowly as the most important Concerns. He makes daily Reforms among his domestick Servants, and new models both the Army and the State: which is also no small Argument of his Courage, and Greatness of his Spirit; in that he dares contradict the Methods of all his Progenitors; take the Frame of his mighty Government, as it were, to pieces; and
having

having mended every Thing that was amiss, join it together again ; but after a Pattern wholly depending on his own Judgment. This has astonished the greatest Statesmen of the Age, who consider the Boldness of the Undertaking, and yet cannot find one false Step in his Measures. For, whereas formerly the Princes of the Blood, the Officers of the State, the Governors of Provinces, with other Grandees, having given frequent Trouble to the Kings of *France*, and not seldom raised Civil War when any Thing disgusted them (so great was their Power, and so small their Dependance on the King :) This Monarch has, by a happy Effect of his Judgment and Resolution, given so dextrous a Turn to the whole System of the Publick, that the Princes find themselves more aggrandized than ever ; the Officers of the Crown perceive their Dignity encreased with new Lustres, and the Governors of Provinces exercise a stronger Hand over their Subjects ; yet all of them are reduced to an entire Dependance on the King himself, not being in a Capacity ever to rebel again: Which is esteemed a Miracle of Policy. As he has thus gained the Point of his Subjects at home, and established his Realm in the most perfect Oeconomy that can be imagined ; so he has recovered a particular Honour abroad, that until this Time has been always disputed between the Crowns of *France* and *Spain*.

It seems an Ambassador from *Sweden* arrived at the *English* Court in the 10th Moon of the last Year : The *French* Ambassador sent his Coaches to honour the Publick Entry, as is usual between Friends. But the *Spanish* Ambassador, designing to affront the *French*, sent his Coaches also to attend the Ceremony, accompanied by his own Servants, and a Rable of idle Persons whom he had hired on purpose. These fell on the *French* as they were passing along the Street, killed several of them, and by force stopped their Coaches, until those of the *Spanish* Ambassador were got before them ; the Pre-eminence of Place being the chief Thing aimed at.

This was highly resented at the *French Court*, and every body thought that a fresh War would break out between the two Nations on this Account. The young Monarch commanded the *Spanish Ambassador* here to depart the Kingdom; and when another was sent to supply his Place, the King forbade him to enter his Dominions. Complaints were made at *Madrid*, and all Things tended to a Rupture. Until at length the King of *Spain* having promised to make satisfaction, his Ambassador was received at this Court, who assured the King, That his Master disavowed the action of his Minister in *England*, and had given express Command to all his Ambassadors in Foreign Courts not to dispute the Place with those of *France*, but to add to the latter, where they should both be present the same Entry. This they declared in the presence of thirty Foreign Ministers residing at this Court: which has raised a vast Reputation to the King of *France* among all his Neighbours, and struck the greater reverence into his Subjects at home.

In a word, he is looked upon as the most fortunate Prince in *Christendom*, and every State courts his Friendship. He gives the Law to the rest of *Europe*, yet retains himself Arbitrary and above Controul.

How long his Affairs will continue at this Height, is known only to God, who exalts and abases whom he pleases; who is the sole Monarch of all Things, reigning for ever without the least Shadow of Revolution or Change.

Paris, 12th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

IT was late when I finished my other Letter, being the Hour of the Devil's Range, when the Infernal Spirits are permitted to air themselves in this Upper World. Methoughts I heard the Clattering Echo from the Gates of Paradise, which are shut at that Season to keep out the Dæmons from entering and disturbing the Repose of the Blessed. This made me conclude so abruptly, lest some busy Scribe of the Dark Region should have inserted Evil in my Letter whilst I was asleep. I recommended myself to God, and went to Bed. After two Hours rest, awaking, I perceived the Crowing of the Cocks, that the Troops of Heaven were retired to their Den, chased down by *Arcturus* and the Guardian Constellations of the South, and by the Angels of the second Watch. Then I arose, and cheerfully addressed myself to God, praising him for the successive Benefits of Day and Night, and extolling his magnificent Works, with the exquisite Order that he has established in the World. Remembring also that I was a Man, and not born to sleep, but to serve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I readily set Pen and Paper again, to give thee a farther Account of the *French King* and his Court, with such Occurrences as have happened of late.

This Monarch is very singular in his Conduct and Manner of Life; not brooking to be confined to the Maxims of others; but squaring all his Actions by the Rules of his own: Yet it is difficult to find a Fault in his Proceedings. He hears the Advice of his Counsellors and Friends; and when they have done, he convinces them in many Things, that they are under a Mistake, which makes them admire the Force of his Reason, and the Readiness of his Wit, especially when they see the Events answering Expectation.

Neither

Neither is he altogether so intent on State Matters, that he sometimes gives himself the Diversion of a familiar Discourse with the most ingenious Artists of all kinds, who find themselves much improved by the Richness of his Invention, and the Solidity of his Judgment in the Mechanicks: For he is an excellent Gun-Smith, Sword-Cutler, Arrow-maker, and every thing that becomes a King to profess.

He is a good Architect also, and takes vast Delight in Buildings, having laid the Foundations of several magnificent Structures, Palaces of a noble Design, and intended to outvie the most polite and glorious Fabricks of ancient Greece and Rome. For, I tell thee, this monarch would not willingly come short of any of the *glories*.

At the Beginning of this Year, he aggrandized his Court, by a Promotion of sixty two Knights of the Holy Spirit. I have often mentioned this Order in my Letters to the Ministers of the *Porte*; and thou that hast been in France knowest, that it is the next Step to being made Peer of the Realm. I shall only inform thee, that during the Ceremonies of this last Promotion, the Dukes of Vendosme and Longueville had a Feud about Precedency, which at last was adjusted in favour of the former. In a Word, the King declared the House of Vendosme to have a Right of Priority before all other Houses, and to succeed in the Throne itself, next after the House of Bourbon.

This is looked upon as a bold Effort of Royal Power, and has startled all the Court. No less surprized were they to see the Duke of Lorraine resign all his Estates to the King of France, reserving only the Possession of them during his Life.

And, now the King having weathered the Point with his Enemies, both Foreign and Domestick, studies nothing more earnestly, than to divert his Queen, and let his Subjects taste the Sweets of Peace, the Effect of his matchless Fortune, to which even crowned Heads find themselves compelled to stoop and submit.

On the 5th of the foregoing Moon, by his Appointment was held a Tournament or Caroufel, as the French call it. This is a sort of Exercise on Horseback, Imitation of the ancient Manner of fighting with Spear and Shield.

The Place where they ran, was railed about, a magnificent Choise erected for the Queen and Ladies the Court to sit in, as Spectators. The Divertisement was very pompous; and the King was one of the Combatants. The rest were the Duke of Orleans, the King's Brother, the Prince of Condé, the Duke of Enguien Son to the Prince, and the Duke of Guise. Each of these led a Troop of Horse into the Field. That of the King's was habited after the manner of the old Roman Knights. The Duke of Orleans's made his Figure like the Persians: The Prince of Condé's represented the Ottomans: The Duke of Enguien's Troop were in Indian Habits; and the Duke of Guise's appeared like the Savages of America. It would be too tedious to describe the particular Magnificence of each. Suffice it to say, that they were all prodigiously majestic and rich in their Equipage. The Courses also the made were brave and full of Gallantry. But the Prize which was a Diamond of great Value, was adjudged to the Prince of Condé by the Queen-mother.

One of the former Kings of France lost his Life in this Royal Exercise, being run through the Eye into the Brain by the Spear of an English Knight then at the French Court, and one of the Combatants: For which reason, the following Kings of France forbore to expose themselves to the like Danger: But this young Mars fears nothing, being as venturous and bold as was Sultan Amurat, the Trophies of whose victorious Combat with the Persian Challenger at the Siege of Babylon hang up in the Treasury to this Day, as Monuments of his invincible Courage and Strength. Sultan Achmet also took great Delight in throwing the Lance with his Courtiers in the Atmeidan. These are Sports fit for Kings and great Generals. And some of the Roman Cæsars themselves would play the Gladiators.

It is not lawful for me to censure or reflect on the Actions of my Sovereign. But I will tell thee what the French say of him by way of Contempt; That he never combated in his own Person with any Thing but honourous Hares and Hinds. It makes me blush to hear the great Emperor of the East thus blasphemed by the profane Mouths of Infidels. And it were to be wished he would do some surprizing Action, to raise himself another Character. I say no more, but recommend thee to God and the White Angel.

Paris, 12th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

L E T T E R X V.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant at Venice.

THOU hast obliged me beyond Expectation, in that ample History of thy Life, which thy Letter contains. I esteem thee not the worse because thou wert born of Christian Parents, but rather put the higher Value on thy Merit, in that being bred in Superstition and Error, thou hast voluntarily embraced the Truth, without any Prospect of advancing thy Interest.

When a Man of a noble Stock, born to Riches and Honours, bred in Softness and Delights, and actually possessed of a fair Estate, shall thus abandon his Country, Relations, Friends, and Acquaintance, with all his native Rights and Enjoyments, purely for the Love of God, resigning himself wholly to the Will of Destiny, and the Conduct of Providence, without consulting his own Ease and Delight in this World; It is an evident sign of a faithful Heart, and that his Integrity is without Stain.

All

All this, and much more, it seems, thou hast done and therefore thou can'st not fail of being happy in the World, and in Paradise.

I am extremely pleased in reading the various Adventures of thy Youth, thy early Inclinations to foreign Countries, and thy actual Travels through *Europe, Asia, and Africa*, This is the only Way to learn true and compleat Wisdom. For a Man edifies a thousand Times more by his own personal Experience of Things, than by all the most elegant Descriptions that can be made by others. Besides the Advantage of becoming expert in the several Languages and Dialects of the Earth; which he can never learn so perfectly from Books, as by conversing with the Natives of each Country through which he passes.

Beyond all this, there is an infinite Pleasure in seeing the Variety of Objects, which every where expose themselves to a Traveller's Eye. There is nothing more delightful to human Nature, than to try all Things. Man is cloyed with what is too familiar to him. The most magnificent Palace would appear like a Prison to him that were always confined to it. The greatest Fields and most shady Groves would afford us no Refreshment if we had not Liberty to straggle out of them when we pleased. Man is naturally wild as other Animals, and it is bad as Death to be restrained of his Freedom. He had rather at certain Seasons range a Wilderness, over-run with Weeds and Briars, than in the most regular and fragrant Garden in the World. I would willingly chuse the Fatigue of climbing up a high steep, craggy Mountain, for the Sake of a new and larger Prospect, before the Ease of walking always in a low Valley, or even Plain, though graced with never so many inviting Objects, which must always be the same: So fulsome are the very pleasures we are daily accustomed to.

I doubt not but that it was very agreeable to thee in thy Journies, when every Remove, thou madest from Stage to Stage, promised thee something novel and fresh.

A Man in such Cases is apt to think the Sun himself

new,

ew, who hath shined upon him from his Nativity: The Air, the Earth, and Waters, appear not the same Elements in different Places; or, if our Reason convinceth us their Nature is not changed, yet we look upon them as Masquerades, every Day in a new Dress; especially when we go from one Religion and Climate to another, the Strangeness of the Disguise is heightened. An infinite Variety presents itself to those who travel.

But nothing affords a Man greater Delight, than to be familiarly acquainted with the different Habits, Laws, Customs, Manners, and Religions, of Mortals like himself. To see them in one Part of the World adoring the Sun, because he shines on them but once a Year, whilst all the rest of the Time they are shut up in continual Darkeness, very near being starved with Cold, and making hard shifts to live; in another to behold them grimacing, and hear them cursing that glorious Planet, because he is always too near them, rendering their Countries barren, drying up their Water, and scorching their Persons almost to Death; must needs be delightful to a contemplative Man. And for ought we know, the Laughter of *Democritus* might be the Result of as good Thoughts as *Heraclitus's* Tears. Who would not smile to see some paying divine Honours to the Scare-crow of the Garden; to a Tree, a Log, a Dog, or any Thing they first cast their Eyes on in the Morning, as they do in *Lapland*? And yet who can forbear to weep, when he sees Men professing to believe the Laws of *Moses*, and the *Messias*, (who both preach up the Divine Unity) pretending to the purest Religion in the World, and bred in the Study of the Sciences, worship Stocks and Stones, Pictures and Images, Nails, Rags, Bones, Hair, Bits of old Wood, or any Thing that their cunning Priests impose upon them as adorable.

Happy art thou, *Zeidi*, who art freed from these superstitious of the *Nazarenes*; and thrice happy, in that thou hast changed them for the Faith unblemished, the Doctrines of Truth and Reason, the Practices of sincere Morality and Virtue. Thou hast not shun-

ned a Rock to fall in a Quicksand, nor abandoned Idolatry to sink into Atheism: but thou hast escaped from narrow Gulphs and Streights, into a free and open Sea; from the dark Fogs and Mists of frozen Christianity, to the bright Empire of the *Osmons*, the serene Company of True Believers, where Charity and Zeal are in their genuine and primitive Warmth.

Since the Time that thou first liftedst up thy Finger to Heaven, and madest a Confession of One God, and *Mahomet* his Apostle, none of the Imaums or Mollahs have ever attempted to circumvent thy Reason with feigned Miracles, foolish Pilgrimages, Tales of old Women, Fictions of Poets, or any holy Frauds. Thou perceivest nothing but downright Integrity in the Conversation of the Faithful. Whereas the Christians, whom thou hast justly deserted, have a thousand Windings and Turnings, Foldings and Intricacies, in their Doctrines and Lives. So that it is almost as easy for a blind Man to walk from *Paris* to *Constantinople*, as for these Infidels to grope out the Way to Paradise, through so many Meanders and Mazes: They are involved in a perfect Circle of Error and Vice.

Praise be to God, who planted the Moon in the Heavens, and causes the Stars to dart their refreshing Rays by Night; thou art happily delivered out of their Snares. Let not thy Residence now among them ever tempt thee to return to the religious Vanities of holy Trifles, which have once made thee sick at the Heart. Remember, that thou bearest in thy Body the Mark of a True Believer, the Seal of a great Sacrament, the Character of a profound Mystery; Circumcision, the Emblem of Purity, by which thou art more enabled, than by the Blood of the *Polonian* Lord, thy Father, which streams in thy Veins. But now thou art incorporated into the Society and Lineage of *Ibrahim*, the illustrious Patriarch, and Friend of God. Consider that thou art, as it were, ingrafted into the glorious Stock of the *Ismaelites*, born to subdue all Things, and, in the determined Time, to possess the Empire of the Universe. Thou hast the Honour also to serve the
Grand

Grand Signior, Lord of the Climates and Seas, majestick Heir of the *Ottoman* House, Shadow of God on Earth.

Hold fast therefore the Profession of an unblameable Faith; and whatever Temptation thou mayest meet with, keep thy Mind always fixed on the unseen Joys of Paradise, the Crown of just and faithful Men, the Reward of such as adhere to God and his Prophet without flinching.

Mabmut salutes thee in Imagination with a parting Kifs, and an affectionate Squeeze of the Hand, which thou knowest was, in all Ages, a Token of hearty Good-will and Friendship.

Paris, 15th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

THERE is like to be a Breach between this Court and that of *Rome*, if the Pope doth not condescend to the Demands of the *French* King, who styles himself the Eldest Son of the Church, and therefore highly resents an Indignity that has been done him of late, in the Person of the Duke of *Crequi*, his Ambassador at the *Roman* Court.

It seems, the Pope's Guards on the 20th of the 8th Moon, made an Attempt on the Life of this Minister and on his Wife: They also put barbarous Abuses on all the *French* that were in that City: Insomuch as the Duke and Dutcheß of *Crequi* were obliged to quit *Rome* privately, and retire into *Tuscany*; being advised to take this Course, by all the Cardinals and other Grandees that are Friends to *France*.

The King received News of this by an Express, which came from the Duke of *Crequi* on the 11th of the 9th Moon. And he was passionately touched at so sacrilegious an Injury, whereby he is not only wronged himself, but the Law of Nations is violated in a most notorious Manner.

Wherefore, to shew his Resentment, on the same Day that the Courier came from *Rome*, the King ordered the Lieutenant of his Guards to tell the Pope's Nuncio at this Court, That he must forthwith depart the Kingdom, under the Conduct of thirty Horse. This was performed accordingly; and the Nuncio was hurried away immediately, without suffering him to speak with any Person living, save those who were to accompany him to the Frontiers: And this Order was publicly proclaimed in *Paris*. The King also wrote to the Pope, demanding Satisfaction for so horrible an Outrage; and caused Dispatches to be sent to all the Cardinals in *Rome*, advising them to contribute what lay in their Powers, towards a good Understanding between the Pope and him, protesting, that otherwise the Calamities which might follow were not to be laid to his Charge. This is a modest Way of threatening, used by *Christian* Princes, who do not always speak in Thunder, like our *Eastern* Monarchs when they menace War.

I relate this as a Thing, which though it appear of small Moment at the Beginning, yet its Consequences may be great and extensive, if the *French* King and the Pope should come to an open Rupture. All the Princes in *Europe* would find themselves engaged on one Side or other. And we *Mussulmans* might live to see the whole State of *Christendom* disjointed, alienated, and embroiled in Wars among themselves, whereby they would lay their Countries naked and open to the invincible Arms of the *Ottomans*, a Lineage of high Renown, and destined to subdue all Things.

But it is thought the Holy Father at *Rome* will not farther provoke so daring and powerful a Monarch, as him of *France*, by justifying the Insolencies of his Janizaries,

nizaries, who proceeded to that Height of Fury, as to discharge Guns into the Windows of the *French Ambassador*, killed several of his Retinue, and assassinated the Dutchess of *Crequi* in her Coach, as she passed along the Streets.

Illustrious Minister, these are Violations not practised by the most barbarous Savages. And it is an evident Sign of decaying Empire, where the Publick Faith is thus perfidiously broke. God infatuates the Infidels, that he may speedily bring them to Ruin: Whereas he daily enlightens the Just Followers of the Prophet, and directs them in the Ways of Prosperity and Peace.

Paris, 3d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVII.

To Mohammed, *the illustrious* Eremite of
Mount Uriel, in Arabia

IN the Name of God, Benign and Merciful, I approach the Residence of great Sanctimony, the tremendous Solitude, the Cave blessed by frequent Visitations of Angels, and by the former Presence of the most Sublime among Mortals, *Mahomet* the Legate of the Eternal, the Plenipotentiary of *Alla*, King of Heaven and Earth. *Alla!* There is but one! Whose Name resounds through all the Orbs Above, when pronounced by the faithful Adorers of the Divine Unity on Earth: And the Eccho thereof, from the Adamantine Gates of Paradise, reaches the Abyss of Hell, striking the infernal Spirits with Horror and Astonishment. They tremble at the Sound of the dreadful Word, which chains them up in their Prisons of Darkness. Whereas had they Faith, they would rather rejoice,

believing that the same Word will one Day release them from their Torments. For such is the Clemency of the Omnipotent, as our holy Doctors teach.

O *Mohammed*, Friend of the Most High, and Tenant to his Prophet; I have experienced, that it is good and wholesome to begin every Thing we do or say, in the Name of God. Whosoever doth otherwise, either fails in the Progress, or the End of his Design, and remains in Confusion. *Tagot* creeps into his Enterprize, and through Malice spoils it, robbing a Man of his Crown: Or *Negidber*, the Spirit of Envy, winds himself in, and intangles it: Or *Ablis*, the Dæmon of Melancholy, casts a Damp on it, and bereaves the Undertaker of his Joy. Such is the Fate of those who through Profaneness, Sloth, or Contempt, forget to pay the due Veneration we owe to the Author and Source of Providence, and good Success.

Let us not therefore think the Time mis-spent, which is taken up in the Praises of Him who has neither Beginning or End, Father of all the Generations in this visible World, and that other which is concealed from Mortals. He is the Governør of our Lives, and our sole Patron in all Necessities. Let us extol and magnify his Attributes without End.

I am by Nature contemplative and thoughtful; but I must needs acknowledge, that I owe to my Education among the *Mussulmans* the Force of my Faith and Religion. The various Turns of Fortune and Experience which I have had in the World could never yet blot out the Impressions of my early Years, or diminish the Reverence I have for our holy Prophets. I often revolve in my Mind the Series of past Ages, and the Histories of former Times; the Origin of Nations, and the various Laws, Religions, Wars, and Changes. I traverse the different Epochas of the Posterity of *Ibrahim* and the *Gentiles*, comparing the Date of *Israel's* Transmigration out of *Egypt*, with the Years of *Nabonassar* and the Olympiads. In all of them I find great Obscurity, Contradiction, and Doubtfulness, which puts me upon examining the Records of *Egypt* and the

Assyrians.

Affyrians. The Antiquity of both is very great, and yet it comes far short of the *Chinese* Chronology, and that of the *Indian* Bramins.

When I have tired my Soul with a vain Search of that which can never be discovered; when I consider the Probability of an universal Deluge in the Time of *Noah*, and the Arguments which almost demonstrate the contrary, comparing this with the Flood of *Deucalion*, and that other of *Ogyges*: In a Word, when I reflect on the numberless Incongruities that are found in the Registers of past Ages; I cannot but conclude, there is as much Reason for me to believe, That God has determinately thus darkened the Knowledge of Mortals, as that he confounded the Language at *Babel*, according to the celebrated Relation of *Moses*. Whence it will be but lost Labour for us who live in these latter Times, to seek for any Assurance or Certainty of the Truth, in Matters of so remote and early a Date.

Wherefore, leaving every Nation to their own Traditions, the *Jews* to the Manuscripts of *Moses* and their Rabbies; the *Gentiles* to the Fragments of *Hermès Trismegistus*, *Orpheus*, *Homèr*, *Hesiod*, *Theophrastus*, and other Sages of *Egypt*, *Phœnicia*, and *Greece*; I, for my Part, acquiesce to the Volume of Majesty, the great *Alcoran*, and to the Writings of our holy Doctors, *Arabians*, the Sons of *Ismael*; not puzzling myself with endless Disputes and Questions; not censuring others who worship God after their own Way, and the Documents of their Fathers; but firmly believing, That he who serves God according to the Dictates of his Reason; who is just to Men and Beasts, and in all Things conserves an innocent Purity of Life, is as acceptable to the Great Creator, and Impartial Judge of the Universe, as he that has had the Happiness to be instructed in the positive Injunctions of Heaven, the revealed Will of the Omnipotent. And this I take to be the Sense of our Holy Lawgiver, of the *Messias*, and of all the Prophets in general.

Doubtless, that superlatively *Merciful* and *Indulgent* connives at the Frailties of Mortals; He pities the in-

vincible Ignorances of some, and the fatal Necessities of others. He knows the infinite Variety of our bodily Constitutions, and the equally different Bent of our Souls. He considers the Force of the Elements and Climates wherein we live, and the unconquerable Influence of the Stars under which we were born. The whole System of human Nature with its most hidden Circumstances is exposed to the Eyes of him who sees all Things. He is no Stranger to the Anatomy of his own Works. Therefore he requires no more of Men, than can be expected from the Faculties with which he has endued them. Neither will he damn any Man for an involuntary Evil.

O *Mohammed*, this is my Faith, my Hope, and my Confidence. Otherwise I should despair every Moment. If I am guilty of Error and Presumption, correct me in thy Wisdom. For, before thee, I am but as an Idiot.

Paris, 22d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVIII.

To *Hafnadar-Bassi*, Chief Treasurer to His Highness.

THE *French* have newly felt the Motions of a Joy, whose Birth and Growth was like that of a Musthrome, sudden and swift, the Product of a very little Time, and which ended in Mourning and Tears. The Moon of *November* beheld a Daughter born to the Queen of *France*: But that Planet had hardly carried the News through all the Signs of the *Zodiac*, and commanded the Stars of *France* to celebrate a *Du-nalma*; before she was obliged to be the Messenger of more sad Tidings, and to proclaim the Death of this young Princess to the Constellations that assisted at her Birth.

In a Word: She was born on the 18th of the 11th Moon, and died on the 30th of the 12th. It looketh as if she only came into the World to be a Witness of the Conclusion of the Peace between her Father, *Lewis XIV.* and her Grandfather *Philip*, the King of *Spain*; and so return to the Region of separate Souls.

This Peace was, in General Terms, signed and sealed long ago, but there remained some Difficulties in adjusting the Limits of the *French* Conquests, which were referred to the Management of Commissioners on both Sides: And these, after they had debated the Matter for the Space of two Years, at *St. Omers*, *Arras*, and *Metz*, at length finished the Negotiation on the 25th of the 11th Moon of the last Year; which was just seven Days after the Nativity of the *French* Princess.

This Royal Infant also lived to see *Dunkirk*, one of the strongest Sea-Ports in the World, re-delivered to her Father by the *English*, in whose Hands it had been ever since it was first taken from the *Spaniards*. The King took Possession of this important Place in his own Person, entering the Town on the 2d of the last Moon.

It is looked upon as a grand Oversight in the *English*, thus tamely to part with a Fortress which is inexpugnable by Land, and commands the *Northern Seas*. But Money over-rules all our Considerations. And, it seems, the *English* Court had occasion for Gold.

There is lately a good Understanding established between this King and the Emperor of *Germany*. They often write friendly Letters one to another, and seem to be perfectly reconciled. To speak the Truth, this may be called the pacifick Year among the Inhabitants of *Europe*. For, excepting some Skirmishes and Bravados of War, between the *Spaniards* and the *Portuguese*, all the rest of *Christendom* is in Peace. And the *Portuguese* have so strengthened themselves by marrying their Infanta to the *English* King, that, what through his Assistance and the Aid of *France*, they have almost reduced *Spain* to a Necessity of making Peace.

Thou wilt say the *Portuguese* have over-reached the *English* in the Dowry they gave with their Infanta.

This is only the Town of *Tangier* in *Barbary*. A Place which will cost them far more to defend against the *Moors* than it is really worth. For these bold *Africans* will perpetually assault the Town, and oblige the King of *England* to maintain a vast Garrison in it, besides a Multitude of other Expences. This makes the *Portuguese* secretly smile, to find themselves handsomely rid of two great and burthenfome Charges, a Daughter of the Royal Blood, and an old Fortrefs of no Use or Service, save only to diminish the Publick Treasure, and make away with some Thousands of Men every Year.

Illustrious Grandee, It is no small Encouragement to the poor exiled *Mahmut*, that though he be maligned, slandered, and persecuted by his Enemies, yet he still finds Protection and Friendship from the principal Ministers. And that instead of Checks and Reproaches, to which I was formerly accustomed, my Salary is now augmented to the Proportion of my necessary Expences; Money is sent me with a liberal Hand, and my Slanderers are put to Silence and Shame.

Thou mayest acquaint the *Divan* that there is now at this Court the eldest Son to the King of *Denmark*. What his Business is, People conjecture variously. Some say, it is Love; others affirm, it was only the Desire of seeing Foreign Courts drew this Prince from his native Country.

Thou mayest also inform them, that the Duke of *Savoy* has married a Princess of the Blood Royal, they call her *Mademoiselle de Valois*. *Eliachim* the Jew lies dangerously sick of a Fever.

As for me, who never had my perfect Health since I came to *Paris*, yet I retain a sound Mind, and a Heart inviolably devoted to the Interest of the Grand Seigneur: Whom God long preserve on the Throne of the *Ottomans*.

Paris, 10th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1663.

L E T.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE is a Man come to this City, a *Calabrian* by Birth, and of all Countries by Education: For he hath been a Traveller from his Infancy, if what he relates of himself be true. He speaks all or most of the Languages of *Europe* very fluently, and is resorted to by People of divers Countries, under the Character of a Fortune-Teller and Physician. He performs both Parts to the Admiration of all that have been with him.

The Princes and Nobles of *France* visit him daily, and so do Persons of meaner Birth. They discover to him their secret Maladies, and this *Apollo* seldom fails of Success in curing them. He bestows ten Hours a Day in freely conversing with People of all Ranks and Qualities, healing the Diseases of some, and telling to others their future Destinies.

I went to his Chamber one Day, not to learn my Fate (for I have little Faith in modern Prophets or Astrologers; nor to be cured of any Distemper, having no Esteem for Quacks and Empiricks; besides, I was in good Health at that Time) but Curiosity was the only Motive which led me thither, that I might improve myself in other Respects by this Stranger's Company, and learn something which I knew not before of Foreign Courts, whereby I might become more serviceable to the Grand Seignior in this Station, and farther unravel the Secrets of Christian Princes. For so it often falls out, that a Man reaps some considerable Advantage from the Society of Travellers and Men of Experience; And I had good Reason to hope for some Profit by this Man's Acquaintance, who is thought worthy to be courted by the Grandees of *France*.

Wherefore I address'd my self to him with Abundance of Ceremony and Regard; using also as much Dissimulation as I thought necessary, to conceal myself and the Design I had in coveting his Friendship. I
seemed

seemed a great Admirer of judicial Astrology, and told him I was very ambitious to learn the Rudiments of that Science from him, having heard his Skill highly commended, not only by vulgar Fame but by the Mouths of Men of Sense and Quality, who gave him a fair Character. I said a great deal more to insinuate my self into his good Opinion. But there being Company with him, he returned my Compliments with much Civility, and desired me to come to him at a more convenient Season, and to leave my Name, that he might order his Servants to give me a kind Reception at any Time, if he himself should be out of the Way, because it was common to send many from the Door without introducing them. I told him my Name was *Titus of Moldavia*, and that my Business at Paris was to study in the Academy, in order to my Preferment in the Church. When he had taken this down in Writing, with the Hour and Minute of the Day, after the Manner of Astrologers, he begged me to excuse the Necessity he was under of returning to his Company; and so I took my Leave.

Not many Days after, I went to him again, full of Hopes that I should benefit much by his Company. But as soon as he saw me, he surprized me with this Language:

‘ Sir, You have ventured much in coming to me; for now it is in my Power to discover you and your Business in this City. But if I should betray any Man, my Gift would be taken from me. I am neither a Follower of *Moses*, *Jesus*, or *Mabomet*, nor of any Sect that is now extant on Earth: But I adore the Spirit and Soul of the Universe, which is Eternal and Infinite. Therefore I hate no Man for his Religion, let it be what it will: And you, that are not what you seem to be, shall receive no more Hurt from me in this Place, than the Coadjutor of Paris. For I am of no Party or Faction. All Men are equally my Friends who do me no Wrong, and every Place is my Home.’

Thou mayest imagine that I was in no small Astonishment at this Discourse. But recollecting my Spirits, and

and considering it had always been my Opinion, That these Fortune-Tellers deal by Confederacy; and suspecting that my Name being known to him so long before, it was not difficult for him to inform himself something of me; or that some Body of his Acquaintance who knew me, had seen me go in and out from him, and so told him some of my Circumstances. I made a Shew of going away dissatisfied, saying, *It will be but lost Time to hearken any longer to you: For I perceive you know nothing of me, in telling me I am not the Man I seem to be.* No, replied he, with an obliging Kind of Earnestness, *you are an Arabian, and serve some Eastern Prince incognito.* Then he went on, and told me in a few Words some former Passages of my Life. He hinted at the Dangers I had been in, during my Residence at Paris; mentioned my Captivity at *Palermo*, and the Re-encounter I had with my old *Sicilian* Master. To be brief, he told me so many other Things which I knew to be true of myself, that I grew very uneasy in his Company, and yet durst not depart from him of a sudden, or shew any Discontent. But mustering together all the Dissimulation and Artifice I could, I turned the Discourse to other Subjects; seeming very importunate to learn Astrology of him, and promising him a large Gratitude, if he would teach me, I fairly took Leave, resolving, if possible, never to see him more.

Never was a Man in greater Anxiety than I was when I came Home to my Chamber, and pondered what had passed between this Stranger and me. I am not credulous of Miracles, Prophecies, or pretended Revelations. Yet I protest solemnly, I could not forbear thinking he was endued with an extraordinary Faculty of divining, or at least that he was an excellent Astrologer. Nay, to this Day I know not well what to conclude of him. He may, for ought I know, be a *Demon* incarnate; or perhaps he is a Magician. Sometimes I think one Thing, and sometimes another. If he performs these prophetick Parts by Confederacy, still I am at a Loss how he should come to know so much of me, who always thought myself the privatest Man in
Paris,

Paris, and have neglected no Methods that were proper to render me such in truth. Then I suspect my old *Sicilian* Master is one of this Man's Correspondents and has told him some of my Circumstances: For I have no Reason to be jealous of *Eliachim* the Jew. It must be some such Way, or else he is more than a Man that can thus readily penetrate into the Secrets of a Stranger.

Sage *Kaimacham*, I pray God defend thee from the Snares of Counterfeits and false Pretenders.

Paris, 13th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

L E T T E R XX.

To the Captain Bassa.

WHAT I am going to relate would seem incredible to myself, and for that Reason I would not give it any Room in a Letter to all the discerning Ministers of the *Porte*, were it not confirmed by Letters from several Merchants in the North Parts of *Holland*, to their Correspondents in this City. And they all agree, That on the 9th Day of the Moon of *November*, a strange Man was seen to float on the Sea, near the Shore, being supported by a Piece of Timber, on which he sat with a Bottle of strong Waters in his Hand. Those who first beheld this Spectacle, were fishing in a small Boat; and judging him to be the Relick of some Shipwreck (for there had been violent Tempests in those Seas about that Time) made up to him, and took him into their Skiff. He expressed his Gratitude for this Kindness in the best Manner he could, (for no Body understood his Language.) And when he was come a-shore, he fell on his Knees; and having lift up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, he prostrated himself

himself and kissed the Earth. His Garments were made of the Skins of Fishes, the Hair of his Head of a green Colour, and he seemed not to be faint for Want of Sustenance; which made every one conclude, that he had kept up his Spirits with that chymical Liquor in the Bottle, which was near half emptied.

As soon as he saw the rising Moon, he fell on his face, and muttered certain barbarous Words, knocking his Forehead against the Ground: Then he rose and danced after a wild Manner, singing pretty natural Airs; and at every Stop, with his right Hand extended, pointed to that Planet, expressing, both in Tone and Actions, much Devotion and Love.

Many learned Men were sent for, to consider of this stranger, and if possible, by Signs or other Means, to discover from whence he came, and what Fate or Accidents had thus abandoned him to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, to the Extremity of Hunger, Cold, and Watchings; and to the devouring Jaws of sea-Monsters. But all their Efforts were unsuccessful; they spoke to him in several Languages, he answered them, but still in a Dialect different from any of theirs; and altogether unknown. He seemed to utter his Words in a Tone between whistling and singing; which made some conclude he was a *Chinese*, because that People pronounce many of their Letters after the same Manner. So do the Inhabitants of *Tunquin* and *Malabar*, with other Kingdoms in the East of *Asia*; and Letters with them are as significant as Words with the *Europeans*. They shewed him Globes and Maps of the World, done by several Hands, and in various Languages, with particular Charts of all the maritime Regions on Earth. But to no other Purpose than to excite his Devotion afresh to the Moon, whose Resemblance he saw on some of those Papers. He would smile at that Sight, kiss his Fore-finger, and with a religious Complaisance touch the Figure of that Planet: Then seeming to be in a wonderful good Humour, he would turn round and fall a dancing, with his Arms stretched and turned in the same Posture as those who use Castagnets,

gnetts, or Cymbals: Singing all the while a Sort of articulate Sounds, but surprizingly musical and sweet. So that no Body knew what to make of him.

He appeared very temperate, modest, and resigned, refusing no Meats or Drinks that were offered him; yet neither eat nor drank to Excess: Neither was he discontented at his Lodging, or any other Usage; although they tried to vex him several Ways, that they might see how he would vent his Passion. But he smiled at all, and submitted patiently to every Thing they imposed on him.

One Thing was observable, that wherever he saw any Water, he would run to it immediately, and wash himself, as well as he could in those Circumstances, never forgetting to sprinkle some toward that Part of the Heaven where the Moon was visible. And when they led him into the Fields or Gardens, he would crop the Grass and Flowers, and with a composed Look would throw them up in the Air, adding such religious Gestures as convinced every one, that he did it in Honour of some Power above. Various were the Conjectures of Men about him; some were of one Opinion, and others of a quite different. No Body could positively conclude any Thing. Neither is it possible, as I am informed, for the wisest Men in those Parts to find out this Mystery.

Perhaps he is such another as *Imaum RapiBabet*, a *Perfian* Writer, mentions, who, in the Year of the Hegira 502, was taken up by a Merchant-Ship of India, in the Streights of *Babel Mandel*, pretending to be dumb, but capable of hearing, writing, and expressing himself several other Ways, if any Body could have understood his Language. At last he was found to be an *Ethiopian* Slave, run away from his Master; an ingenious Fellow, and one that spoke all the Languages of those Parts; and therefore, that he might be admired, would be sure to write in a Character of his own Invention, which the greatest Sages could not read.

Mighty *Bassa*, thou encounterest on that Element with strange Monsters, and Creatures under no Name

Predicament that is known ; yet none so terrible and dangerous as Cheats and Impostors. From which I pray Heaven defend thee and me : For they infest both the Sea and Land.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XXI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THE Term of our long mutual Silence, enjoined us by our Superiors, is now happily expired ; and we have with good Success managed our separate Parts, without holding any Correspondence together. This was only a Trial of our Fidelity, Conduct, and Obedience : Or perhaps it was no more than a Caprice of Policy, or a vain Whim of State. For it is usual with great Men, thus to practise Experiments on those whom they design to employ in the most important Affairs. Whatever it be, we have acquitted ourselves like trusty slaves ; and that is enough for us.

This comes to thy Hand by an *Armenian Merchant*, one in whom I confide. Here are abundance of that Nation in *Paris*, and other Parts of *France*. They travel up and down from one Country and City to another, under the Pretext of Trading ; but are really spies, sent from the Princes of the East, to observe the counsels of these Western Courts, the Designs of *Nazarene* Monarchs, and to take an exact Estimate of the strength and Riches of these Infidels. For, although they outwardly profess themselves to be Followers of *Jesus*, yet in their Hearts they believe the *Alcoran*, and honour *Mahomet* our holy Lawgiver.

There is a Kind of Magick in Truth, which forcibly carries the Mind along with it. Men readily embrace the Dictates of sincere Reason. Yet those of thy Nation

Nation are obstinate, and shut their Eyes wilfully against the very Light of Nature. You over-value yourselves and your Lineage, because you are the Posterity of *Ismael* the Son of *Sarah* the Free-woman, and Wife of *Ibrahim*: reproaching us that we are the Off-spring of *Ismael* the Son of *Hagar*, a Concubine and Slave. You consider not that *Ismael* was the eldest Son of that glorious Patriarch; and that by the Law of *Moses* it is enacted, That the First-born Son shall inherit his Father's Patrimony, though he were the Son of a base and vile Slave, or hated Concubine. Did *Moses* make a Law contrary to that of his Fathers: Or could *Ibrahim* the Beloved of God, do any Thing contrary to the Divine Will? How then could he be guilty of disinheriting *Ismael* his eldest Son, the Flower of his Strength and first Fruit of his Vigour? Doubtless the Majesty and Light of God which passed from *Adam* to *Set*, *Enoch*, *Noah*, and *Ibrahim*, rested also on *Ismael*, Heir Apparent of the Divine Promises, Father of many Princes and noble Nations.

Let those therefore of thy Nation cease to boast of their Pedigree, and exalt themselves above the victorious and triumphant *Ismaelites*, Children of a high Stock, a Race wherein shines forth the Lustre of the ancient Renown, and the Right of Primogeniture: A Lineage of illustrious Honour, multiplied as the Leaves of the Trees, numerous as the Stars of Heaven, and prosperous in all Things, by the special Benediction of God. Whereas, thou knowest the *Israelites* never made any great Figure on Earth, and are now reputed no better than Vagabonds throughout the World.

Your Rabbies Reply to this, by owning that our Father *Ismael* was indeed a great Prince, but that he was withal a wild and savage Man, who supported his Nobility and Grandeur by Rapine and Blood, dwelling together in Desarts and unfrequented Places; robbing the Caravans of Merchants and Travellers; oppressing the Poor, and murdering the Innocent. In fine, they give this Character of him, *That his Hand was against every Man, and every Man's Hand against him.*

To this Accusation they also add another, That the Kings of the East who descend from *Ismael* have, all along even to this Day, established their Thrones in Cruelty, Massacres, and Parricides. Fathers bereaving their Children of the Lives they gave them, and Children putting their Parents to Death; Brothers murdering Brothers, and sacrificing their nearest Relations to the Maxims of a barbarous Policy, the restless Suspicions of State. And that all this is more especially manifest in the sublime House of the invincible *Ottomans*. These are the Charges of *Hebrew* Spight, the Slanders which your Doctors cast on the Progeny of *Ibrahim*, even on *Ismael* and his Children, to this Day. I would have thee, *Nathan*, reflect impartially on these things, and suffer not thy Judgment to be imposed on by the Sophistry of your Scribes. Look back to the primitive Times of *Israel*, examine the written Law, the Records of *Moses* and the Seniors. There thou wilt meet with frequent Examples of those very Crimes which you lay to our Charge; true Parallels of the supposed Tyranny and inhuman Actions, with which you charge the unblemished *Ismaelites*.

Did not your Father *Jacob* supplant his own eldest Son *Esau*? Did he not cheat his Uncle *Laban* of his Sheep? What was wanting to him of *Ismael's* Cunning and Fierceness, he supplied with a Fox-like Craft and Subtilty. Yet how often did he plunder the Children of *Hamor*, and boasted afterwards of the Prey he had taken from them with his Bow and Arrow?

When your Fathers came out of *Egypt*, what a carnage did *Moses* their Leader commit, when he commanded the Sons of *Levi* to arise with their Swords in their Hands, and every Man to kill his Brother, his Friend, and his Neighbour; so that there fell that Day, at the Foot of Mount *Sinai*, Three and Twenty thousand Men? Yet for the Sake of this detestable Tragedy, he blessed them, saying, *You have consecrated your Hands this Day in Blood, every Man in the Blood of his Neighbour. Behold! the Original of your Priesthood*

hood, which is the highest Rank of Nobility among the *Jews*.

Remember how your Fathers almost cut off the whole Race of *Benjamin*, so that there were not above six Hundred Men of that Tribe left alive. Forget also, how *Abimelech* of the Tribe of *Manasse* got the Sovereignty by massacring seventy of his own Brothers on one Stone. Your own Records say, That God gave you Kings in his Wrath, among whom there was not one who was not a Man of Blood. And in the whole Catalogue you can scarce find four who were not tainted with Sacrilege, Idolatry, and other enormous Vices.

In a Word, *Nathan*, both the Sons of *Ismael* and *Isaac* were but Men; and if thou hast nothing else to object against the former, but what thou must confess the latter were equally guilty of, I advise thee henceforth to lay thy Hand upon thy Mouth, and cease to speak Evil of those against whom no Man can sharpen his Tongue or Pen and prosper.

Paris, 22d of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

L E T T E R XXII.

To the same.

I Concluded my other Letter something imperfectly and short of my Design; being interrupted by a sudden Deluge of Humours overflowing my Eyes, and accompanied with a Tempest in my Head, which at once took from me the Power of thinking regularly, and of seeing how to write. I am often subject to the Weaknesses of late, and to many other Maladies. My Body sensibly decays; Age and Care, Watching and Sicknes, with a Thousand Casualties beside, have almost dissolved this congealed Medley of the Elements. Methinks

thinks, I am now no more than a poor Skeleton, to which Nature and Fortune have left a dry withered Skin, for Modesty's Sake, to cover its Nakedness; with a few evacuated Veins and Arteries; shrunk Sinews, Tendons, Muscles, and Cartilages, to tack this Machine of Bones together, and keep it in Motion. In a Word, I seem to myself to be only a Hobgoblin; a Ghost in disguise; I cannot say incarnate, (for I have lost all my Flesh) but only bag'd or clouted up in the contemptible Shreds, Rags, and antiquated Remains of Mortality, like a Maudlin or Scarecrow, I am put together by Geometry.

Yet, such as I am at these Years, I still possess at certain Seasons more serene and vigorous Thoughts, than in the Days of my Youth, when I was full of Vigour and good Blood. I can feel my Soul sometimes stirring her Wings, and briskly shaking off the heavy, stony Clogs of Earth, of Sleep, and of enchanted Slumber, or living Death. She struts and plumes herself, mounts aloft and glides in happy, though but momentary Foretastes of eternal Bliss. And then lured down again by Charms of her accustomed Ease and Pleasure in the Flesh, she comes to hand at call, and being hoodwinked from the radiant Light of Heaven, she tamely yields on the meanest sensual Appetite, which easily sweeps her to her wonted Darkness. This is the deplorable State of Mortals, and we must not expect a better Condition on this Side the Sepulchre. The Noble and the Vulgar are equally liable to these Inconsistencies of Spirit; neither can the most exalted State of a foreign Monarch's privilege them from the common Weaknesses of Mankind. They are no otherwise distinguished from the meanest of their Slaves, than only by the Vastness of their Possessions, their numerous Retainers, their unlimited Power, and the vain Pageantry of a transient Honour.

If we examine the Origin of Nobility and Royal Grandeur; if we trace the Genealogies of Princes and Nobles up to their Fountain, we shall find the first Authors of these noisy Pedigrees to be cruel Butchers of Men,

Men, Oppressors, Tyrants, perfidious Truce-breakers, Robbers, and Parricides. In a word, the most primitive Nobility was no other than potent Wickedness, dignified Impiety: And all the successive Continuations of it by Inheritance, Election, or otherwise, even in these modern Times, are but so many Traducts of orbitant Power and Honour, acquired and propagated by the most enormous Vices, by Practices unworthy Men, and of which the Authors themselves are always ashamed. Therefore they cover their unjust Encroachments and Invasions, with the specious Pretence of Justice and Virtue, calling that Conquest, which is other than downright Robbery, and professing themselves Patrons of Mens Liberties and Rights, Religion and Laws, whilst in Effect they are the greatest Oppressors, Hypocrites, Atheists, and Out-laws in the World.

This is not only true in the Race of *Ismael* and *Isaac* of whom I made mention in my other Letter, but in all the Families which have ever made any eminent Figure and Noise in the World.

What were the four renowned Monarchies, but many Empires of Banditti, Governments of Robbers, booters, Pyrates, and Licensed Thieves? As *Dionysius* told *Alexander the Great*. 'I, says he, because I am
' the private Corfair, and cruise up and down the Sea
' with one single Ship, am accused as a Pirate: That
' that dost the same Thing with a mighty Fleet,
' called an Emperor. If thou wert alone, and a Captain
' tive, as I am, they would esteem thee no better than
' a Thief: And were I at the Head of a numerous Army
' my, as thou art, I should be revered as an Emperor.
' For as to the Justice of our Cause, there is no
' other Difference but this, That thou dost more than
' chief than I. Misfortune has compelled me to be a
' Thief; whereas nothing but an intolerable Pride and
' insatiable Avarice puts thee upon the same Course
' of Life. If Fortune would prove more favourable
' to me, perhaps I might become better: Whereas
' thy continual Successes make thee but the worse.'

Alexander admiring the Boldness of the Man, and

soluteness of his Spirit, gave him a Command in his Army, that so he might rob and plunder from thenceforth by Authority.

But I should have begun higher in Antiquity with the Empire of the *Assyrians*, founded by *Ninus*, in the Blood and Slaughter, Ruin and Destruction of all his Neighbours, and increased after the same Methods by his Wife *Semiramis*, who begging of her Husband that he might reign for five Days, and he granting her Request, she put on the Royal Ornaments, and sitting on the Throne of uncontrollable Majesty, commanded her Guards to degrade and kill her Husband. Which being done, she succeeded in the Empire, adding *Ethiopia* to her other Dominions, carrying a War into *India*, and encompassing *Babylon* with a magnificent Wall; at last she was killed by her Son *Ninyas*. Thus was the *Assyrian* Monarchy established in Regicides, Massacres, and Carnage. And by the same Methods it was transferred by *Arbaces* to the *Medes*; He having caused *Sardanapalus*, the last and most effeminate of all the *Assyrian* Kings, to die in the midst of his Concubines. Thus was Treachery and Murder handed down with Sovereign Power; until at length *Cyrus the Persian* transferred them to his Country; whose Son, *Cambyses*, founded the second universal Monarchy, on the additional Ruins of many other Kingdoms, cementing it with the Blood of his Brother and his Son. Yet, after all, it was transferred to the *Macedonians* by *Alexander the Great*, not without an equal Guilt of Parricide, and other exorbitant Vices. From whom at last it devolved to the *Romans*.

What need I mention the scandalous Birth of *Romulus* and *Remus*, the Twin Sons of an incestuous Vestal? or their debauched Education under a common Prostitute, fabulously veiled by the *Roman* Historians, under the Title of a Wolf, to render the Origin of their Empire miraculous? Why should I recount the horrid Parricide committed by *Romulus* on *Remus* his Brother; the celebrated Rape of *Sabine* Wives, Virgins, and Slaves? It will seem invidious to call to mind the detestable

detestable Murder of *Titus Tatius*, the good old Captain of the *Sabines*, with many other barbarous Crimes. Yet these enormous Crimes were the Foundations of the *Roman* Grandeur and Nobility, so formidable afterwards to the whole Earth. And the Superstructure was answerable through all the various Changes and Revolutions of Government, even to the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*, under whom *Rome* gained the Title of the fourth universal Monarchy.

This Emperor, though he was esteemed the merciful and just Prince on Earth, yet he established his Throne in the Blood of his Kindred, sacrificing the Children of his Uncle to the Ends of State: And that he might not deviate from the Royal Ingratitude of other Princes, he barbarously extinguished the Offspring of his Father's Brother, who had adopted him to the Inheritance of the imperial Dignity. Scorning by a unkingly Tenderness to spare the glorious Names *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, to whom he was so nearly related, and who had invested him with the Power of being so inhuman.

I will not make thee sick by rehearsing the abominable Lives and wicked Actions of the *Neros*, *Domitians*, *Caligulas*, *Heliogabuluses*, *Galienuses*, and the rest of those Royal Monsters. History itself blushes to record such Prodigies of Impiety, and their very Names are odious to all Generations.

If we pass from these mighty Empires to Kingdoms of less Note, we shall still trace the Footsteps of the same Vices. Both ancient and modern Records are full of these Tragedies. The original Kingdom of the *Greeks* took its Rise from the Parricide of *Dardanus* and the female Empire of the *Amazons* began in the barbarous Massacre of their Husbands. All Ages and Nations afford us Examples of this Nature, and the highest Honours, Dignities, and Commandments were ever acquired and maintained by the highest Injustice.

Therefore, honest *Nathan*, let thou and I never envy the Nobles and Grandees of the Earth; but content

In our humble Posts, sitting under the Umbrellas of a happy Obscurity, let us serve the Grand Signior with Integrity, and a Zeal void of Injustice.

Paris, 22d of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XXIII.

To Codarafad Cheik, a Man of the Law.

THOU wilt approve the Sentence that was Yesterday executed on a *Frenchman* in this City, who said he was the Son of God, and had persuaded a great many poor ignorant People to believe him. He was burnt alive for his Blasphemy; and his Ashes kicked into a Ditch. Had he been convicted of this horrid impiety in any of the Grand Signior's Dominions, he had undergone the like, or a more terrible Punishment: for the *Alcoran* expressly says, 'That God has neither Wife, Son, Daughter, or Companion: And that those shall suffer eternal Pains, who teach any such Doctrine.' Doubtless there is but one God, and the eternal Unity cannot be divided or multiplied, to make more Gods in Faction, or procreate an Off-spring of diminutive Deities. He, the Father of all Things, dwells in eternal Solitude, and from an infinite Retirement, beholds the various Generations of the Universe; they are all equally his Off-spring, and it is Blasphemy to affirm he has a Son, or a Daughter, or a Companion like unto himself. For he is uncreated, unbegotten, and entire; sole Possessor of his own Glory, without Rival or Competitor. There was none before him, neither shall there be any after him. He is without beginning or End.

But these Infidels harbour strange Opinions about a Trinity of Gods, and follow the Doctrines of *Hermes Trismegistus*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, and other *Pagan Philosophers*,

sophers, who asserted a *Triad* in the Deity; and, that Basis founded all the Polytheism of the *Gentiles*. Hence *Pythagoras* drew his *Tetragrammaton*, by playing the chymical Arithmetician, and extracting a Quaternity out of Three. But the Poets, not puzzling their Heads with the Mysteries of these divine and unintelligible Numbers, delivered their Theology in plain gross Fictions, suitable to the Capacities of the Vulgar. One midwiving a Goddess out of *Jupiter's* Brains. Another starting a God from his Thigh. But this silly Fellow could not derive his Pedigree so near as from a little Toe of the Divinity. Therefore, he was deservedly reduced to his first Atoms, and spurned out of the World.

The *French* have various Kinds of Punishments for Malefactors; but none more terrible than breaking on the Wheel. This is inflicted only on notorious Criminals, and the Manner is thus: The Party condemned is fastened to a Wheel, with his Arms and Legs extended to their full length and wideness. Then comes the Executioner, and with an Iron Bar breaks one Bone after another, until the miserable Wretch is in the Agonies of Death, and so is left to expire in unutterable Torments: For some Men of strong Constitutions will retain Life in this Condition for twelve or more Hours together.

Honourable *Codarafrad*, though the Executions of the East are more swift and surprizing than those in the West; yet they are not comparable to them for Cruelty; the worst Death being but a Minute's Pain.

Sage *Cbeik*, I reverence thy accomplished Knowledge in the Laws of Equity and Justice.

Paris, 15th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

The End of the Second Book.

LET



LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. VI.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Solyman his Cousin, at Chalcedon.

I Commend thee for removing thus from Place to Place; and could wish that thou would'st not only exchange thy Residence through all the Cities seated on the *Bosporus, Propontis, Euxine Sea*, and the *Hellepont*, but visit by Turns all the famous Marts in the World.

Praise be to God, we are not born in *Muscovy, Russia, Libina*, or under the narrow-soul'd Governments of *Lyrgus, Plato*, and such Kind of jealous Lawgivers; where it would be no less Punishment than the Loss of one's Eyes, Ears, and Feet, if not of Life itself, to travel out of his native Country, or for a Stranger to come in, excepting Foreign Ambassadors and Agents, who in *Libina* are forced to travel with their Faces veiled or muffled.

muffled from the Confines to the Court, lest they should spy the Disadvantages of the Country.

Doubtless this is repugnant to the Law of Nature and Nations, an Oppression of Humanity, and directly opposite to the Purpose of God, when he designed and made us for sociable Creatures : For the whole Earth is but as one Country or Province, common to Men and Beasts. It is our Element, and therefore we ought to be free in it, to range where we please, as the Fowls do in the Air, and the Fish in the Sea, without any Law, Restraint, or Injury. Such a Thought as this made *Socrates*, when he was asked, *What Countryman he was?* Answer, *I am a Native of the Universe, and therefore free to live where I will.*

Thou knowest our Cousin *Isouf* has travelled over all *Asia* and *Africk*, with some Parts of *Europe*. My Brother *Pesteli Hali* has also visited many Regions in the East. Both of them have improved their Estates and Fortunes in the World, the one at *Astracan*, the other at *Constantinople*. Follow their Steps, and thou mayest have thy Heart's Content. Go, and observe the different Manners of Men, their various Customs, Laws, and Religions. Survey the Mountains, Vallies, Desarts, Rivers, Lakes, Seas, Cities, Castles, Palaces, and all the other desirable Objects, which embellish this Globe.

But beware of the Infirmary of most Travellers, who, Camelion-like, change their Humour and Manners as the Regions vary through which they pass : Meer Mimicks, Buffoons, and Apes, who place their Excellency in imitating every Thing they see, or meet with. Thus degenerating from themselves; instead of improving their Minds in true Science and Wisdom, and hardening their Bodies to endure patiently the Injuries of the Elements, with all the Fatigues and Contingencies of human Life, which are the chief Ends of travelling next to that of Learning how to serve our Sovereign and our Country in a more refined Manner.

Solyman, never think that thou wilt deserve the Character of a prudent Traveller, if at thy Return thou canst only boast of strange and incredible Things thou hast seen, tell monstrous Romances, and Fictions more
fabulous

fabulous than those of the *Gentile* Poets. Aim at solid Knowledge, and the Improvements of a rational Creature. As thou goest out a *Mussulman*, so return; but with all the Advantages that may recommend thee for a Person accomplished in History, Morals, Politicks, and Divine Philosophy.

If thou darest not undertake a Ramble at large, go to thy Cousin *Isof* at *Astracan*, where he is settled in a way of Traffick and Merchandize. Take thy Voyage by the *Black Sea* and the *Palus Mæotis*. Cast thy Eyes on the antient Kingdom of *Colchis* as thou sailest by her Shores; consider the Temper of the *Mingrelians*, *Circassians*, and *Tartars*, with the rest of the People through whose Territories thou wilt pass. And when thou arrivest at *Astracan*, tell my Cousin *Isof*, that I wished thee to take this Course: He will respect thee for thy Uncle's Recommendation. Shew him this Letter, and let his own Eyes see the Hand-writing of *Mahmut*, the aged, weather-beaten Slave of the Earth's Great Sovereign; the old, grey, grizzled Watchman of the Sublime *Porte*, which is the Refuge of Mortals. He will find many Opportunities to advance thee. But I advise thee to wean thyself from all Fondness, Inconstancy, and Discontent. Be true to thy Trust, sedulous and active, patient and resigned. Take all Things as they come from Destiny, without being peevish or fretful.

So may God bless thee, and give thee the Riches of the Earth, and the sweet Influences of Heaven; make thee happy here and hereafter. Finally, may thy Rest be on high in Paradise.

Paris, 1st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER II.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the
Customs, at Constantinople.

THERE is no Doubt but when thou wast in the Indies, the Names of Sultan *Dara, Sujab, Aurengzebe*, and *Morad Batche*, were not less known to thee, than that of their Father *Cha Iehan*, the Grand Mogul. Thy Business, as well as Curiosity, called thee often to the Court, where thou hast heard the Characters of these young Princes, whose early Years furnished the World with Matter of Noise and great Expectations, and gave the old Monarch that begat them Trouble and Care enough to keep them in Order, and prevent their Machinations against one another, as well as against himself. For in those Days he saw his Family divided into Factions, and a Royal Envy mixed with Ambition, whetting Brothers and Sisters against each other, who by Nature were made for the Offices of reciprocal Love.

Surely, it is but a glorious Infelicity for Children to be thus born Candidates of a Crown, when each is obliged by a Principle of Self-preservation, to pursue his Claim, in a Method wholly repugnant to Humanity, and the Affection that is due to those of the same Blood: When shaking off all Tendernefs and Compassion, the Sons of one Mother must sheath their Swords in each others Bowels, to prevent their own Fate; and ravish a Crown by Force, to save their Lives.

Yet this is the Misfortune of all the Eastern Courts, that they cannot see a Prince ascend the Throne without the Slaughter of his Brethren, and all that can be suspected to pretend, or stand in Competition with him for the Sovereignty.

However, it must be confessed, that the *Indian* Policy in this Point is far more generous than that of the *Ottomans* or *Persians*; who either immediately after their Possession of the Throne, murder in cold Blood all the

rest

est of their Lineage; or at least imprison them in some dark Dungeon during their Lives, and not seldom put out their Eyes. And this is owing to the Disadvantage the unhappy Children of our Monarchs lie under, in that from their Infancy they are confined to the Seraglio, and educated under the Tutelage of Women and Eunuuchs, even during the whole Life of their Father; so that he who is advanced to the Throne has all the rest of his Custody the first Hour of his Reign.

Whereas, in *Indostan*, the Princes of the Blood are committed to able and learned Tutors, and as they grow in Years, increasing also in Knowledge, Wisdom, and Courage, they are disposed of, every one suitable to his Capacity. Some being made Ministers of State, others Generals of Armies, or Governors of Provinces: Whereby each is put in a Condition to make Parties for himself, among the *Grandeess* and those of inferior Degree, and to fortify his Interest in Court and City, Country and Camp. Thus an open Field is left for all to try their Wit and Courage in, for the Sake of Inheritance; and it is more equal to let them nobly skirmish for a Crown, and make a warlike Lottery for Life or Death, than set up one with the Advantage and Character of a Butcher, and turn the Serail' to a Shambles, always polluted with Royal innocent Blood,

But every State pursues its own Maxims; and there are not wanting Men of the Law, who justify this inhuman Conduct of our Sultans, as the only Means to prevent publick Distractions and civil Wars; which always happen where there are many Pretenders to the Imperial Dignity; as it lately fell out in the *Indies*.

I need not acquaint thee with what particular Dignities and Commands the Great Mogul invested his four Sons. Thou couldest sufficiently inform thyself of these Things when thou wast at *Debli*, the Capital City of *Indostan*. Neither need I say any Thing of *Rauchenara Begum*, or his Sister *Sabeb*, the two Daughters of *Chahabhan*. Thou hast been there in Person; knowest more of these Things than I, who am obliged to the Merchants

and Travellers for all my Intelligence of the *Indian* Affairs.

But I can certify thee of something which has been transacted there since thy Return to *Constantinople*; the Fame whereof perhaps is not yet arrived to the Imperial City.

Know then; that in the Year 1655, a Rumour being spread abroad through the Provinces of *India*, that *Cha Iehan* was dead, each of his four Sons began to lay about him for the Crown. They did all that is usual in such Cases for ambitious Persons to do, by courting the Omrahs and Rejahs with large Presents and larger Promises, by obliging the Soldiery with immense Largeesses; in a word, by rousing up the Friendship and Integrity of their Adherents, and by winning over Strangers to their different Parties, with whatsoever else was thought necessary to carry on a prosperous War against one another: For the innate Desire of reigning had equally possessed them all. But Destiny, which appoints and consummates human Events, had reserved the Crown for *Aurengzebe*, who surpassed all the rest in Policy and Dissimulation.

With profound Craft this Prince over-reached his younger Brother *Morad Batche*, and put him in Chains in the midst of *Morad's* own Army; pacifying the Officers with Bribes, and the common Soldiers with Increase of their Pay, whilst he sent their General away Prisoner to one of his strongest Castles. This was the first considerable Stroke he gave toward the gaining a Crown. For now he was not only rid of one Competitor, and the most dangerous of all the rest, but also became Master of his Army and all his Treasure; which being joined to his own, put him in a Condition to pursue his good Fortune with Success. Yet the War lasted almost six Years; his Brother Sultan *Sujah* keeping him in play on the Side of *Bengal*, and Sultan *Dara* near the capital Cities *Agra* and *Dehly*.

But at last they were both forced to yield to the Fortune of *Aurengzebe*. In fine, he was established, and now sits on the Throne of his Fathers; whilst they sell Sacrifices

Sacrifices to the Jealousy and Revenge of their victorious Brother ; being, as I am informed, taken Prisoners, and afterwards poisoned, or hurried out of the World some other Way.

Thus passes away human Glory like a Cloud driven before the Wind ; or like the Smoak of a Fire, which looks bright and gay for a while, crackles and gives Heat to all that are near it, but is either suddenly quenched with Water, or evaporates into Air, and is no more remembered.

Dear *Pesteli*, consider that this Earth is not our native Country : We are Foreigners here below ; let us improve ourselves by every Thing we encounter, in Knowledge and Virtue, without learning the Vanity and Vices of Mortals.

Paris, 4th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER III.

To Useph, Bassa.

HERE are great Rejoicings for the Conversion of a certain Protestant Prince to the Faith of the Roman Church. They call him the Duke of *Mecklenbourg*. He is said to spring from an ancient Race of Kings among the *Vandals*. This Court caresses him in an extraordinary Manner, as they usually do all Profelytes of his high Quality ; as for poor and vulgar Converts, they serve only to become the Priests Slaves and Asses.

The King, who is stiled The eldest Son of the Church, and therefore ought to appear a living Demonstration of her boasted Virtues, has been very liberal of his Favours to the new Devotee, creating him Knight of the *Holy Spirit*, which is the most sublime Degree of

Honour in this Kingdom, next to that of being made Peer of the Realm.

Couriers arrive one at the Heels of another from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who is cruising about on the *Mediterranean*. But I cannot get a Sight of any of them, nor learn what their Expresses contain. The Courtiers and Statesmen here are the very Whirlpools of Intelligence. Whatever News is communicated to them, is swallowed up and lost for ever in profound Silence. They receive all, but return none again. However, People take the Liberty to guess, every Man according to his Reason or Fancy. Some say the Duke of *Beaufort* has engaged with a Fleet of *Algerines*, and driven them into their Harbour with great Loss on their Side, and Triumph on his. Others laugh at this as only a Court Romance, who strive to prepossess the Nation with prosperous Stories of the King's Arms, both by Sea and Land. Whilst a third Sort affirm, That those Dispatches come not from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who, they say, is dead, being killed by a Cannon-Bullet, in an Encounter with the Corsairs of *Barbary*: But, that they are sent from the next chief Officers in the *Tboulan* Fleet, to give the King an Account of his Death, and receive new Orders.

In the mean while, we are wholly taken up here at present with the Reception of the *Swiss* Ambassadors. They made their publick Entry into *Paris* Yesterday, after they had been magnificently entertained at the *Castle of the Wood*. A Thousand Chariots accompanied them through the Streets of *Paris*. They are brave jolly Persons, Sons of *Bacchus*, and Hirelings to *Mars*, stout in a Wine-Cellar, and no Cowards in the Field.

Courteous Baffa, Thou seest I do not forget my Friends, but send to all by Turns the Advices that come to my Hands. I wish thou would'st favour me with a short Sketch of thy Pleasure with the Grand Signior in the neighbouring Plains of *Adrianople*.

Paris, 10th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER IV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

IT is hard to determine whether the *French King* excels most in Martial Affairs, or in those of State. He is good at both. His Counsels are wise, and his Actions great. A Man both in Body and Mind formed for Empire: And out-stripping his Years in all Things save the Affairs of Love. These indeed he pursues with youthful Vigour and Passion, being by Nature very amorous, and esteemed the handsomest Prince of this Age, by those who consider a regular Shape, graceful Features, and a majestick Awfulness in the Face, as the principal Ingredients in a masculine Beauty.

It is certain, he is very acceptable to the Ladies, who are the most competent Judges in this Case. And they value him so much the more, because his Love never abates the due Sentiments a Monarch ought to have of his Glory. For he gratifies both Passions, without suffering them to interfere, managing his softest Intrigues with such exquisite Prudence, as he still comes off a Hero.

He has had many a Mistress, and it is a manifest Discovery of his Wit, that he never fastened his Affections on any that deserved not the same Character. She that has the greatest Share in his Heart at present, is called the Dutchess of *Vaujour*; a Woman raised to that Title by the King's Bounty, for the Sake of his Love. She has a refined Wit, and that is all can be said in her Praise. For, as to her Body, it would hardly tempt an indifferent Painter to employ his Skill, unless it were, in describing what the Taylor endeavours to hide, and that is a Deformity much like mine, a remarkable Bunch in the Back. Yet this great Monarch loves her passionately, and will not be easily crossed in his Amours.

The

The Queen and his Mother have endeavoured by divers Methods to reclaim him; but all prove ineffectual. A while ago they set his Confessor to work, who, with abundance of unseasonable Gravity, represented to the young invincible Monarch the ill Consequences of unlawful Love (for these Infidels esteem none lawful, but what is bestowed only on one Wife.) He said all that was proper for a Jesuit to urge on such an Occasion, and a great deal more; threatening the Royal Lover with severe Penance, and I know not what. Impatient of this Discourse from a Subject, yet respecting the Character he bore as a Priest, the King, with a reserved Countenance, thanked him for his pious Counsel, telling him withal, that for the future he discharged him from his Service, being resolved to obey the old Canons of the Church, and confess to none but the Priest of the Parish. Thus the poor Jesuit was discarded, and, besides the King's Displeasure, he has drawn upon himself the Censures and Curses of his whole Order, for disobliging so potent a Monarch, only to please two peevish Women.

Illustrious Minister, Kings are as Gods on Earth, and they esteem it a Profanation of their Divinity, when their Actions are too narrowly scanned by their Subjects.

Paris, *7th of the 1st Moon,*
of the Year 1664.

LETTER V,

*To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the
Grand Signior's Customs, at Constantinople.*

THE News which thy Letter imparts, would affect me with incredible Delight, were such a Thing possible to come to pass. It is a long Time since
I have

have been weary of dwelling in *Paris*, and of conversing only with Infidels. There is a perfect Antipathy between their Humours and mine. And it is no small Violence a Man does to his Nature in such a Case, when all his Actions and Words are counterfeited. This goes mightily against the Grain. But I have thought nothing too much to do or suffer for our great Master's Interest: And I am still of the same Resolution. Yet Nature itself abhors Force and Restraint. Therefore it would be a vast Comfort to be recalled from this disagreeable Station, and placed in some other Post, where I might serve God and the Grand Signior with more ease.

Besides, I have met with nothing but Persecutions and Reproaches from some at the Seraglio, ever since I came to this City; as I have often hinted in my Dispatches to the *Grandeess*, and particularly once to the noble *Kerker Hassan*, *Bassa*, our Countryman and friend. Wherein I also implored his Favour and Intercession, that I might have leave to retire into *Ara-
bia*, and spend the rest of my Days in the Place where I first drew my Breath; or at least, that I might be permitted to return to *Constantinople*, and give an Account of my Agency in these Parts, though it were to be the Loss of my Head, if I deserved it.

I perceive that generous *Bassa* took Compassion on my sufferings, and has done his utmost to relieve me. It is to him I owe the Proposal that was made in the Divan, of sending me to the Court of the Grand Mogul, there to negotiate some private Affairs of Importance for the Sultan.

There is nothing that I have had a greater Passion for these many Years, than the Happiness of visiting those remote Parts of the Earth, so venerable for the antiquity of their Inhabitants, and the Excellency of their Laws, Customs, Religion, and Government; I mean the *Gentile Indians*, and not the Race of the *Moguls*, who came out of *Tartary*, and are but of Yesterday, in comparison with the *Aboriginal* People, whose Genealogies and Possessions of that Country, stretch beyond all the Records in the World beside.

Ever

Ever since I read the Journal of thy Travels in the East, I was inflamed with an ardent Desire to see that renowned Nation, to converse with the Bramins, and pry into the Mysteries of their unknown Wisdom, which occasions so much Discourse in the World.

I know not what ails me, but I promise myself more Satisfaction from their Books, were I capable of understanding the Language in which they are writ, or from the Lips of those Priests who have them in their Custody, than from all the Prophets and Sages in the World. I fancy I should find something prodigiously strange and amazing in their History, yet squaring with human Reason, and Probability of Truth. I should meet with Arguments, which I cannot yet start to prove the Eternity of the World; Arguments clear and demonstrative: Such as would establish this Doctrine, against all Objections that have or can be made to the contrary.

The Idea which I already entertain of so unmeasurable a Duration, is only founded on my own natural Thoughts, and supported by the concurrent Opinion of several antient Philosophers. But I should hope to see it discovered by these *Indian* Records, to be as Truth as bright as the Sun, and fixed as the Center of the Earth.

There is another Thing, for which I mightily admire the *Indians*; and wherein I endeavour to imitate them to the utmost of my Power: That is, the Justice and Tendernefs they shew towards the Beasts. It is a Thing which needs a considerable Expiation, if by Chance they kill any living Creature: But, if they do it wilfully, out of cruel Wantonness or Malice, and not in their own Defence, it is punished with Death no less than if they had murdered a Man. No care of Health, or fear of Dissolution by Sickness, can tempt one of the Brachman Race to taste a Bit of Flesh. Much less could they be induced by the mere Pleasure of their Appetites, to commit that which they esteem so enormous a Sin, and the very Foundation of all other Vices. They count it the greatest Injustice that

to be, to sustain their own Lives by the Death of a-
ny of their Fellow-Animals; and they esteem it a Pu-
lanimity unbecoming a Man, when he dares not
venture his Life on the Fruits of the Earth, and the
Milk of Cattle, which he may enjoy in Innocence, and
Nature affords him more than enough of all Sorts of
useful Nourishment.

This religious Abstinence is the Mother of Heroic
Virtues; and those who practise it inviolably, are al-
ways in a State to condemn the World, Death, and
all momentary Things. Hence it is, that the *Indians*
go to the Invisible World, as chearfully as they would
take a Journey to *China* and *Persia*, *Turky*, or any o-
ther Part of the Earth. For they esteem Death no o-
ther than a Setting-out, or Voyage of the Soul to a
more agreeable Region.

But, I need not insist so much on these Things to
thee, who hast been among them, and art familiarly
acquainted with their Genius and Inclination. I slide
into this Discourse insensibly, by the Pleasure I take in
thinking of these People and their admirable Virtues,
when a Man falls in Love with a beautiful Woman, by
continually gazing on her, and many Times forgets
himself and the Business he was about, commits Errors
and Indelicacies, and through the Confusion of his
Spirits is quite lost, like one in a Wood.

To return therefore to my Purpose: A Journey to
the *Indies* would be very pleasant to me on several other
accounts. The very Stars of my Nativity inclined
me to travel, and from my Cradle in my Father's
House I was transported to *Constantinople*, many hun-
dreds of Leagues from the Place of my Birth. Thou
knowest what a Roamer I have been since that Time:
and I can assure thee, I retain the same Disposition
still. But there is no Country under the Moon which
I wish to see with greater Earnestness than *Indostan*;
the very Name whereof sounds almost as sweet as that
of Paradise. Doubtless, it is the *Eden* of the Earth in
many Respects. And the Inhabitants believe there was
no better for the Original Parents of Mankind to dwell
in,

in, ranking the History of *Moses* on that Subject in the Number of celebrated Fables. I approve not this Certainty of the *Indians*; yet I tell thee as a Musfullman, dare say, the mysterious Writings of *Moses* are quite misunderstood by the greatest Part of Mankind. Neither can any two of his Interpreters agree exactly which was the particular Situation of Paradise. Some plant the Garden in *Mesopotamia*, others in *Palastine* and a third Sort affirm it was in *Egypt*: This Man will have it in *Asia*, that in *Africa*. They are divided in their Opinions. And I might as well say it was under the Red Sea, between them both; and bring as many cabalastick Proofs to defend it. But it signifieth nothing to us, let it be where it will. Every Place is a Paradise, which a Man fancies to be so; and nothing can beat me off from the Conceit I have of the *Indians*.

Besides, I should take a vast Delight in my Journey thither; whether I went by the Way of the *Black-Sea* and so through the antient Kingdoms of *Colchis*, *Georgia*, and *Cathay*, coasting along the Foot of Mount *Taurus*: Or by the more common Road, through *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Persia*. Either Way would afford Matter of Thought to a contemplative Man, whilst in some Places he beholds the Ruins of famous Cities, and his Eyes revel on the Spoils of Time, of Fire, of War, or of Earthquakes. In others he beholds whole Provinces laid waste, and dispeopled, only meeting here and there a few Cots, Herds, or Tents of *Arabs*, *Tartars*, or *Circassian* Herdsmen; who straggle up and down the pleasant Fields of *Asia*, to pick and choose convenient Pastures for their Cattle.

How pleasant would it be travel through my own Country, and behold the Tents of the Sons of *Ismael* spread over the Plains of the vast and horrible Desert. To meet with Emirs and Sheghs of *Arabia*, with their Flocks and Herds, summing it up and down, and frolicking from Mountain to Valley at their Pleasure.

From this, to pass to another Variety in *Persia* would be equally diverting. What Kind of Thoughts should I have whilst on my Bed, within the Walls of

Bagdat

gdad, the Stage of so many great and renowned Actions, mentioned in antient History! I should call to mind *Semiramis*, the Foundress of that noble City, and her Wars with the *Indians* and other Nations of the East. I should reflect on her Policy, and the Weakness of her Son *Ninyas*. I should consider the various translations of the *Eastern Empire*; the alternate Fates of the *Medes*, *Assyrians*, *Babylonians*, and *Persians*. And from thence I should naturally fall upon the Conquest of *Alexander the Great*; the Rise of the *Macedonian Empire*; the Death of that mighty Hero in *Babylon*, and the cantoning the Empire among his chief Officers. Such Memoirs as these, would waken my thoughts of the Vanity of all human Affairs, as it does at this Time: And particularly I reflect on my folly, in setting my Heart so much on travelling to a Country which I am never like to see.

For, alas, my dear Brother, I am not able to endure at this Age the Hardships of so long a Journey, as I could in my Youth. Much Sickness has impaired the Strength of my Constitution. I am grown as tender as an Infant. The least Puff of Wind is ready to blow out the Flame of Life. And whereas formerly neither Heat nor Cold, Hunger nor Thirst, Labour or Watching could hurt me; now my Health receives damage from every one of these. I could not possibly out-live the Fatigue and Pain of travelling two or three Days together, without a Drop of Water to refresh my panting Soul. An habitual Fever has made me the thirstiest Man in the World. Then I am not able to bear the scorching Heats of the Sun, to which a Traveller in those Parts is necessarily exposed. I should daily dissolve like Wax, or rather exhale in smoke, in the Midst of so many Fervours. In a Word, my Body is so infirm, that I am very sure to die, before I can get half Way to *Indostan*, let me take the nearest Road I can.

Yet, if the Ministers of the *Porte* shall think fit to send me, I am resigned. For I take no farther Care of my Life, than as I may be serviceable to the Grand Signior.

I intend

I intend to write to our illustrious Friend about
In the mean Time, do thou for me what the Pro-
vidence of a Man, and the Affection of a Brother shall
suggest, as most conducing to the Interest of our So-
vereign and our own Honour, which we ought to pre-
fer to our Lives.

Our Mother is in Health, and salutes thee with
tender Embrace.

Paris, 9th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

THIS Court of late makes a double Figure; the
one of real Sorrow for the Dutcheß of Savoy
Death, who was of the Blood Royal of France; the
other of counterfeit Mourning for the Death of *Cardinal*
Josephus, Brother to the German Emperor. For they
inwardly rejoice at this latter, and wish the whole
House of *Austria* were laid in their Graves; that Fa-
mily being the only Obstacle to the Grandeur at which
the French Monarchy aspires; the only Rub which
Cardinal Richlieu and his Successor *Mazarini* found
their Way, when they sought to exalt the *Bourbons* to
the Empire of the West.

The Rise and Fall of Kingdoms, the various Chan-
ges of Government, the alternate Fate of Nations
are Themes worthy of a Mussulman's Thoughts; con-
sidering that the victorious and happy *Osman*s at this
Day possess the Territories of antient Renown, the
Provinces and Dominions which formerly made the
greatest Figure and Noise in the World.

What is now become of the most famous Monarchies of *Babylon*, *Persia*, *Assyria*, *Macedon*, *Greece* and *Egypt*; the religious State of the *Jews*; the most ancient Kingdoms of the *Sicyonians* and *Argives*; the Commonwealths of *Lacedæmon* and *Athens*; with many other Countries mentioned in the Records of Time, we shall find them all swallowed up in the universal Empire of the *Ottomans*.

The History of *Belus*, and how he got the Sovereignty by Hunting; of *Ninus* his Son, who first taught the World the Methods of Idolatry; of *Semiramis*, *Ninyas*, *Sardanapalus*, *Arbaces*, *Belochus*, and the rest of those *Assyrian* Monarchs, sounds now like an antiquated Tale or Dream: Neither is there any more to be seen, at this Time, in the *Babylonian* and *Persian* Records. The mighty Acts of the *Nebuchadnezzars*, *Cyruses*, and the rest of those renowned Conquerors, now lie but as Foils, to set off the more glorious Enterprises and Successes of our immortal Sultans.

It is true, the *Persians* at this Day retain some Fragments of that once vast and formidable *Eastern* Empire. The *Germans* have a Shadow of the ancient Imperial Majesty of the *Romans*. But both the one and the other are grown effeminate and weak; they have lost their Virtue, the Power, and Fortune of their Predecessors.

Thou hast travelled over all the Dominions of the East, and been an Eye-witness of the *Persian* Luxury, Intemperance, and Nakedness. Thou hast seen the Offering of heroick Sages transformed to Swine, Dogs, and other contemptible Brutes, as if they had drunk of *Circe's* Cup. So fatal is it to decline from the Way of Virtue: Nay, so impossible even to stand in that sacred Path, without being violently pulled backward. In a Word, thou art so thoroughly acquainted with the present State of *Persia*, and all its circumstances, that I should appear too officious in endeavouring to describe, either the Country, or the People that inhabit there.

But

But as to *Europe*, thou professest thyself a Stranger and hast commanded me to characterize this Quarter of the World: Wherein *Germany* maketh the most majestic Figure by Land, *England* and *Holland* by Sea; *Spain* boasts of her Gold; whilst *France* treasures it to pay her Armies, to keep foreign Kings in Pension to build mighty Fleets and magnificent Palaces; to corrupt the *German* Princes, and make them Pimps of her Ambition, Instruments of her designed Grandeur which is no less than the *Western* Empire.

As for the Duke of *Savoy*, he is a mere Tennis-Ball or a Shuttle-Cock, banded to and fro between the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

The *Swisses* are poor and mercenary. They cannot stay at Home, unless they could banquet on the Turbans and Stones: For all the Flesh, Fruit, and Corn in the Land, is not half enough to keep them alive, and they have little or no Money but what they get abroad. This makes them all Travellers, and most of them take up the Trade of War. They serve the Pope, the *French* King, and many other Princes for Pay: And where they once engage they are very true to their Trust. But, I can tell thee, they would be unwilling to fight for the Grand Signior, unless he would allow them Plenty of Wine, which thou knowest is contrary to the Discipline of the Mussulman's Armies; and these *Swisses* are the professed Adorers of *Bacchus*.

The *Hollanders* are industrious and rich; they make nothing but Merchandizing and Mechanicks. They would fain engross the Trade of the *Indies* and the *East* to themselves. They traffick that they may be in a Condition to fight, and they fight to establish the Commerce; having no Sense of Honour, but only of Profit. If they attempt any Conquest, or make an Invasion, it must be in *America*, or some other remote Country; for they are only upon the Defensive against their Neighbours, not daring to be the first Aggressors in a War: In a Word, they are like a Nest of Pismires that trudge up and down continually to get Provision but sting and bite those under whose Protection they live, if they have an Opportunity.

It is thought the Prince of *Orange*, who descends from an illustrious Stock, will ere long reduce those publicans to another Form of Government. The French style him the Head and Heart of the United States; and these, thou knowest, command the Hands and Feet.

Germany is counted the Bulwark of *Christendom* against the mighty Power of the *Ottomans* and *Tartars*. At, in my Opinion, one of our Ambassadors at the Emperor's Court, gave a true Description of it, when he compared *Germany* to a great Monster with many Heads and Tails, which having a Desire to break through a certain Quick-set Fence or Hedge, and each particular Head making Way where it could best, among the less entangled Branches, were all caught in many different Nooses, by the Interposition of strong Trees, and so the Monster was forced to retire with Shame and Loss: Whereas, he said, the *Osman* Empire was like an Animal with one Head and many Tails, and that one Head, not encountering the like Difficulties, easily passed through, being followed by the Tails with one Consent, as the untwisted Ends of a stringed Cord pass through a Ring or Hole, when the united Part has led them the Way.

I should have mentioned *Italy*, *Poland*, *Denmark*, *Russia*, and other Regions of *Europe*, but it would be too tedious for one Letter, which I should neither have Time to write, nor thou Patience to read at once.

Therefore, I desire thee to accept of this only as a rough Draught, an imperfect Sketch of some Parts of the *West*. But in my future Dispatches I will imitate the Painters, and endeavour to draw each Member and Limb of this great Body to the Life, as near as I can discern them by the Lights I have in *Paris*.

Paris, 10th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

L E T-

L E T T E R VII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

MAY GOD multiply his Blessings on thee, and cause thy Heart to sparkle with fresh Light and new Joys, like the Sky-Rockets on a Dunalma, (Royal Holiday.) Accept also a small Present, (worthy an Inventory, (consisting only of a few Pictures, Looking-Glasses, Watches, and other Manufactures of France) from the Hands of *Mahmut*, thy Countryman, Son of thy Father's Neighbour, and a voluntary Slave of those who serve thee, if I had the Honour and an Opportunity.

Neither the Gift, nor he that offers it, is worthy Esteem. But thou hast Condescension enough to look on both with an Eye of a noble *Arab*, who knows how to value the Sincerity of any Man's Devoir and Affection, which way soever he expresseth it.

I can never forget the former Discoveries of thy Friendship to my Brother *Pesteli* and me, and in general to all those of our House; which still encourages me to expect greater Kindnesses; nay, in a Manner, assure me of them: Because I know the Nature of true Generosity is such, that where it once begins to fasten on an Object, it never ceases to communicate its Favour until damned Perfidy gives a Check to the Current. And may he be damned that then has the Impudence to ask for any more.

But, Praise be to GOD, my Case is otherwise; I am not in the Number of the ungrateful and treacherous. And therefore with Boldness I presume once more to address to the Dust of thy Feet, illustrious Bassa, begging thy Patronage and Shelter from the Persecution of my Enemies, whose whole Endeavour is to ruin me.

Thou knowest I came to *Paris* in the Year 1637 of the Christian *Hegira*. The Sun had then revisited the Sign he was in at my Nativity, just the eight and twenty

eth Time. I was a mere Youngster in the World. However, my Superiors thought me fit for this Employment. How I have acquitted myself in it ever since, I leave to themselves to judge: Yet, for Fashion's sake, they will be always a finding Faults. One scophant or other is perpetually railing against me, when they find any of the Vizirs, and other Grandees in Humour to hearken to them. I fancy it is for want of Discourse. When they have nothing else to talk of, then they fall a censuring of poor *Mahmut*, who undergoeth more Fatigues than a hundred thousand such * *Thlguch* as they. I cannot imagine what they aim. * *This Word Thlguch* unless it be, that they *was left so in the Italian, and the English* would have me turn Christian, *Translator knows not* and enter myself into some *what to make of it.* monastery.

Suffer me, my noble Friend, to tell thee, that a Man cannot want for Temptations such a Change of his Faith, without being confined to a recluse Life. He may be a Friar or a Libertine, a Priest or a Layman, a Zealot or an Hypocrite, a Chimney-sweeper or an Abbot, which he pleases, according as he is qualified. And I can assure thee, he that would be a good Man, which is beyond all the rest, has Incentives enough among the Professors of the *Nazarene* Worship, though the greatest Part are wicked.

As for me, I never thought that true Religion consisted in empty Names and Titles, in Forms and Ceremonies, in Parties and Factions, or in any Thing but a Life conformable to Reason, and to the Will of God.

They take me here at *Paris* for a *Moldavian* Rammer, that has read something more than the Parish-wrks. And because they know I understand *Greek*, *Slavonian*, and two or three Languages more, they would fain make me a Priest, Doctor, Orator, or any thing that I would accept of, to serve an Interest. And I am compelled to use either a downright Humiliation, or a forced Pride, that I may handsomely evade their

their Courtship: Convincing them sometimes that I am not fit for such Dignities; at other Seasons telling them I am above Inferior Orders, and that nothing less than an Archbishop's Pall, or a Cardinal's Hat, will satisfy my Ambition.

Thus I really dissemble, and jest myself in earnest of ample Estates, to serve God, his Prophet, and the Grand Signior: Yet am traduced at the Seraglio for a Hypocrite, an Infidel, and God knows what.

Here is honest *Eliachim* the Jew, undergoes the same Fate; whilst those of his own Party, especially the Rabbies, proclaim him every where for a *Christ* and the *Nazarenes* point at him as a *Turk*. Only my Landlord where I before lodged, who is an honest drunken *Fleming*, takes *Eliachim* for a Saint, and swears he will have him canonized after his Death: And this for no other Reason, but because *Eliachim* treats him now and then with a Bottle of Wine: So parties are all Men to their own Humours and Interests. But the Truth on it is, *Eliachim* is an excellent Counterfeiter and my Landlord is not the only Man who has this Veneration for him. He passes for a very good Catholic and a holy Man among a great many others. His Looks are so demure, his Mien so composed, and he has such godly Discourse with him, about the Sacraments, Indulgences, Miracles, and Graces of the Church, when he is in Company with Christians, that he would deceive the *Spanish* Inquisition, and cheat the Devil himself.

Such is the Violence we are forced to use to ourselves who live in these hazardous Stations. And yet no Body considers us, or regards our Zeal for the Grand Signior. Our Reputation, Liberty, and Lives are precarious. We are not only in perpetual Danger of the Revenge of the *Nazarenes*, who are our real Enemies; but also exposed to the Envy, Malice, and Persecution of those who ought to be our Friends.

I have often complained of the malicious Calumnies thrown on me by *Ikingi Cap'Oglani*, and his Associates. And the Ministers were pleased to receive my Apologies. But now I suspect greater Treachery. I feel

An Account to the *Reis Effendi* some Years ago, how I was dogged up and down the Streets of *Paris*, by a Fellow whom I knew not, and what Apprehensions that put me upon. I will acquaint thee farther, that being afraid of an Assassin in the dark, I armed my Breast with a Quire of Paper, which is known to be Dagger Proof. I was not at all mistaken in my Guess. For the last Night, as I was returning Home to my Lodging, between the Hours of Nine and Ten, I received a Stab in my aforesaid Breast-Plate, right against my Heart. It was not so dark but I could perceive the person who gave me this Blow; and Self-preservation taught me immediately to seize on him, and grapple as close as I could, extending his Arms with mine at a good Distance from our Bodies. I am but little and short, yet I have a strong Spring with my Body when I am once roused, as thou wilt imagine I was now. Besides, I have generally a certain Presence of Mind in time of Danger, which fails not to prompt me with the readiest and most proper Course to escape. In a word, I wrested the Pönyard out of the Russian's Hand, and stabbed him dead with it, not thinking it safe to make Noise, but chusing rather to die if my Strength failed me, than, by crying out for Help, run the Risque of worse Consequences: For I had long expected some such attempt as this upon my Life, from my Enemies at the Porte. And concluding this Fellow to be one employed by them for that Purpose, I thought it no Prudence to have him seized by the Watch, and punished by the Law, lest he should in Revenge discover me and my business to these Infidels. Therefore I played the Executioner myself, and sent him out of hand to another world to prevent his telling Tales in this. Thou wilt say there was no Injustice in this, since it was in my own Defence, and to save the Honour of my Sovereign. As he fell, he uttered these Words in a faint broken tone, *Mahmut*, my Death will be revenged before long, and you cannot escape the Trap that is laid for you. When he expired.

This made me presently conclude, that he was employed by somebody at the *Porte*: For how else should he know my true Name? But upon second Thought cannot be certain, but that he was set at Work by my old *Sicilian* Master, since he knew my Name also. However, I have great Reason to suspect the Former because, it is not probable that the Infidel would take chargeable and troublesome a Method to murder me. Neither had he Provocation enough. Besides, I ought I know, he may be dead. God only is acquainted with the Truth. However, to prevent future Affairs of this Nature, and a great many other Inconveniences, I have removed myself to a new Lodging, in the most obscure Corner in the City, and very remote from the Place where I lived before, being resolved also not to frequent the Court, nor any publick Places, as I have done formerly, but to take other Measures for Intelligence.

What I desire of thee is, to represent my Case favourably to the *Divan*, that they may approve of my Conduct. Do also whatever else thou judgest the Part of a Country-man and a Friend.

As for the Event, I patiently wait the Appointment of Destiny. For it is in vain to be too solicitous.

Adieu, high-born *Kerker*, and forget not *Mahmud* in his Distress. For that is the Time wherein true Friendship is tried.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year, 1664.

LETTER VIII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

BE not disheartened at the Troubles which thou encounterest in this World of Lotteries. But remember the Adage of thy Rabbies, That EVIL which

Old at Night, is yet the Off-spring of every Morning. The Ages are measured exactly, and our Hours are chequered with equal Mixtures of Happiness and Misfortune. We are not born to our own Desires. And as not a Man of us can remember how he was formed in the Womb, so have we no Reason to repine at what happens to us since we came out of it. Whatever Power, Wisdom, and Goodness took care of us when, and afterwards inspired our Mothers and Nurses with Tenderness, and a thousand Degrees of Patience beyond what is recorded of *Job*, the same will provide for us to eternity.

The Desire of Knowledge killed *Adam*, and the same Lust, propagated with his Seed, destroys all his Posterity. We can never be satisfied in our Confinement to this World, and therefore we flounce and flutter on all Sides, like Fish or Birds in a Net, to find a Way out: Whilst we do but entangle ourselves the faster, render our Restraint more uneasy, and delay the Possibility of our Release. Whereas Patience would soon set us free, and rank us among the Immortals. One thinks to escape by high-drinking; another by Fevers of Love or Glory; and a Third conceits he shall by his Gold be able to bribe the Watch, who guard the last Passes of this Life, and persuade them to let him scamper safe to Paradise. Alas! alas! all this is but the Sophistry of our Passions. It is in vain to think of hastening or retarding our Fate; our Time is set, though we know not the Period. Resignation is our best Lesson, and Prudence the next.

Perhaps thou wilt call this a Sermon, rather than a Letter. But I advise thee to read it with the Eyes of a Stoick; that is, whether it pleases thee or not, regard it no farther than it agrees with Reason. I would fain ask of the Man who expects to have his Will accomplished in this Life, whether he can prevail upon the Sun to rise any Morning within the Arctic Circle, or the Moon to descend some Night, and sweep the Snow off from the Top of Mount *Athos*. So inexorable is our Destiny, so unalterable the Decrees of Fate.

Be not troubled therefore at any thing; but remember, that thou art a Part of the Universe, and that nothing can betide thee, which is not for the Good of the whole.

What I have said, is to arm thee against all the Contingencies which may assault thee unawares, rushing upon thee on a sudden from behind the Veil, which covers all the Designs of Providence and Nature, Destiny and Chance.

I myself have lately Experienced, that it is good to be thus prepared for future Events, having narrowly escaped Death by a little timely Forecast.

It is not necessary for thee at this Time to know all the Circumstances of my Danger. Suffice it to say, That I was assassinated in the Dark, killed him that designed to be my Murderer, and am now forced to remove my Habitation.

Eliachim thy Brother in *Israel* will be at *Vienna* within fourteen Days. He will give thee a farther Account of all Things which it behoves thee to know; with fresh Instructions concerning my new Lodgings, and the Method we must observe for the future in conveying Letters. We cannot be too cautious in the *Grand Signior's* Business.

As for our own Lives, let us imagine they were only lent to serve him, on whose Life so many Millions of Lives depend.

Paris, 18th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER IX.

To *Zeidi Alamanzi*, a Merchant at *Venice*.

I Am obliged to send Circular Letters at this Time to all the Slaves of the *Grand Signior*, who have Business

ness with me at *Paris*; to inform them, that upon a very important Emergency I am forced to change my Lodgings. I have already sent away Dispatches to *Constantinople* and *Vienna* on this Account to prevent the Errors they might commit in addressing their Letters. For the same Reason, I now write to thee; thou needest not enquire after the Occasion of this Conduct; nor wonder at any Thing that happens to us extraordinary in these hazardous Posts. We must expect to encounter with Rubs and Obstacles in serving our Great Master. If these Difficulties have but their proper Effect, which is to whet our Invention, increase our Diligence, and confirm us in our Zeal; all shall go well.

The Soul of Man never displays her Faculties and Perfections with greater Lustre, than when she is environed with Perils. These are the Tryals of Fortitude, Prudence, Justice, and all the Virtues. He that sinks under Misfortunes, and cross Events, has either no Soul, or it is asleep.

Courage then, Fellow-Slave, and let thy Heart beat a continual Alarm. Be not dismayed at any Thing, nor let Self-Love bereave thee of thy Honour: But go on in thy Duty, and trust thy Soul to God.

Thou livest in a City where Virtue and Vice are in Emulation, still striving to surpass each other: There are not more wicked People in the World than *Venice* affords, nor yet more Pious and Good. Follow thou the best Patterns, and be happy. But do nothing by bare Imitation; for that is the right Way to become a Hypocrite. Let all thy Actions proceed from vital Principles of Reason and Generosity in thy self, and when thou seest rare examples, let them serve only to awaken and rouse thy innate Virtue.

Send me no Letters until thou hast received fresh Orders from the *Porte*. They will furnish thee with all necessary Instructions. After that, let me hear from thee as often as thou wilt. Thy Dispatches will be always welcome. Let them contain Matter of Intelligence chiefly, and that of the freshest Date. Penetrate into the Councils of the Republick where thou residest.

Inſinuate thyſelf with the Senators and Grandees. Dive into their Hearts, and unlock their Secrets. Communicate nothing but the truth to the Miniſters of the *Porte*, or to me. If thou canſt diſcover their Inclinations to a Peace, or their abſolute need of it, thou wilt do an acceptable Service to the *Grand Signior*, and to the whole Empire of the Faithful ; For then we bring them to our own Terms.

Zeidi, to God I recommend thee, deſiring him to preſerve thee from Wine, Women, and Cards, which are the three capital Temptations of *Venice*.

Paris, 1^{ſt} of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER X.

To Murat, Baſſa.

I Cannot eaſily divine the Reaſons why I am ſo much neglected by the Miniſters of the *Porte*. Above four Years have paſſed away, wherein many notable Events have happened ; yet no Body thought it worth his Labour to inform *Mahmut* of any Thing. So that all the Notices I could gain of remote Tranſactions, are owing either to the publick News of *Europe*, or at beſt to ſome particular Letters of Merchants reſiding in this City, with whom I conſerve an Intimacy, for the Sake of Intelligence, and for other Cauſes.

Thus I ſhould have been in Ignorance to this Day, what Iſſue the Baſſa of *Aleppo*'s Rebellion had, were it not for an accidental Interview I lately had of ſome *French Travellers* who came from *Conſtantinople*. Theſe informed me of the ſudden Fate of that Baſſa, when he was at the Height of all his Grandeur, within a few Days March of the Imperial City, at the Head of a potent Army, and juſt upon the Point of Accommodation

lation with the *Grand Signior*. They much extol his Bravery and Resolution: For the *French* are naturally Lovers of such as dare boldly oppose their Sovereign. They equally condemn the sly Perfidiousness of *Mortaza Bassa*, to whose safe Conduct the Generous Rebel trusted his Life, and by that Easiness lost it. Yet they applaud *Mortaza's* Loyalty, Courage, and Wisdom, with the eminent Services he afterwards did the Empire, in leading the Army against *Ragotski*, Prince of *Transilvania*, which at length lifted him to the Government of *Babylon*.

All these Things had been hid from me, were not the *Nazarenes* my Intelligencers. Nor should I have known how the Rebellion was carried on after his Death by his revengful Nephew, by the Son of *Cheusaien Bassa*, by a Bey of *Egypt*, and other Malecontents. Yet such Passages are fit for a Man in my Post to be acquainted with, that he may have a clear Idea of his Master's Circumstances, and so apply himself more effectually to serve him.

It had not been amiss, if I had received timely Intelligence of the Death of Prince *Ragotski*, in regard there was always a private Correspondence between him and this Court. Which ceasing by his Death, it had been worth my Pains to observe, whether it would be continued by his Successor, or what other Measures they would take.

It is true, I was acquainted with this, but not by the Ministers of the *Porte*. I heard also of all the following Commotions in *Transilvania*, occasioned by the different Factions of *Michael Apasi* and *Kemini Janos*, the two rival Princes. I was not sorry for this News, knowing that the Divisions of the *Nazarenes* strengthen the Unity and Force of the *Mussulman* Empire. I was likewise informed of the Fate of *Mortaza*, Bassa of *Babylon*, who fell a Victim to the *Grand Vizier's* Jealousy; with many other Passages, but neither from the *Porte*, nor from any other Hands could I learn the least Intelligence of the *Venetian* War, and what Progress our Arms have made in *Candia*, *Dalmatia*, and the

other Dominions of the Republick. Which makes me conclude, that either the *Grand Signior's* Residence at *Adrianople* abated his Inclinations to martial Affairs, which is also the common Opinion of the *Christians* here in the West; or that the War in *Hungary* for a while superseded all other Designs.

However it be, it is certain the Successes of the *Ottoman* Arms in taking *Newbawfel*, *Leventz*, *Novigrod*, and other Places of Strength, with the terrible Incursions of the *Tartars* through *Moravia* and *Austria*, put the whole *German* Empire into a great Consternation. Ambassadors are sent from the Imperial Court to all the *Christian* Princes, imploring their Assistance in this general Danger of *Europe*.

Here is one arrived at this Court, whom they call Count *Strozzi*, a Person of good Address, and Master of much Eloquence, He has prevailed on the *French* King to maintain, at his own Charge, Six Thousand Horse and Foot, to serve against the victorious *Osmans*. a great many Persons of Quality have listed themselves as Volunteers; and the meaner Sort talk of nothing but marching to *Constantinople*; and driving the *Turks* back to *Scythia*, from whence they first came.

Courteous Bassa, thou wilt laugh at the Vanity of these Infidels; who consider not that by the Grace of God, and Miracles of his Prophet, our Emperor is the King of all the Kings on the Earth, the mightiest of the Mighty ones; the Phœnix of Honour, Power and unparalleled Majesty; Brother and Companion of the Sun, Moon and Stars; a Prince of a mysterious and sublime Lineage, in whom are centered all Glory and Excellency; the Shadow of God on Earth.

The Breath of Fame goes before the Van-Courier of his Armies, purifying all Places, and filling them with Veneration and Terror. The Dust that is raised by his Heroick Cavalry, passing through the Air, causes Trembling and Astonishment in the Hearts of the *Christians*. The Infidels fall before the fatal Scymetars of True Believers.

May the Angel of the House of *Ismael* continue to prosper the Holy Offspring, to extend their Conquests, and propagate the Faith unblemished; that the Names of *Alla* and *Mahomet* may be heard in all Climates, and from the utmost Borders of the Earth.

Paris, 5th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XI.

To Isouf, his Kinsman, a Merchant at Astracan.

I Have often wondered why, among the rest of the Nations of *Christendom*, thou wouldst not bestow the least transient Visit on *Spain*. But upon more mature Consideration, I find thou art a Man of Judgment in Travelling. That Country lies under a very ill Character, for the Penury of all Things necessary to sustain the Lives of the Natives; and by Consequence, it is not to be thought they can spare much for strangers. A very inhospitable Region, abounding in Beggars, Thieves, and Drones: Full of Wine and Gold, yet barren in Corn and rich People.

Thou wilt not think this a Paradox, when thou shalt consider, that the *Spaniards* have all their Corn from *France*, *Germany*, or *Sicily*: And that for this and other Reasons, *Spain* is but like a Sieve, through which the immense Treasures of *Peru* and *Mexico* are drained into other Countries.

You may travel some Days together in *Spain*, without seeing any thing save the dry Face of a Desert. And if you chance to meet with a House, wherein you may shelter yourself and your Horse, expect no better than a *Ramezan* Entertainment. For you must fast all Day, and think yourself much respected if you can get a few Onions, or other Roots and Herbs, with a

Morsel of Bread and Flesh at Night, to keep you from being sensible that you are actually starving.

Then the Inhabitants are the proudest People on Earth. You shall meet with none but Kings, Princes, Viceroyes, or at least Men that conceit themselves such. They are also Merciless in their Revenge; Cruel, Obdurate, Covetous, Morose, and Inexorable. In a word, *Spain* is the Jesuits Paradise, the *Jews* Purgatory, and the Hell of Women.

I therefore commend thy Fortune, or thy Prudence rather, which would not suffer thee to fall into the Hands of those Barbarians; nor think it worth thy Pains to breathe in Air infected with so many Vices. Thou hast passed through many more inviting Provinces, and art at last happily seated to thy Mind. Improve thy Opportunities in doing Good.

I sent a Letter to our Cousin *Solyman*, advising him to give thee a Visit. If he comes, receive him kindly, and perform the Part of a Kinsman; put all Expences to my Account, and remember that no Man is born for himself.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XII.

To Afis, Bassa.

ALL *Europe* is alarmed with the mighty Preparations which our invincible Sovereign is making to invade the *German Empire*. Great is their Consternation and Fear, and Couriers are every where running up and down from one Kingdom and Court to another, to remonstrate the common Danger and beg Assistance. Every body appears zealous in a Cause which concerns all *Christendom*; and the *French King* has lent the Emperor 8000 Men.

The Duke of *Beaufort* is also gone with a Squadron of Ships to encounter the Corsairs of *Algiers*, and other Dominions of *Barbary*.

The Pope has sent to the Emperor's Assistance six thousand Foot and two thousand Horse. And the rest of the Emperor's Allies are raising Levies for him as fast as they can: It being current News, that the *Grand Signior* in Person is at the Head of two hundred thousand Men, entering into *Hungary* as a Conqueror: That he has taken above forty Towns, ruined all the Country where he passed through, and that in a little Time he will be at the Walls of *Vienna*.

In the mean time, this Court appears insensible of the general Danger which threatens *Chriftendom*. They are altogether taken up in Ballads, Plays, and Feasting, minding their own Interest more than that of their Neighbours, and revelling as if the King of *France* was sole Monarch of the World.

Here is arrived a Legate from *Rome* to compose the Differences between the Pope and this Crown. His Name is Cardinal *Gbisi*. He is received with unparalleled Magnificence, as if he were an Angel from Heaven, for the *French* King loves to shew his Grandeur on such Occasions. Besides, all the Nations, which are in the Communion of the *Latin* Church, have an unreserved Veneration for the *Roman* Mufti, whom they esteem the Successor of *Peter* the Prince of the Apostles.

This young Monarch has a large Soul. The whole World seems too little to satisfy his Ambition. He lays the Foundation of Designs, greater than those of *Alexander* the Conqueror of *Asia*. He heaps up Money at a prodigious Rate, raises vast Armies, builds magnificent Palaces, keeps Kings in Pension, supports many Princes of *Germany*; and, in a word, commands more of them, than does the Emperor himself, who is their lawful Sovereign.

Yet after all, I cannot perceive that he loses any Degree of that Respect which he owes, and which his Predecessors have always paid to the *Grand Signior*, who is the undeniable Arbitrer of the whole World.

God

God grant our Sovereign long Life, perpetual Victories, and a good Stomach to his Meat, which the King of *France* wants to the Accomplishment of his Happiness; for at present he feeds like a Sparrow.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER. XIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

THOU wilt perceive the vast Respect I have for thee by my frequent Dispatches. Thy Commands are to me as the Laws and Sanctions of the *Ottoman* Empire, which I will never violate. I am no Flatterer; witness my Letters to some of the Grandees, wherein I have not spared to reprove their Vices, Errors, and Male-Administration. If a Bassa has been unjust, seditious, or engaged in rebellious Practices; if he has proved and Extortioner, a Drunkard, or a Tyrant, he has not escaped without a due Reprimand. I have been bold in correcting, advising, and giving Counsel to the greatest Ministers in the Empire. And this was a Province appointed me by the Flower of sublime Glory, the Phoenix of Honour, sole Favourite and Trustee of the *Grand Signior*, the *Vizir Azem*, in whose Custody were the Seals of Imperial Secrets, Majestick Decrees, and Royal Edicts; who, being the Primum Mobile of the refulgent Mussulman State, gave Life, Activity, and Order, to all the Inferior Orbs, Springs, and Instruments of Government.

I received this Command many Years ago, and he that gave it me is gone to the World of Spirits. Yet the Injunction remains in Force, being stamped with the mysterious Signet, the Character of supreme and immutable Authority. In Obedience to which, I have
never

never warped or flinched from the Duty enjoined me. And to demonstrate that I did not do this in a vain ostentation of the Power which was given me, I have not failed all along to pay to a Man of Merit the Attachment and Veneration that was his Due.

It is with inexpressible Pleasure I throw myself at the Feet of a wise and virtuous Man; with extreme Complacency I kiss the Dust whereon he treads, and unfold all my Faculties in expressing my Esteem. I am full of *Platonick* Love, and build Altars in my breast, to a Soul deserving the innocent Sacrifices of amorous Passions, the Incense of Gratitude and a pure affection, an Holocaust of Integrity and loyal Friendship.

I protest, by the Hopes I have of sitting on the banks of the Rivers in *Eden*, and of being regaled in the delectable *Chioses* of *Paradise*, that I honour thy learning and other sage Perfections; that unblemished life, those excellent Morals, and the unparalleled Sweetness of Modesty, which crowns all thy Actions. But I will say no more to a Man who cannot hear his own Praises. The best Method of expressing my Reward, will be to answer thy Expectations, in presenting thee with the true Pourtraiture of these Western Nations and People, which thou so passionately covetest.

I must desire thee to excuse the Confusion and want of Order in my Letters; since I send thee a Medley of remarks, as they come to my Knowledge and Memory.

It is not long ago since I wrote to *Isenf Eb'n Achmed*, Kinsman of mine, a Merchant at *Afracan*; and among other things, I took notice of his not going to *Spain* in his Travels; for he has been in most of the Kingdoms of *Europe*, and over all *Asia* and *Africk*. In that Letter I described *Spain* in its worst Colours. Now I will shew it to thee in another Figure, without swerving from the Truth: For every Country has its Perfections and Excellencies, as well as its Defects and blemishes.

If

If *Spain* have a barren Soil for Corn, Nature has made amends for that Fault in the Purity of the Air, and the Plenty of Fruits : The Sands of her Rivers are of the most perfect Gold. Her Villages, though few, are greater and more populous than some Cities ; witness *Madrid*. Her Mountains are of Iron, Marble, and Jasper. Her Vallies underlaid with Lead, Brass, and Silver ; *Spain* of old was the *Tharfis* of *Solomon*, the *Ophir* of the *Phœnicians*, and the *Peru* of *Rome*.

In those Days the Inhabitants of *Spain* were famous for their Fortitude, and invincible Constancy. It is recorded, that the Inhabitants of *Sagunto* in the Province of *Valencia*, when they were besieged by *Hannibal*, and so oppressed by the *Carthaginians*, chose to burn themselves, with their Wives, Children, and all their Wealth rather than yield to the Enemies.

Their Fidelity also was so remarkable, that some of the *Roman* Emperors had always a Guard of *Spaniards* near their Persons ; as the *French* King, the Pope, and other Princes do now confide in the trusty *Swisses*.

But though there remain still some scattered Remnants of the ancient Virtue among them, especially in *Biscay* and *Castile*, yet the greatest Part of the *Spaniards* are degenerated. They make no Figure now in the World, but only for their Gold, and the Vastness of their Dominions ; for they possess the best half of *America*, are Lords of two mighty Empires, and not without large Territories in the other three Quarters of the World. Yet the too great Extent of their Power has weakened its Vigour ; the Affluence of their Wealth has really impoverished them, and by straining their Honour too high they have cracked it, being now of little or no Esteem in *Europe*. Their Glory fades at the rising Grandeur of *France*, which makes radiant and swift Advances towards its Zenith. This young Monarch is already become the Arbiter of all Christendom.

Accomplished Minister, there is nothing in Nature steadfast : The World is but an eternal Circulation of Events, Vicissitudes, and Changes, without Beginning or End. Only God remains immutable in his own Essence,

nce, which is the Center of every thing. May thou
and I meet there, and then we shall be eternally happy.
adieu.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XIV.

to Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Alfaqui, Professor
of Philosophy at Fez.

BY the Faith and Obedience I owe to *Mohammed*,
our Holy Lawgiver ; by the *Alcoran*, and all that
esteemed sacred among the *Mussulmans*, I swear, thy
ing Silence made me conclude my first Letter was un-
elcome to thee. But now I am convinced to the con-
ary. Thy generous Answer has removed my Appre-
ensions, and filled me with Complacency. Hence-
orth I shall rest assured and confident of thy Friendship,
omising myself vast Improvements from so learned a
onversation, though only by Letters at many hundred
eagues Distance.

As to what thou requirest of me concerning the vari-
ous Languages of *Europe*, I will inform thee the best I
can, according to the Observations I have made, and
the Intelligence I have received from Men of Letters,
and from Books, which are the Pictures of learned
souls, Mirrors wherein they may behold their own
perfections, whilst they are on Earth, and after their
separation to the Invisibles, other Men may see the in-
terior Beauties of their Mind represented to the Life. For
Words are the perfect Sculpture of the Intellect, or at
least its Mezzotinto. They are the express Portraiture
of Divine and Human Reason. Thus the *Alcoran* is
called by some of our holy Doctors, The True Image
of Original Increased Wisdom.

Now

Now of all the Words and Languages on Earth, thou knowest the Pre eminence has been for ever given to those of the East; and among them to the *Arabian*, both in regard of its Purity and of its Antiquity, from whence it is styled The *Virgin Mother* of Languages, the Dialect of the Blessed Above.

Thou knowest that for this Reason it is, the True Faithful covet no Species of Learning more ardently than to be perfectly skilled in so divine a Speech, wherein the Volume of Celestial Majesty was penned in Heaven before the Throne of God, and sent down on Earth by the Hand of *Gabriel*, Prince of the Messengers who fly on the Errands of the Omnipotent. It was sent, I say, to the Prophet, who could neither write nor read, that the World might be convinced of its Divine Original. Yet the incredulous will not believe; Though it is manifest to any Man of impartial Sense, That a Person altogether ignorant of Letters could not possibly compose a Book, the most Elegant that ever was penned in the World, and wherein not the least Blemish or Contradiction can be found from the Chapter of the Preface, to the last Versicle, which winds up the whole Volume. Oh! obdurate Hearts of Infidels; Oh! willfully blind, that shut their Eyes against the Splendors of Eternal Light: Oh! resolutely Deaf, that stop their Ears against the Voice of God, and his Prophet, neither will they listen to the soft Whispers which are wafted from *Paradise*.

Such are the *Nazarenes*, who for the Sake of the *Greek* and *Roman* Tongues, of which they are passionately enamoured, educate their Children in a fair Way to believe all the monstrous Fictions of the ancient Poets, or at least all the lying Tales and Legends of their own Priests, which are ten times more fabulous than the former, and more inconsistent with Reason. And this they do rather than to be at the Pains of learning *Arabic*, which would instruct them in Truths as clear and serene as the Orient Sun.

I shall say little of those two ancient Languages of *Greece* and *Rome*, in regard they being now grown obsolete.

lete, and only to be learned in Schools, thou, no doubt, art versed in them *ad Unguem*, as the *Latins* phrase it.

That which seems properest for me to inform thee of is, That the *Roman* or *Latin* Tongue appears like an old antiquated Mother thrust out of Doors by her ungrateful Daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spanish*, and *Portuguese*. These are her natural Off spring, beget during the *Roman* Conquests in the West, and degenerating after that Empire was in its Decline. So that they are now taken for no better than Mongrels and Bastards. In *Spanish* there is a great Mixture of *Gothish* and *Moresco* Words; the *French* retain many of their *Gaulish* Idioms, the *Italian* is corrupted with a patch patch of Words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns*, and *Angobards*. Yet that Fault is recompenced by Abundance of *Greek* Etymologies. As for the *Portuguese*, this is but a Dialect of *Spanish*, and lies under the same imperfections.

The only pure Maternal Languages now current among the common People in any Part of *Europe*, are the *Teutonic*, *Sclavonick*, and *British*: The first is spoken in *Germany* to Perfection, but corruptly in *Sweden*, *Denmark*, and the *United Provinces*. The Second is common to the *Hungarians*, *Moldavians*, *Poles*, *Ruscians*, and many other Nations. The last is confined to the *Welsh*, a People inhabiting a Corner of *Great Britain*, driven thither by the victorious *Saxons* and their Conquerors above a Thousand Years ago. As for the rest, they are only mixed Dialects, and so not worth taking Notice of; excepting one mountainous Part of *Spain*, where the Inhabitants are said to speak *Arabic* at this Day. They are supposed to be a Remnant of the *Moors*.

The Criticks here in the *West* use to give these following Rules in Reference to Languages. If you would address to God, speak in *Greek* or *Latin*, because of their Antiquity, Purity, and majestick Loftiness. If to Angels, speak in *Spanish*, in regard of its slow Pronunciation and Gravity: If to Men, use *Italian*, to Women, *French*, to Dogs, *Welsh*: But if you would affront

fright an Enemy, or the Devil himself, speak *Hight Dutch*.

They relate a Story of a *German* Ambassador at the *French* Court, who delivered his Message in *Teutonic*; which when a certain Grandee heard, and took Notice of its harsh and strong Emphasis, he swore it was his Opinion, That this was the Language wherein God cursed *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The *German* turning to him, answered briskly, it is possible, *Monfieur*, it may be so; but then I hope you will grant, that *French* was the Occasion of this Curse, when the Devil chose to tempt *Eve* in that Language for its Effeminacy, wheeling her, a la-mode de *Paris*, to eat the forbidden Fruit.

Renowned *Musu*, do me the Honour of frequent Letters: Instruct me in Things whereof I am ignorant: Make me familiar with the Remarkables of the Country where thou residest: Transport *Fez*, with the other Parts of *Africk* which are known to thee; transport them, I say, successively to *Paris* every Moon, on a Piece of a Paper, and I will send thee all *Christendom* by Way of Exchange: For thus it becomes the Lovers of Wisdom to barter for Knowledge.

*Paris, 10th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1664,*

LETTER XV.

To *Osman Adrooneth*, Astrologer to the
Sultan at *Adrianople*.

THOSE of thy Profession here in the *West* are wholly taken up in contemplating a certain Comet which appears in the *Firmament*. It is of that Sort which they call bearded. And some will have it to resemble a *Lion*, others say, it is like a *Dragon*, a *Crocodile*, a *Bear*, and I know not what. There is hardly a Species of four-footed Beasts, to which the guid-

Rabble do not resemble it. And some assert it to be the perfect Figure of a Sword.

The Mathematicians are straining all their Skill, to find the true Dimensions of this Celestial Apparition. The Painters are drawing it to the Life; the Poets are making Songs and Ballads of it. And the more learned Philosophers are framing Astronomical Schemes, like so many Nets or Traps to catch this Meteor in. They watch all its Motions, and dog it from one Heavenly House to another; they track it through the most intricate Paths of the Sky.

If it stands still, or makes a transient Address to any Planet, eminent Star, or Constellation, we are greatly alarmed with the News of it, and bid to be upon our Guard, as if there were some Mischief a plotting against us Above. The World is harangued with various Predictions of Wars, Famine, Earthquakes, and other Calamities, the sure Consequences of this supposed prodigy.

Tell me, thou who art conversant in the Sciences of the Stars, and the mysterious Philosophy of Nature, what these Comets are? Whether they be only Exhalations drawn up into the higher Region of the Air, by the Force of the Sun; or whether they be more solid and durable Substances? Whether they be of a permanent Origin like the Clouds, Hail, Rain, Snow, and other Meteors, the daily products of Nature, the natural Offspring of the Elements? Or whether they be in the Rank of those Beings, whose Antiquity is untraceable, which are as old as the World; such as the Sun, Moon, Stars, and this Earth whereon we tread? For my Part, I believe it is no Heresy in Science, whatever it is in Religion, to start new Maxims. For we ought to know, both in the one and the other, that what we call Innovation, is but a reviving those Principles, which through Desuetude, or the Corruption of Manners are grown obsolete, out of Date, and forgotten, though really the most primitive and ancient Truths in the World.

Thus

Thus I cannot forbear thinking there are some other Globes scattered up and down the infinite Expanse, beside those whose continual Brightness exposes them to our Eyes.

The Moon, it is known, with Venus, and other Planets, receive their Light gradually from the Sun, by their Hemispheres: So that it is certain each of these orbicular Bodies is always dark by half. And where is the Solidity, if we suppose there are other opaque Bodies in the Firmament which receive no Light at all, and by their Nature and Qualities are incapable of receiving any but from within themselves? So we may suppose these Comets to be such solid Globes, made resplendent by an Eruption of their central Fires.

God only knows the Truth in such Cases. And thou art better able to decide these Questions than I. Therefore referring it to thy sage Judgment, I pray him who made the Stars, and orders their Dominion on Earth, to bless thee with favourable Influences, That thy Soul may be always like a Land flourishing under the favourable Aspects of Orion and the Pleiades.

Paris, 22d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XVI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary* of the Ottoman Empire.

THE *French* have had so many Occasions of Injury of late, that it is hard to determine, which affects them most nearly.

The Satisfaction which the Pope gave this Monarch for the Injuries formerly done to his Ambassador at Rome, began the Triumph of the *French* Court. They have already sent Intelligence of that Quarrel, and how high the Resentments of the King flew, on the same

by that he received the first News of so barbarous an
front Now I shall acquaint thee, That there en-
ed a Treaty between them at *Pisa*, a City of *Italy*
the Dukedom of *Tuscany*, after the *French* Troops
d terrified them into a State-Penitence, by the me-
ting Approaches they made toward the Ecclesiastical
territories, through the Principalities of *Modena* and
Parma. These two are Friends to *France*, and their
Interest makes them so, in regard that Crown protects
them from the Pope's Oppression, who is always esteemed
ill Neighbour, by the *Italian* Princes, whose Do-
minions lie next to his. For this *Roman* Prelate is very
content and Rich; he would in a short Time be Lord of
Europe in Temporals as well as Spirituals, were he
curbed by the King of *France* and his Allies.

This makes all the little Sovereigns round about
me stand in Awe of the Monarch who was born to
command Crowned Heads. Wonder not at the Expres-
sion: For I tell thee, some of the greatest Princes in
Europe are his Pensioners. This very Quarrel with the
Pope has gained the *French* King three Cardinals more
than were his Friends formerly.

The Conclusion of the Treaty was, That the Pope
should send a Legate de Latere into *France*, to pacify
the King's Wrath; and that the Militia or *Roman*
wards whom they call *Sbirri* and *Corfes*, should be for-
ever abolished, and a Pyramid be erected over against
their Guard-House, with an Inscription in *Latin* and
French, declaring their Crime and Punishment.

This put the Court of *France* into a very jolly Hu-
mour. They fell presently to Feasting and Revelling;
and the King's next Project was the Conquest of *Bar-
bary*. To this End he sent the Duke of *Beaufort* with
a Fleet of great Ships, to clear the Seas of *African*
raiders, that so an Army might be safely transported
from *Toulon*, and landed on the opposite Shore. His
design in this was to reduce the Inhabitants of those
happy Countries to the old Idolatry of their Forefathers,
to plant there the *Nazarene* Superstition, and make him-
self the sole Lord and Proprietor of *Africa*.

I can-

I cannot divine what Success he will have in this great Enterprize ; but it appears as if God were angry with the *Mussulmans* ; such continual Losses they sustain by Land and Sea.

It is with no small Grief I saw not long ago the *French*, who served in *Hungary* this Campaign, return to *Paris* laden with the Spoils of True Believers. I cannot behold the very Cymetars and Ensigns which the Infidels took from the vanquished *Osman*s hang up in their Temples as Trophies of their Victory, without inexpressible Passion and Regret. It is said here, the *Grand Signior* has lost in *Hungary* above Thirty thousand Men in this Campaign ; whereof Ten thousand were killed in one Battle, and a Hundred and Fifty Colours taken with sixteen Cannons.

Besides, these *Giafers* grate my Ears with another Bravado, boasting that one *French* Ship of War fought seven Hours with three and thirty of the *Grand Signior*'s Gallies, sunk five, scattered the rest, and came off with a compleat Victory.

It is a vast Advantage the *French* have in the Situation of their Country, in that it is washed on the South by the *Mediterranean*, on the North by the *Main-Sea*. So that it is easy for them to curb the greatest Part of *Europe* on one Side, and sufficiently molest the *Levantine*s on the other. As for the Western Parts, this Kingdom is their very Center : Where all the Lines of War, Peace, Commerce, and Traffick meet and terminate. She is to *Christendom*, what *Egypt* and *Sicily* were in former Ages to the Empire of *Old Rome*, an inexhaustible Granary. Whatsoever desirable Thing Nature has frugally dropped here and there in other Regions, are found in this Kingdom as in their Original Seminary. Corn is plentiful as Grass, Wine is as cheap here, as Water is with you in some Parts of *Turky*. The Fens and Lakes are covered with wild Fowl. The Meadows with Sheep, Deers, Goats and Oxen. There is nothing scarce but Hens, Eggs, and True Believers. I had almost forgot their remarkable Plenty of Salt, the bare Custom of which augmented

the King's Coffers with four Millions of Zequins every Year.

France also abounds in Hemp, a most necessary Vegetable, whereof she not only makes all her own Corage and Sails, but also furnishes her Neighbours, which brings in a considerable Revenue. There is an infinite Plenty of Fruits, and Trees for Timber, of Iron, Marble, Free stone, and all Things necessary for building Ships or Houses, for Defence or Offence by Land or Sea. Neither are there wanting Mines of Gold, Silver, Tin, Lead, Copper, and other Metals whereof Men make the Instruments of War, and the Entertainment of Peace. In a Word, this Country is so enriched with every Thing, that some Historians and Philosophers have called it the Parent of Plenty, others the Fountain of earthly Blifs, the most incomparable Region of this Globe, the Epitome of the World, or rather little World itself.

Serene Scribe, thou wilt not wonder at the universal successes of the *French* Arms, when thou considerest these Things, and hearest the Provinces are peopled like Kingdoms, the Cities appear like whole Provinces, for multitude of Inhabitants. To say all in a Word, the Common Character of *France* is the same which Philosophers give to Nature, That there can be no Vacuum found in it.

Paris, 25th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year, 1664.

LETTER XVII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of
the College of Sciences at Fez.

PERMIT me to rush into thy Presence, venerable Patriot of Philosophy, without the usual formalities of Address, or Punctilioes of Introduction.

Let

Let me be admitted like a Man with Coals of Fire on his Head, as the Custom is at the *Imperial Porte*, in urgent Cases: For I am newly inflamed afresh with *Pythagorism*, *Platonism*, and *Indianism*.

Floods, Fires, and other Devastations by War, Earthquake, Pestilence, Earthquakes, and such like Contingencies, have either quite abolished the True and Primitive Science of the first Ages, in most Parts of the Earth; or at least very much diminish'd and obscured their Original Splendor.

The best Manuscripts are lost, unless the *Indians* have preserved them. Our Fathers grew torpid, stupid, and desperate, under the publick Calamities which overwhelmed whole Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Empires: There was no Encouragement for a Scribe or a Man of Letters, to put himself to a needless Toil in labouring to preserve the Records which came from Heaven: Histories of the World invisible, celestial, perfect, and eternal; Traditions of undiscoverable Antiquity; Pandects replenished with bright Oriental Wisdom, and sealed with the Tetragrammaton, which thou knowest is the Signet of the First and the Last? Even of the Divinity which comprehends all Things; and is itself comprehended of none.

Had they gone about such a Task, they knew that some ill Fate or other would swallow their Writings and bury them in eternal Oblivion. Hence it is, that at this Day we can hardly boast of the Footsteps of ancient Knowledge, a few Fragments and Relicks of Primitive Learning scattered up and down in divers Authors, and much adulterated with the vain Opinions and Errors of After-times. For every Writer was either inclined or forced to flatter the Age wherein he liv'd, and not oppose their Tenets. So that now there is scarce any true Philosophy extant on this Side the *Ganges*.

How those *Brachmans* only had the Happiness to conserve so sacred a Treasure, can be no other Way made out, than by their own constant Tradition, that the Deluge of *Noah* never reached those utmost Borders.

ers of the Land toward the *East*. And, perhaps, the same Reason may be given for the untraceable Chronologies of the *Chinese*, their Neighbours. For although they differ in the Sentiments and Rites of their Religion, in their Laws, Customs, and Manner of Government; yet they both agree in affirming the World to be indeterminately Old, putting a certain Number of Millions of Years, for an uncertain, far beyond it; which is but a modest Retrenchment of their own Thoughts, as if they were unwilling it should be falsely censured that they aimed at an Hyperbole.

They say, That the first Matter is co-eternal with God, as Light is co-eval with the Sun, produced also, and depending, after the same Manner. For as the Light diffused through the Air is not properly the Sun, but an inseparable Effect of it; so the Universe is not God, but his Production; ever subsisting on him, and never to be divided from his eternal Essence. And, for ought I see, the most significant Language in the World hath no other Way to express Things of this abstruse Nature. They are too sublime for human Thought; much more do they transcend the Power of Speech. All the Dialects on Earth are too barren of Words, and Words too defective in Sense, to describe the ineffable Secrets of Eternity.

As for the various Ranks of Beings, the infinite Diversity of Forms, resulting from the first Matter, they think it reasonable to believe, that they were successively produced in Time; every one in its Order, and according to its Perfection.

I tell thee, it appeareth much more rational for me to believe this, than that the first Matter itself was produced out of nothing, above five or six thousand Years ago, as the *Jews* and *Christians* seem to teach. Rather than starve my Reason with so short an Idea of the World's Age, I would embrace the Sentiments of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*, suppose an Infinity of Spaces and Worlds, an Eternity of Generations and Corruptions, a continual Change, not only of Individuals, but of the very Species of Things, through the fatal

Concourse and Blending of Atoms: Yet not denying the Unity of the Divine Essence, nor undervaluing the Providence all the while. For these Things are, in my Opinion, very compatible one with another.

I do not pretend to be singular, or set up for a Dogmatist. Neither am I ambitious of being esteemed a Wit, by venting Notions above the Reach of vulgar Capacities. It is only the pure Love of Truth, which encourageth me to take this Liberty with thee, who in Matters of Philosophy art the only Master of the Age.

To thee, therefore, I submit all my Sentiments as to an Oracle; desiring thy impartial Answer, and couching the Faculties of my Soul in the most humble Attachment to thy venerable Wisdom, I become mute as a Mummy.

Paris, *30th of the 12th Moon,*
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale of Sidon.

WHAT is this World, that on all Sides invades our Senses? This Earth under our Feet; those Clouds whirling over our Heads; these Winds shaking the Trees; that azure Sky with all its glittering Ornaments: What is all this but an eternal Dream; a mere Shadow of God Almighty's Thoughts? It is pleasant living in it; it is also painful. In his Sense this Universe is perfectly good; in ours it is mixed with Evil. He made it for his own Diversion, and our Scrutiny. It is to us a Field of Riddles and Contradictions. In Summer we curse the Heat, and in Winter blaspheme the Cold. Yet we bless both the one and the other when we feel them in due Measure and Season. On

our this Colour pleaseth the Eye, another that; and perhaps in the next it is disgusted at them both. We never find Rest or Content in any Thing. The softest Musick, at some Times, grates our Ears like the croaking of Toads. The most agreeable Odours are, as the Smell of a Sepulchre, loathsome and abominable. The most delectable Wines and savoury Meats, at such seasons, are unpalatable as the Beverage and Diet of Hell. Neither can the more insinuating Charms of Women put us in a better Humour. All the whole System of Nature joined together is not sufficient to afford us Ease. Nothing but a Ray from the Omnipotent can alleviate our Melancholy, or give us a Taste of ourselves. For we are the very Deity in scattered fragments; or we are separated Drops of the Divine Essence; Volatile Spirits of Eternity; by Fate or Chance fixed in proper Vehicles of Time and Matter. Santone! this whole corporeal Universe is but a web, spun from the Bowels of an infinite God, and wrought with inimitable Artifice, to catch immaterial Forms, Ideas, and Souls in, which are the genuine Offspring of the Eternal Mind. We Mortals, of human Race, are but so many Parcels of the Divinity in disguise, trepaned into Bodies by certain hidden Baits, Magnets, and Charms, lurking in Embryos with which we have some Sympathy. We are all Gods in Masquerade. So are the Beasts of the Fields, the Birds of Air, and the Fish of the Sea.

Let us not therefore condemn the antique Ceremonies of Gentile Religion, which taught Men to adore the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Elements, and all that was within their Circumference, especially the Souls of departed Heroes, Demy-Gods, Nymphs, and the rest of those Beings which are the eldest Progeny of Eternity and Nature. For in so doing, they did but build Alms-houses to the original Fountain of the Universe. Since God is in the Winds, in the Rain, in the Thunder, in the Lightning, Hail, and other Meteors; in the Heavens, in the Air, Sun, Moon and Stars; in the Fire, Earth and Water; in Plants and Animals; finally, since he is in

the Elements, and every Thing compounded of them; he is not only in them, but is these very Thing by an ineffable Production of himself. And when the final Consummation shall come, it will be but a withdrawing all the extended Lines of his Infinity into their Center, where thou and I, and every divided Atom in Nature shall meet, be united and swallowed up in eternal Beatitude. *Amen! Amen!* Oh thou Lord and Father of all Things, inexhaustible Abyfs of Miracles which know no End.

Paris, 6th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

SUPPOSING it were otherwise than I have said Grant the Doctrine of *Epicurus* true. Believe that we and all Things were produced by the fortuitous Concourse of Atoms: Yet still we have the same greater Reason to value ourselves as diminutive Gods since, in this Sense, we must of Necessity be Eternal every Atom being so of which we are compounded. In the Opinion of these Philosophers, there is no such Thing as an Origin or Beginning of the Universe: Each Particle of Matter with them is as old as the Divinity. We have all ranged Eternally from one Form and World to another; danced to the Measures of Fate been Parts of the Orbs above, and of the Caverns below; strayed through the Heavens and all the Elements taken an universal Career through infinite and endless Spaces; and are now (as fixed as we seem in these solid Hulks of Flesh) in the same Hurly-burly as ever.

These Bodies which we carry about us are not compounded of the same Atoms as they were seven Years ago. There is a perpetual Flux and Reflux of Particles

es. We die as fast as we live. Every Moment subtracts from our Duration on Earth, as much as it adds to it. We move, breathe, and do all Things by Paradox. Our very Essence is a Riddle.

With an open Heart, therefore, I applaud thy religious Negligence of human Affairs, in that thou art divinely careless of thyself and every Thing else, save only to conserve thy Innocence.

What signifieth it, whether we believe the written Law or the Alcoran; whether we are Disciples of *Moses*, *Jesus*, or *Mahomet*; Followers of *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, or *Ilch Rend Hu*, the Indian Brachman? Of what Import is it whether we pray or not? Whether we kneel before Images or in a naked Cosque? It will be all one in the winding up. We are but the Machines of Chance. As we live so shall we die; and God knoweth what will become of us afterwards; neither is it worth our while to be solicitous, since we can be certain of nothing. Perhaps, every Atom of which we are made may be scattered from the rest; we may be transported Piece-meal into ten Hundred Thousand Millions of Worlds, and seven-fold as many Years may expire before two, the minutest Particles of our Frame meet together again. We need not be troubled at all this: Nothing can hinder us from being Immortal and Eternal, although it be but in Fragments.

Go on then, sacred Vagabond, pious Rambler, holy fugitive; go on to assert, in the Course of thy Life, this great Truth, 'That all Things depend on everlasting Chance or Destiny.' Thy Actions shall remove the Hypocrites of the Age, who abound in specious Words: And thy divine Indifference shall condemn the hellish Zeal of furious Bigots, who think to please God and atone for their Sins by sacrificing human Blood, and massacring all that are not of their faith.

God, or Chance, or Fate, shall transport thee, after death, to happy Regions, immarcessible Joys, and an endless Succession of Bliss. Every Atom shall find its

Paradise. Thou shalt mount by Degrees to full, infinite, and eternal Felicity. Adieu for a Time.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER XX.

To Isouf, his Cousin, a Merchant at Astracan

WHEN I reflect on thy Happiness in having been all thy Life at Liberty to change thy Residence and ramble whithersoever thy Fancy invited thee; and that even now, at *Astracan*, thou art no longer confined than by thy own Pleasure or Interest, I cannot forbear envying thee.

There is an inexpressible Delight in ranging the various Tracts of the Earth. Whereas to be perpetually shut up and imprisoned, as I am, in a City so close and high-built, that the very Winds can scarce find a Way into her interior Parts, is a perfect Hell upon Earth.

To speak the Truth, *Paris* may be called an Heap or Aggregate of Cities, built one upon another like *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, since the Houses here are as high as the Minarets at *Constantinople*, and divided like the Air into the lower, middle, and upper, Regions or Apartments; or rather like the Heavens, whose Number Astronomers assert to be Nine. For with so many Stories do some Houses, nay, whole Streets in *Paris*, rise up their Heads; and every Story or Apartment is peopled like a Bee-hive. So that in this infinite Throng of Inhabitants, and such as come hither about Business we are ready to be stifled with one another's Breath. Whereas, thou knowest, in the Cities all over the Earth the Houses are intermixed with Gardens: They are low-built with Terrasses on the Top, to take the cool Air on by Night, with Parterres, Kaskaneys, Divans, Con-

Conservatories, and all the other Conveniencies for refreshing the Senses, by Water, Wind, and odoriferous Smells.

This makes me long to be at *Constantinople*, *Damascus*, *Mosul*, or even at *Astracan* where thou residest, although that City wants many Delights which others enjoy. However, I should there encounter with Tiaras and Turbants, the very Sight of which would half cure my Discontent. May my Portion be with *Tagot*, if I am not tired with seeing nothing but these Hats and short Coats, these ridiculous *Franks*, these Apes without Tails. And then, to hear them rant against the Grand Signior and all True Believers; to hear them blaspheme the Messenger of God, curse the Alcoran, revile the Musti and all the Mollahs, with a Thousand other Impertinences, which none but such Reprobates, Giaurs, and Infidels, would be guilty of; maketh me either with myself deaf, or that my Tongue were at Liberty to answer them. But much rather would I desire to be in a Place where I might enjoy my Ears, to receive the Salem from my Friends that are Mussulmans, and to hear the Name of God devoutly blessed on any Occasion that awakens the Sense to Piety.

Oh that I were among my Countrymen the *Arabians*, who dwell in Tents and frolick about from Hills to Valleys, tasting by Turns the various Sweets of the Forest and the Plain. The Groves and Meadows, Pastures and Arable Grounds, Cities and Villages, all contribute to their Delight. They want no innocent Joy that the Earth can afford. Their Wealth consisteth in the Multitude of their Sheep, Camels, Goats and Oxen: And for them is all their Care, that they may not want Grass and Water in due Season. As for themselves they are resigned to Providence.

So are the *Tartars*, who sleep in Hords or Waggon, the only Cavaliers of *Asia*: Whose Life is a perpetual Campaign from the Cradle to the Grave: Their Labour and Ease are derived from the same Fountain; exercising themselves on Horseback at seven Years old; and feeding on the Milk of Mares as soon as they are weaned from their Mothers Breasts. Toil and Recreation.

ation with them are one and the same Thing, since they know no other Pleasure but what consisteth in riding, fighting, and conquering; or else in Death, which they believe translates them to new Joys, and those more poignant than they knew before. Therefore, they bravely court it at the Point of a Sword or the Mouth of a Cannon: Nothing beeing more scandalous or hateful than a Coward among them.

I protest, the very Idea of *Palus Mæotis*, and *Taurica Chersonesus*, with the rest of those horrible Fens and Marshes on the North of the *Black Sea*, which encompass the Dominions of the *Tartars*, affecteth me with a Passion, or rather such a Medley of Passions, as I know not how to name. Those ample Desarts, those untracked Solitudes, appear to my Imagination like the Limits of this old habitable World; and the Frontiers of some new, strange, and unknown Region; some *Terra Incognita*, where an universal Dissolution and Silence keep their Seat for ever: Where no Voices are heard but those of uncouth Satyrs, Fauns, and other exotick Tenants of the Woods and Moors. No other Sound but the whistling and roaring of the Winds. No Prospect but that of Trees which have appeared from the Infancy of Time; and where those are wanting the Eye is wearyed in a long endless Waste, which nothing seemeth to bound but the declining Arch of distant Skies, or low, black, melancholy Clouds, skirted with Mists and Fogs, eternal Mantles of the Northern Climes.

This is the Figure of those solitary Tracts where I would chuse to live, rather than in a City which stifles me with too much Plenty of every Thing but fresh Air and honest People.

Isouf, the Contrarieties which we find in earthly Things give a Gust to each other. And the most magnificent Palace would seem a Prison, were a Man always confined to live in it.

Cousin, I wish thee perpetual Liberty and Happiness.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1665.

L E T.

LETTER XXI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

A MIDST the Variety of Obligations which I have to discharge, I forget not to obey thy Commands. I have already, in my former Dispatches, acquainted thee with the Characters and some remarkable Passages of *Henry IV*, *Lewis XIII*, *Lewis XIV*, Cardinal *Richlieu*, Cardinal *Mazarini*, and the Prince of *Conde*. Now I will say something of the famous *Mareschal de Turenne*, whose Fame reacheth wheresoever the *French Wars* have been talked of for these forty Years. The Name of this great General is, *Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne*, Son of the Duke of *Bouillon*.

When his Father was near his Death, he called for both his Sons, whereof this was the Youngest. And among other Exhortations he recommended, in a special Manner, three Things to their Practice: Never to renounce or change their Religion: Never to take up Arms against their Sovereign: Nor to provoke the First Minister.

As to the First, the *Mareschal de Turenne* has hitherto kept it inviolably; but he hath faltered in both the other, having revolted from his Master's Service during his Minority, and opposed the Interest of Cardinal *Mazarini*, when the Parliament persecuted that Minister.

However, this hindereth not but that he is a great Soldier, and besides he is since reconciled to the King. He seemeth to be born for martial Affairs. And they relate of him, That when he was but Ten Years old, and his Governor missing him, had sought up and down every where for him, he at length found him fast asleep on a Cannon, which he seemed to embrace with his little Arms as far as they would reach. And when he asked why he chose such a Couch to lie on, he made Answer, ' That he designed to have slept there

‘ all Night, to convince his Father that he was hardy enough to undergo the Fatigues of War, although the old Duke had often persuaded him to the contrary.’ And to speak the Truth, no Man was more careless of his Body than this Prince.

At fourteen Years of Age he was sent into *Holland* to serve in the Army, under the Prince of *Orange*, who was his Uncle. There he applied himself to all the Discipline of War, doing the Duty of a private Soldier: Which is the common Way that Cadets, or younger Brothers, take to rise to the most eminent Offices. He was equally forward in Labours and Perils, never shunning any Fatigue or Hazard which might bring him Glory; yet he was not rash, the common Vice of Youth, but tempered all his Actions with an extraordinary Prudence and Solidity of Judgment, beyond what was expected from him at these Years. Yet, on the other Side, his Counsels were not slow and flegmatick, being of a very ready Forecast; and he seldom failed in his Contrivances. He was soon promoted to a Place of Command; and the Exactness of his Conduct raised him a vast Reputation, so that by Degrees he at last arrived to that Height of Power and Honour he now possesseth. He appears indefatigable in his Body, and of an invincible Resolution. He hateth Flatterers that think to gain his Friendship by praising him: And is equally averse from making use of such fawning Insinuations to others, although the greatest Princes of the Blood or the First Minister himself.

He hath also a certain Stedfastness of Spirit which cannot be warped by any artificial Addresses, although made to his own apparent Advantage, if they propose to him any Thing that has the least Semblance of what is base and dishonourable. Thus, he would never consent that the Honour of taking *Dunkirk* some Years ago should be ascribed to Cardinal *Mazarini*, although that Minister privately courted him to it, offering him the greatest Commands in the Kingdom if he would do him that Service; and the Mareschal knew it might prove

prove his Ruin if he did not. Yet such was his Integrity and Love to the Truth, that by no Means would he be brought to condescend to this Meanness of Spirit: Yet, perhaps, it might only proceed from the Aversion which in those Days he had for the Cardinal. Many Times it is evident that a natural Passion is made to pass for a moral Virtue. Besides, perhaps, he was unwilling to be deprived of the Glory due to him for that important Service.

He is a Man of few Words, and so secret in all his Counsels, that no Body knows any Thing of his Designs until he puts them in Execution. Every Man esteems him the most liberal Prince of this Age, having no other regard for Money than as it serves the Necessities of his Family, and enables him to oblige his Friends.

In a Word, whatever Vices he may have, he is yet endued with so many good Qualities and Virtues, that he is beloved by all the Nation, and in particular Favour with his Sovereign, who treats him not as a Subject, but as one of his most intimate Friends.

May God, who hath raised up this great Genius to aggrandize the French Monarchy, continually supply the Grand Signior with valiant and expert Generals, that the Empire of the Faithful *Osman*s may increase like the Moon, but never be in its Wane, until that Planet shall no more appear in the Heavens, and the Fastning of the Elements shall be dissolved.

Paris, 12th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1665.

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LETTER XXII.

To Orchan Cabet, Student of the Sciences, and
Pensioner to the Grand Signior.

*This Letter was
written originally
in Slavonick.*

THE French King hath lately received a gross Affront from the Poets. They have often been satyrical upon his Loves, and now they begin to burlesque upon his Money. A Day or Two ago, as he was newly risen out of his Bed, he found, on a Table in his Chamber, a Paper containing these Verses.

*Tu es Issue de Race Auguste.
Ton Ayeul est Henry le Grand;
Et ton Pere Lowis le Juste,
Pour Toy, tu n'es qu'un Lowis d'Argent.*

Thou knowest where the Force of the Poet's Wit lies, having travelled in France and learned their Language. The King smiled at the reading of it, and seemed to be pleased with the Frankness of the Author, saying, 'He was worth a Thousand Flatterers.' He promised likewise to give him five Hundred Louis's for his Wit, if he would discover himself, as also to pardon him on his Royal Word. But the Satyrist would not venture himself, knowing that Kings have more Ways than One to revenge themselves of private Persons, their Subjects. However, since the King appeared so well pleased with this, he was resolved to give him another Touch of his Skill. And the very next Morning, in the same Place, the King found these Words.

*Tu ne le Scaura pas Lowis,
Car j'étois seul quond je le fis.*

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There have been many Conjectures made about the Author of these Lampoons. Some say one Thing, and some another. And there are not wanting such as fasten it on a Virgin of *Collen*, now residing at this Court: Her Name is *Anne Marie de Skurnam*. She is very learned, and speaks *Arabick, Latin, Turkish, Greek, Italian, French* and *Spanish*, as fluently as her native Dialect. She is of a fine Wit, and piercing Judgment in the Controversies of Philosophy and Religion.

There are several Epistles of hers in Print, some penned in *Latin*, others in *French*, addressed to the Queen-Mother, Cardinal *Richlieu*, Cardinal *Mazarini*, and others; besides a Book of Poems, most of them Satires. And it is this last gives the World such a Jealousy of her writing the Lines which were found on the King's Table. For the Criticks have compared them with her Style; and find a very near resemblance between them.

But let who will be the Author, I think the *French* King is wronged in the Character they give him. For though he has heaped up great Quantities of Gold and Silver to carry on his vast Designs, yet he is no Miser, being very liberal to Persons of Merit.

I send thee this for thy Diversion, and in Order to our future Correspondence. Take it for an Example, and be as familiar with me, remembering the old *Latin* Proverb, *Manus manum fricat*.

Paris, 11th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Bassa.

MAY thy Heart be chearful, and thy Voyage crowned with Success, where-ever thou sailest,
noble

noble old *Tarpaulin*, and Favourite of the God of the Sea. The Empire of the *Ottomans* has not had so brave a Commander of the Navy these thirty Years. God grant thee good Fortune against the Infidels, whether on the White or Black Seas. Thou art already famous for thy Exploits on the latter, in above twenty Engagements with the *Cossacks*, *Circassians*, and the rest of those thievish Countries. But nothing has raised thy Character so high as the last Combat thou hadst with *Pachicour*, the renowned Pyrate of those Parts, who threatened not only his Christian Neighbours, but also the *Ottoman* Empire with infinite Ravages.

But thou hast stemmed the Tide of his Glory, humbled the maritime People his Confederates, and by that means made thyself a Way into the *Archipelago* and *Mediterranean*, where thou ridest as another *Neptune*, King of the Waters.

Take not this for Flattery; for I tell thee, I have not said so much to a *Bassâ* of the Sea these seven and twenty Years. Neither indeed had I any Reason. He that merited the most applause in all that Time was the brave *Zornesân Mustapha*. And I address'd no more to him than his due. Fortune did not favour him, or else he had done great Things. As for the rest, they were generally Men never bred to Sea-Affairs, but Minions of the Court, or Bullies of the City, who were better at making a Noise, than at any Action of Hazard or Importance. And there were some bold Renegadoes, but they played fast and loose, and no Body knew where to have them.

Treachery infects the whole World; but in these Western Parts it reigns as in its Center. Here is nothing but Undermining and Ambushes: One State trepanning another out of their Guards, and then they play their own Game.

It would be endless to acquaint thee with the Original of the Quarrel between the *English* and the *Dutch*. Let it be enough for thee to know, that these People are at odds now: And in regard the Strength of both Nations lies in their Shipping, they are preparing to cover

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the Northern Seas with Navies; but the Islanders still get the best on't. They claim the Sovereignty of those Seas, and in my Opinion they deserve it. I speak according to my Intelligence; being assured, that no Nation ever prevailed against them on that Element.

They have had a terrible Fight this Summer, wherein the *Dutch* lost seventeen Ships of War, besides Vessels of smaller Note. The Commander of the *English* Fleet is called the Duke of *York*, a great General, and Brother to the *English* Kings. His Name was famous in *France* and *Flanders* during the *Spanish* War. And though the Land afforded him no farther Occasions of Glory, yet he has found some in the Sea. *Opdam*, the greatest Admiral that ever the *Dutch* could boast of, fell a Sacrifice to his Genius.

I am the more particular in this Relation, because it is fit thou shouldst know the Characters of all the brave Heroes living.

Since this Fight, the King of *France* has sent an Ambassador to the *English* Court to mediate a Peace. What Issue his Negotiation will have, is of no great Import to us, who serve the Grand Signior, sole Lord of the Four Seas: But I will tell thee something which it concerns thee to know.

The King of *France* is going to cut a Canal through Part of his Kingdom, by which the *Mediterranean* may be joined to the Main Sea. This is a vast Design, and much discoursed of in *Europe*, being a Parallel to what has been formerly attempted by some Kings of *Egypt*, and Emperors of *Rome*, to join the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea* together, for the sake of an easier Traffick to the *East Indies*.

Thou oughtest also to be informed of the Duke of *Beaufort's* Exploits on the Coasts of *Barbary*. He is Commander of the *French* Navy in those Seas, and has done great Injuries to the People of *Algier*, *Sarcelle*, *Bougie*, and other Ports.

Though these Rebels are deservedly punished for deserting the Protection of the High *Porte*, yet let us remember,

member, that the *Algerines* are Mussulmans, and therefore ought not to be abandoned to the Malice of Infidels.

Mighty Bassa, sail thou in the Strength of God against the Enemies of the *Ottoman* Empire. And when thou hast finished thy Voyage here below, may a Wind of Mercy waft thee over the Waters which are above the Firmament, and land thee safe in one of the Ports of Paradise.

Paris, 3d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1665.

The End of the Third Book.





LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. VI.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS Court has put on the exterior Semblance of Mourning, whilst they inwardly rejoice at the Death of *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*. He deceased on the 17th of the 9th Moon. It is possible their Grief is more real for the Death of the Duke of *Vendosme*, a Prince of Royal Extraction, and, whilst living, not far from a Possibility of inheriting the Crown of *France*. But now he is gone to the Grave, the general Receptacle of all Mortals, and which makes no Distinction between the Noble and the Vulgar.

There have been abundance of Ceremonies performed on the Part of the King, the Dauphin, the Duke of *Orleans*, the Duke of *Valois*, and other Princes of the Blood, for the Health of the departed Soul: For the *Nazarenes*, to give them their due, fall not short of the True Faithful, in believing the Resurrection and Immortality

talities to come. They consign the Bodies of the Dead to their Sepulchres, with solemn Rites of Religion, perfuming them with Incense, and sprinkling them with Holy Water; rehearsing also certain sacred Hymns and Prayers appointed for that Purpose. Neither do they neglect to fast and give Alms, to perform any pious Office which is practised by the Mussulmans, for their Friends who are gone to the invisible State. They agree with us in abundance of good Things, and if they mix some Superstitions and Errors, let us pity their Weakness, and praise God who guides us into the right Way, and suffers us not to be seduced into the Way of Infidels. He is the Merciful of the Merciful, the Joy of the Elect, and the Hope of all Nations. Should he punish Men according to their hourly Demerits, the Earth would soon be depopulated, and void of any other Inhabitants save the Beasts. But he knows our Mold, and remembers that we are no more than a mere Froth or Spume of the Elements, and that in a very little Time, by the Course of Nature, we shall vanish like Bubbles which yield to every Blast of Wind. Therefore he spares us, and connives at our Infirmities, because he is the Lover of Souls.

I speak this as an incentive to Charity among ourselves, and to our Fellow-Mortals. It seems to me unreasonable, that we should pursue with inexorable Hatred all the followers of *Jesus*. He was a Holy Prophet, humble, mild, chaste, and harmless. He did many good Works himself, and commanded his Disciples to imitate his Example. He rebuked those among them that would have called down Fire from Heaven to consume his Enemies: Enjoining them to return Blessings for Curses, Prayers for Blasphemies, and Good for Evil. There are those among them who obey his Precepts. As for the Wicked, I am not their Advocate. If the greatest Part of the Christians live contrary to the Law of the Messias, let us consider also how many Hypocrites, Libertines, Hereticks, and Atheists there are among those who profess the Mussulman Faith. Doubtless, there are good and Bad of all Religions.

And

And it is impossible to find an Assembly of just Men, without a Mixture of Sinners.

As for our Differences with the People of *Jesus*, in Matter of Worship, it ought not to make us forget that we are Men, compounded of the same Flesh and Blood as they. And for ought we know, God, who made all the Nations of the Earth, may accept of their various Rites and Ceremonies in paying him Divine Adoration.

We that are the Posterity of *Ismael*, and worship the Eternal after the Manner of our Fathers, who followed the Pattern of *Ibrahim* the beloved of God, cannot deny but that the Law of *Moses* was of Divine Original: And yet it contains Precepts and Injunctions, to which we are wholly Strangers in our Practice; though the *Jews*, who are the Descendants of *Jacob*, obey them to this Day.

So we believe what the Alcoran says of the *Messias*, That he is the Breath and Word of God; that he healed Diseases, raised the Dead, wrought many other Miracles, and preached the true heavenly Doctrine. Yet there is abundance of Differences between the Ceremonies which the very Apostles used in the Service of God, and the Worship established by *Mahomet* our holy Law-giver. But he tells us, that they, who live up to the Law of *Jesus*, shall go to Paradise as well as the Musulmans.

The greatest Scandal which the Christians give us is their setting up Pictures and Images in their Temples, and the Reverence they pay to those insensible Pieces of human Art. And yet for ought we know they may be excusable before God; since they profess openly in the publick Decrees of their Councils, that the Veneration and Honour they pay to the Figures of Saints and Angels is only relative; the Devotion at the same Time resting not on this Side the Prototypes.

If this be true, I see no more hurt in their Worship of Images, than in bowing and prostrating before the Alcoran, which is but another Sort of Imagery, representing the Divine Will.

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In a word, if the Hieroglyphicks of the antient *Egyptians* are allowed to be lawful Letters, and Instruments to express the Inward Conceptions of the Mind ; in my Opinion, the Painting and Sculpture, which we see in the Churches of the Christians, ought not to be condemned as an easier Way to convey the History of *Jesus*, and the rest of the Prophets and Saints to the Vulgar, who are generally ignorant of Letters. Unless we shall say, that the Son of *Mary* was an Idol, and the Prophets and Saints were Devils ; which God avert from the Mouth of a True Believer.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER II.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

THY Dispatch came to my Hands in a good Hour. I perused with Reverence the Paternal Instructions it contained ; the grave and judicious Apothegms ; the sacred Rules and Institutions of a regular and spiritual Life ; the Morals more refined than those of *Pindar*, *Epictetus*, *Seneca*, or *Cato*. But pardon me, if I relish not so well thy Panegyrick on some of the newly canonized Saints ; from which you take occasion to extol the Pope's Infallibility, and to exclude from Salvation all that are not within the Pale of the *Roman Church*.

I am a Christian and a Catholick as well as you. I honour the Apostles and Martyrs, with all the Primitive Saints, Confessors, and Holy Doctors of the Church. But I can never be persuaded, that a Man for being a Murderer, Traytor, and Inventor of cruel Devices, or a Learned Sycophant, can merit Heaven, though he may be ranked in the Red Lines of the Calendar. Much less can I believe, that all Men shall be damned, who

are

are not in Communion with the Bishop of *Rome*. Certainly the Catholick or Universal Church is not shut up within the narrow Confines of the shattered *Roman* Empire. Consider *Greece*, *Armenia*, *Egypt*, *Muscovy*, *Ethiopia*, and all the spacious Territories of *Europe*, and the East. How many Millions daily say the Pater-Noster, and pray in *Jesus's* Name, yet never paid Obedience to any but their own Patriarchs and Bishops? Were not all the Apostles equally in Commission? Were not the Churches they founded and established equally holy and orthodox? Where then commenced the mighty Schism, but in the morose Pride of *Victor*, who (for the sake of Paschal Niceties) affronted all the Churches in the World, and was for that Reason severely reproved by a *French* Bishop of his own Obedience; besides the Reprimands of *Polycarp*, and other Prelates of the East? Was not St. *John* the Beloved, that rested his Head with Divine Honour on the Breast of *Christ*, as privy to the Laws of his Master as *Peter*, *Paul*, or any other abortive Apostle? Remember the first General Council at *Jerusalem*, where *James* the Brother of our Lord sat President, decreeing abstinences exactly opposite to the present *Roman* Faith and Practice. And believe at the same time, that it was Imperial Vanity and Pride which first begot the fatal Separation. Heresy was but the Bastard of the Apostolick Canons, cherished and too much countenanced by *Constantine* and his Successors, until the fatal Time of *Phocas*, whose untimely Death made all Things ripe for the intended Usurpation. Oh *Guicciardine*! How truly hast thou writ the State of modern *Rome*! Worthy as *Horace* of eternal Honour. Thy faithful Prose equals his courtly Verse, and merits new *Augustuses* to patronize it.

Believe me, Father *William*, I have no Spite or Enmity against the *Roman* High-Priest. I reverence him equally with his Brethren the Patriarchs of *Constantinople*, *Jerusalem*, *Alexandria*, and *Antioch*. I would go beyond this for the Sake of Conformity to ancient Custom, and, in Obedience to the celebrated Council of *Nice*, I would willingly acknowledge him
the

the Primate of the World. Let him have the first Place, in God's Name, among the Patriarchs of the Universal Church. But let him not ride on the Necks of his Equals. Let him not pretend a Power to cancel the Apostolick Canons; traverse the Traditions of the Fathers, repeal the Decrees of General Councils, dispense with the Laws of Nature, Grace, Reason, Morality, and the very Institutions of his Predecessors, Men, without question, as infallible as he. This is not the Way to make Profelytes to the *Roman* Faith, unless it be of Fools and Knaves. The World has received new Lights, Father *William*, and Men begin to hiss religious Bantering off the Stage. Nay, even they who are most guilty of it, I mean the *Roman* Courtiers, Cardinals, and Priests, cannot forbear laughing at the Folly, and credulous Easiness of those on whom they impose their pious Frauds. The bigotted Laity are by them esteemed no better than silly Asses, tamely couching under the Burdens of their Ecclesiastical Lords and Drivers.

Therefore, it is time for thee to open thy Eyes, lift up thy Head, and lay aside Monastick Simplicity: I do not counsel thee to turn Libertine, or imitate the *Italian* Gallantry, which has taught the Priests, instead of sacred Continece, to squint a Benediction on some charming Lady from the Altar, in the Name of *Dominus Vobiscum*, or *Sursum Corda*; even whilst they are preparing for Divine Revels, to banquet on the Flesh and Blood of God. Oh! monstrous Perfidy, and execrable Profaneness! Nor if thou art affronted and revengeful, would I advise thee to time the Execution of thy Wrath like the *Sicilian* Vespers, and make the Bells become the Signals of thy Cruelty, which ought, and were designed, and consecrated on purpose to drill on harmless Souls to Church, with their dull, sleepy, jangling Chimes; and with their more triumphant, lofty Musick, on the Festivals of the Saints, to make devout Christians dream they are going to Heaven, instead of a Massacre. I would not have thee hope to merit Paradise, by sending thither in Obedience to the Pope,

Pope, or General of thy Order, the majestick Souls of Kings or Emperors, in Vehicles of sacred Poison or envenomed Eucharists. Believe that those Prelates, Priests, or Monks, who are thus divinely prophane, and mercifully cruel, shall become Mitred, Vested, Cowled Monsters, in the fiercest and most violent glowing Dens of Hell; there with the most exalted Arseicks, Mercuries, and whatsoever gives the highest Pains, to languish, pine, and rack away Ten Thousand, Thousand, Thousand Ages, in Penances of slow Effect, which expiate but very late the crying Sins of guilty Murderers, and bloody Hypocrites.

Yet such as these, since modern Times, are the only Men thought worthy to be canonized for Saints; which made a certain honest Cardinal cry out in Presence of the Pope, These new Saints force me to doubt the Old Ones.

Father *William*, the same Thought begins and ends my Letter. Yours was upon the Stretch, extolling far too high the largeness of the *Roman* Church, the inallible Power of the Popes, the Miracles of these New Saints. And I, for my Part, am a Man abhorring Bigotry. I cannot believe Things contrary to my Reason. I wish the Differences of Mankind in Point of Religion were rationally composed, and that the Good of all Sects, Factions, Parties, Churches, and Communions, were united in this Life, as they surely will be in the next.

In the mean time, to the Father without Beginning; to the Son without a Younger Brother; to the Holy Ghost, the First and the Last; to the Virgin *Mary* the Mother of the Entire Deity, I recommend thee and all good Christians, hoping to see you in Heaven, though we cannot it seems think alike on Earth.

Paris, 1st of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1665.

L E T.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

ACCORDING to thy Desire, I have procur'd and sent thee the Alcoran, with other Writings of our Holy Doctors; Books which will conduct thee to the right Way. Thou wilt find in these Volumes a Spirit of Life and Power. There breathes in them a certain vital Principle of Reason; so that whosoever reads them attentively, may feel (if I may so speak) the very pulse of intellectual Wisdom, beating in every Sentence.

There is a vast Difference between these Writings full of Arguments clear and Intelligible, and the Whimsies of thy Rabbies, who abound in sacred Fables, and divine Romances.

Who can peruse your celebrated Misnah, without Disdain? Or look into your more applauded Talmud and not feel himself touched with Horror, at the monstrous Blasphemies and ridiculous Forgeries therein contained? Dost thou not laugh at the Story of God's picking up the *Leviathan* until the Days of the Messiah; and that other of the Bull which daily devours the Fodder of a Thousand Mountains? Or wilt thou shew me the Nest of that Bird, from whence, the Talmud says, an Egg falling on the Earth threw down three hundred Cedars with its Weight, and, at length breaking, overflowed sixty Villages with the liquid Substance included in the Shell?

Such as these must needs be fit Themes for the Contemplations of the Omnipotent! And yet your Rabbies teach, that God studies nine Hours of the Day in the Talmud. Can any Man of common Piety hear these Blasphemies and not tremble? What Affronts are these to human Sense? What Impositions on the Reason of the credulous *Jews*? Does the most perfect of all Beings acquire Knowledge by Degrees, or is the Eternal Intellect improved by reading of Books? Or

it were so, would he not make a better Choice than of a Volume, which, in the incredible Stories it relates, exceeds all the Figments of Poets?

Tell me, *Nathan*, can'st thou swallow that loud Lye of the *Talmud*, which tells thee, That there was a Lyon, who when he roared at the Distance of four Hundred Miles from *Rome*, all the Women that were with Child in that City, being affrighted at the Noise, miscarried, and the Walls of *Rome* fell down? And when he drew nearer by a Hundred Miles, he set up his Throat again, which made so terrible a Sound, that all the *Romans* Teeth fell out of their Heads, and the Emperor himself felt such Convulsions, as had well-nigh cost him his Life.

Surely the Crow, which the *Talmud* speaks of in another Place, was but a Puny to this monstrous Lion; and yet it seems that Crow swallowed a Serpent, that had eaten a Frog as big as a Village of threescore Houses, and when he had done, flew into the next Tree. I suppose, that was the Tree which grew in Paradise, and was five Hundred Miles high, according to the *Talmud*. Have I not Reason for this Raillery, when one of your Rabbies solemnly swears, he was an Eye-witness of these Things? Who can forbear to ridicule the Bigotry of those who give up their Faith to such Delusions?

Thou wilt meet with more rational Entertainment in the Books of the Mussulman Doctors; more especially in that Transcript thou hast of the Volume first dictated in Heaven. That confirms the true Law of *Moses*, but damns the Impostures of the *Talmud*, attributing the Invention of such Errors to the Devil.

But thou wilt ask me, perhaps, what I mean by the true Law of *Moses*? Shall I tell thee the Opinion of one of thy own Nation, a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*, as he pretends, and, for ought I know, of the same Tribe with thyself: For I am a Stranger to the Genealogies of you both.

Some Years ago here was in this City a Man, who, if we may believe him, has been in all the Cities of the World. The *French* call him the *Wandering*

Jew; and he confirmed that Title, by the Profession he made of his Birth, Descent, and universal Travels. No doubt but thou hast heard of this Man, or, at least, of such a Character, and therefore I need not repeat what he said of himself, and what the Generality of Mankind believe of him. Suffice it to tell thee, that I was once in his Company Half a Day together; when, among other Discourses, he told me, that the true Law of *Moses* has been lost for above these two Thousand Years, except in the North Parts of *Asia*, where there are an infinite Number of *Hebrews*, but far different in their Religion from all the *Jews* in the rest of the World. He says, the Country where they inhabit is environed round with high and inaccessible Mountains. I asked him the exact Geographical Situation of this Country, but received no other Answer than that it lay beyond the River *Sabbation*. Then I remembered what I had read in *Esdras*, a Scribe of thy Nation, concerning the Transmigration of the Ten Tribes who were carried away Captives by the *Assyrians*: How they passed through a certain River on dry Ground, the Waters being divided to the Right Hand and to the Left, and that after the same Manner they should return again in the latter Days; but that in the mean Time, the Region where they live was hidden from all other Mortals.

Comparing this Passage with what I had heard from the *Wandering Jew*, I became almost persuaded that the People and Country of which he spake, were the very same mentioned by *Esdras*. God only can discern the Truth from Error in Histories of so remote and ancient a Subject.

As to their Religion, I was just going to give thee an Account of what he said concerning it, but am interrupted by Company. Wherefore I am forced to break off abruptly. Expect a full Relation in my next. I am in haste.

Paris, 4th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER IV.

To the Same.

THE Interruption which made me so suddenly conclude my other Letter lasted not long; so that I have Time enough to perform my Promise by the same Post.

I was about to relate what the *Wandering Jew* told me of the Religion of those remote *Hebrews* in *Asia*, which take as follows.

He says, they are a Nation of Philosophers, bound by their Laws to study the Liberal Arts and Sciences. They have none but Iron-money current among them; the Use of Gold and Silver Coins being expressly forbidden by their Laws, to prevent the Temptations of Avarice and Theft: For who would steal, or covet a Metal, which, for its Bulk, was not easy to be hid, nor for its Beauty very desireable, being every where common in the Veins of the Earth, and served only as a Method of Barter and Commerce among themselves, where the Inequality of Merchandises entangled their Traffick, and would not admit of a ready Exchange.

This took from them the Occasion of many unnecessary Arts at Home, and they had no Temptation to travel Abroad; the chief Design of their Lawgiver being to oblige them to spend most of their Time in religious and philosophical Exercises, and the rest in preparing Necessaries for human Sustenance. They had no need to buy any Thing of foreign Countries, or to build Ships for that End, who were bound to live content with the natural Product of their own fertile Country: For Luxury has not yet set Footing in that happy Region, if we may believe this Traveller. He says, they feed altogether on the Fruits of the Earth, not admitting any Art or Employment which tends to Superfluity, but only such as serve the necessary Uses of Life, wherein they shew an admirable Dexterity and Skill.

When they travel from one Town to another, which is very frequent, they never carry any Thing to defray their Charges by the Way, or when they arrive at their Journey's End : All Entertainment of this Nature being free and reciprocal. Such is the Custom of the Country.

They have no Lawyers among them, but if any Contention arise, it is presently determined by the Arbitration of the next Neighbour, to whose Sentence all submit : Every Man being willing to lose something of his Right, rather than disturb the Publick Amity and Peace.

As to the Manner of their Worship, they are strict Observers of Purity in washing, anointing, and shaving their Bodies.

They have Temples also where they assemble every Seventh Day ; and having offered up the First-Fruits of the Earth, they sit down in the Courts, and banquet together with Joy, whilst the Priests entertain them with excellent Musick and Songs in Praise of God and his Works. To this End the Courts of their Temples are made very large, that they may contain so many distinct Families ; and stately Pavilions are set up, adorned with the Boughs of green Trees, with all manner of Flowers carelessly intermixed. But amidst all their Feasting they are not permitted to taste of Flesh. They eat only the Fruits of the Earth, with Milk, Honey, and Oil. And their common Drink is Water and Wine.

At the Age of sixteen Years, every Man is bound to take the following Oath :

• **I** Swear that I will adore but One God, who brought
 • our Fathers out of *Egypt*, and has conducted us
 • by a mysterious Path to this Land of Promise. I will
 • religiously serve him all my Life, for that he has
 • vouchsafed to plant me in the Family of his Elect,
 • and not either of the Two Tribes who were left be-
 • hind in the Land of Delusions. I will do justly to all
 • Men.

Men, neither will I voluntary hurt or kill any living Creature, unless it be in my own Defence. I will not taste of the Flesh of any Animal, but in all Things observe the Abstinence commanded by *Allah* to *Moses* on the Mount. I will religiously obey my Prince to my last Breath, and rather be torn in Pieces by wild Beasts than betray him, or consent to betray him to another: For he is the Vice-Roy of God. I will never conceal my Knowledge of any Conspiracy against him, or my Country, neither will I discover his Secrets to any, if it should ever be my Honour to know them. I will observe the Traditions of my Fathers, and teach the same and no other to my Posterity. In fine, I will in all Things obey the Laws of this sacred Kingdom, this Region of Peace, this Garden of Bliss. All this I solemnly swear by the first Father of Light, and by Nothing the profound Womb of Darkness, and by Silence the Companion of that Death which no created Being can fathom, which is the same as if I should with myself annihilated, if I violate this Oath in the least Point.

These are all the Terms of the Oath that I can distinctly remember, which I here insert, to shew thee what Opinion these People have of the Law which was given to *Moses* on the Mount, and how they reject the Two Tribes that were left in *Palestine*, and esteemed of that Country but as the Land of Delusions, as counting their own Country the Region of Promise, and themselves the Elect of God.

One would think that these were the Posterity of the Ten Tribes that were carried away Captives by *Salmanasar* King of *Affyria*. And this was also the Opinion of that Wanderer, who told me, that both their Pentateuch was different from yours, and the Language wherein it is written. For he said it was rather a Dialect of *Arabick*, in which Language thou knowest God wrote the Ten Commandments on the two Tables: Among which, one is, *Thou shalt not Kill*. This Prohibition they say, extends to all Living Creatures, though your Doc-

tors interpret it as only reaching to Men, and so do the Christians. But the Mussulmans interpret it thus, *Thou shalt kill neither Man nor Beast without Reason.* By which Clause, the Beasts are privileged from the wanton Cruelty of Men, who otherwise would murder them only to make Sport; yet wicked Men are not exempted from a violent Death, as a Punishment of their Crimes.

This Traveller says also, that the People of that Country are so healthy, that they generally live until they are a hundred and twenty Years old, which is almost twice the Age of other Mortals. This he ascribes to their exquisite Temperance and Moderation in all Things, as also to the Dryness of the Soil, and to the Force of certain Winds, which continually sweep the Air of this delectable Region, and purge it of all hurtful Qualities.

If ever it be thy Fortune to see this Person, he will acquaint thee with a great many more delightful Passages, which it would be too tedious for me to insert in a Letter; besides, my Memory is treacherous, and I often forget those Things at one Time, which I remember at another: But if thou art solicitous to hear more, I will oblige thee with all that I can call to mind of this Traveller in another Letter.

In the mean Time, make a right Use of these Hints, and weigh one Thing with another, examine all Things without Prejudice or Partiality. Trust no Man's Reason but thy own in Matters of a disputable Nature, since thou hast as much Right to decide the Controversy, as any Man. And thus thou wilt never become Bankrupt in Religion.

Paris, 4th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER V.

To Mohammed, Hadgi, Dervich Eremité of
Mount Uriel in Arabia the Happy.

AS I think, this is the last of my Hours in this World, and the first of a new Life, which I shall commence in Immortality: I perceive that the fatal Period, the Moment of Transmigration, set by Destiny, is approaching. The Crisis of my Blood is dissolving in space; my Spirit hastens to get loose from these mortal Chains: I feel my Soul trying and stretching her Wings, preparing to take her eternal Flight to the Region assigned her by God and Nature.

I have not Presumption enough to hope for Paradise, nor am I so abandoned to Despair, as to conclude I shall go to Hell. I rather believe, *Aaraf*, or the Place of Prisons, will be my Portion; in regard I fear the Evils which I have been guilty of are not over-balanced by my good Actions. It is well if Virtue has counterpoised Vice in the Course of this mortal Life. However, I am resigned, and commit myself to the Indulgent Creator of all Things, who will not fail to dispose of me according to the Order which he has established in the Universe.

Methinks, were I even in Hell, I could not forbear praising that Fountain of all Things. I would teach the Devils and Damned a new Lesson of Patience and Contentedness, of Humility and Devotion, of Generosity and Love, amidst their tremendous Torments. I would survey with an Indifference becoming a True Believer, the Horrid Abyss, with all its dreadful Vaults and Apartments. I would consider the wonderful Architecture of those infernal Prisons, the inexpugnable Strength of the Walls; their prodigious Thickness and unmoveable Fastness; I would contemplate every Thing with the Reason of a Philosopher, and the Piety of a Mussulman,

man, not giving myself up to the Passions of a Fool and an Infidel.

All this I imagine were easy to perform in those fatal Caverns, and much more, but GOD knows how the Experience of such an intolerable Anguish and Restraint might alter a Man's Mind.

However, I find it Medicinal to think of the last and worst Things, to be always prepared for Death, and whatsoever shall follow it: For Surprizes are apt to unman us, and plunder us of our Reason. I was in the Height of a violent Fever when I began this Letter; yet now it is abated, and I palpably feel the gentle Returns of Health and Life. This is owing to my Judgment, to the real Belief I had that my last Hour was come, which I have so long expected. And I could almost persuade myself, that I shall disperse a Thousand Maladies, recover out of the most dangerous Paroxysms, and prolong my Days to old Age, by the meer Force of these Contemplations.

My Faith in this Point is grounded on Experience: For I have often found, that to be armed against Calamities with an even Mind is either a sure Way to avoid them, or at least to protract the Season of their Arrival. And if there were nothing else in it, but the rendering them more easy when they come, it were worth any Man's Pains to try the Experiment.

Doubtless, there is no Terror in Death, but what the vain Opinion of Men creates. It is as pleasant for a thinking Man to die as to live, if it be only for this Reason, that in his Passage from the Life he had led before, he shall not have bare naked Ideas for his Contemplation; but Matter of Fact, and the most important that ever employed the Souls of Men.

O admirable *Sylvan*, consider with thyself whether it will not be highly grateful to thy languishing Soul, when thou shalt perceive demonstratively, by the infallible *Enthymemas* of thy trembling Pulse, that thou art just ready to be released from the deceitful Sophistry of human Life! that thou art near escaping from a narrow Cage to be upon the Wing at large, to fly into the ample

ple Fields of Beauty, Light, and endless Happiness: Reflect also at the same Time, O holy *Eremite*, that I should think it no Pain to be freed from my Confinement to a stinking Nest of Infidels.

But why should I give them that reproachful Epithet, when, for ought I know, I am a greater Infidel myself? It is true, indeed, I am of the Lineage of *Ibrahim*, *Ismael*, and the Holy Race; I bear in my Body the Seals of a Divine League or Covenant between God and Man; I was circumcised in due Time, and gave supreme Glory to one God, and Honour to *Mahomet* his Messenger. I pronounced the Seven Mysterious Words, whose Sound excites the Harmony of the Spheres, sets the Angels a dancing, puts all Nature into Motion, and makes the Devil as deaf as a Beetle. Nay, as our Holy Doctors teach, the very Breath with which that sacred Confession is uttered, blows the Ashes of Hell into the Eyes of the damned, and strikes them blind. In a Word, I have fasted, prayed, given Alms, and performed all the external Duties of a True Believer; yet I have Reason to fear that the best of my pious Actions are not sufficient to cancel my Sins. My Practice runs counter to my Faith; there seems to be a double Spirit in me, one inclining me to Good, and the other forcing me to Evil. For, whilst I really in my Heart believe the *Alcoran*, and obey *Mahomet*, our Holy Lawgiver, I am compelled to deny both, to profess the Life and Manners of a *Nazarene*, to counterfeit an Infidel, and do a Thousand other ill Things, to please the Grand Signior and his Slaves. Thus I play fast and loose with God Almighty, and turn Religion into Cross-Purposes. Yet Heaven knows, that I obtest all the Elements to witness, that I would fain be innocent, and live in unblemished Virtue: But the fatal Necessities I lie under constrain me to a perpetual Course of Vice. Which makes me sometimes cry out in the Agonies of my Soul, 'O GOD! I pray thee either to alter my Circumstances and reform my Nature, or make new Laws more easy to be kept.'

Venerable and Patient Solitary, bear with my importunate Complaints; and remember, that though thou art as an Angel for thy Perfections, yet *Mahmut* is but a Man, subject to a Thousand Frailties. Pity him, and continue to afford him thy sage Counsel; rest also assured, that, among all his Infirmities, he still retains inviolable Affections and dutiful Regard for the Tenets of God's Prophet.

Paris, 22d of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimachan.

THOU may'st report it to the Divan for a Certainty, that *Mirammud*, the Son of the *Xeriph* at *Sallee*, is taken Prisoner by the *French*. That bold Youth has long roved the Seas uncontrouled; has done many Injuries to the Christians, filled *Sallee* with Slaves: Now he himself is become a Captive. Such is the Fortune of War by Sea and Land; To-day Triumphant and Victorious, To-morrow Vanquished and in Chains. Yet he lost not his Honour with his Liberty, having bravely defended his Vessel, and strewed the Decks with slaughtered *French*; until, over-powered with Numbers, he was compelled to yield. His Enemies extol his Courage, and the Greatness of his Mind, which would not sink under the Pressure of this Misfortune. He seemed to have the Command of himself, (which is the most glorious Victory) and suffered not his Free-born Soul to be led Captive by his Passions; but behaved himself with such an even Temper, as placed him above the Pity of his Enemies, and rather made him the Subject of their Emulation. He is brought to the Court, where he is entertained as a Guest rather than as a Prisoner; being

being invited to their Banquets, Masks, Plays, and other Divertisements. Neither is he debarred the Privilege of Hunting, which might give him the fairest Opportunity to escape. But he is ignorant of the Language of this Country; and few of the *French* understand *Moreſco*: So that it is almost impossible for him to make any Party, or consult his Flight, unless the King's Interpreter should assist him. Besides, the *French* have a higher Opinion of his Generosity, than to apprehend such an ingrateful Return of the Royal Usage he finds in this Court.

As for *Mahmut*, he has not as yet made himself known to this brave Captive. But if the Ministers of the Divan shall think it the Interest or Honour of the Sublime Porte to engage in this Affair, I want but a Commission to set *Mirammud* safe ashore in *Africk*.

I will not hazard any Thing in an Affair of this Importance, without an Order from my Superiors. When their Pleasure is once known, the Execution shall be swift. I wait for thy Commands as for a Decree of Destiny, which cannot be repealed.

The God of our Fathers, who multiplied the Seed of *Iſhmael* as the Grass of the Field, and gave them the Sovereignty over many Nations, grant that the Sublime Porte, which is the Nursery of the Faithful, may always take such Measures as shall advance the Interest of the *Muſſulman* Empire.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1666.



L E T-

LETTER VII.

To Hamel Muladdin, Xeriph of Sallee.

THY Son is no longer a Captive, but a Conqueror : His first Appearance before the Ladies of this Court was an Equivalent to his Ransom. He is like to do thee greater Service by his Chains, than when he ranged the Seas. His Beauty may do more Mischief in *France* than all thy Ships of War; since it hath already created such Rivalships and Factions among the Fair Sex, as engages the *French* Gallants on many unhappy Rencontres; and in a little Time it will be difficult for the interested Sparks to meet and part with unsheathed Swords. Libels and Panegyricks divide the Studies of the Wits; while one flatters, another lampoons the amorous Females; and *Mirammud*, the illustrious Slave, is all the Talk. In a Word, he finds Royal Usage, having the Liberty of the Court; and all are pleased with his graceful Deportment, and undisguised Conversation. Every one affects his Company, and he has the Fate of Princes, Never to be alone. His Skill in Riding and throwing the Lance has enflamed the noble Youth with martial Emulations. They esteem *Mirammud* the most accomplished Person of this Age.

Canst thou now repine at thy Son's glorious Thraldom? A Captivity that loads him with so many Honours? That lays his Conquerors at his Feet, and subdues all Hearts to his matchless Perfections? His Followers find Friendship among the Infidels for his Sake: It were to be wished that equal Humanity were shewed to the Christian Slaves in *Barbary*. I tell thee, thy Son is so admired and loved, that all thy Treasure cannot redeem him. The *French* are generous, and scorn to sell the Brave for Gold. They will sooner give thee thy Son again, expecting from his Gratitude a Recompence surpassing the Value of Money; that is, an invaluable

olable observing the Conditions of Peace, which, they say, thou hast so often broke. Thy Ambassadors are expected here to consummate a lasting Friendship. When that is done, thou wilt quickly see thy Son return attended by a numerous Train of *French*, who have vowed to follow his Fortune through the World, so long as he draws not his Scymetar against their King.

I have dispatched an Account of this Adventure to the Kaimacham, that so the sublime Porte, which gives the Law to all the Kings on Earth, may interest itself on thy Behalf. The *French* seem to have a profound Attach to the *Ottoman* Empire: Whether it proceeds not more from Fear and the Principles of Policy, than from any real Love to the *Mussulmans*, I will not determine. They speak reverently of the Grand Signior, covet his Friendship, and applaud the victorious Enterprizes of the True Believers. Indeed they are naturally a martial People, and honour all Men of brave Spirits and daring Resolutions. They have this particular Reason also to bear Friendship to the invincible *Osmons*, because we are almost continually in Wars with the House of *Austria*, the old Enemy of *France*. The *Germans* are wont to say, That the Dragon's Head and Tail are in Conjunction, when the *Turks* and the *French* invade the Empire at the same Time. These are numbered amongst the Constellations by Astrologers, to which the *Germans* allude in this Proverb; being ever jealous of some private Treaty between the Sultan and the *French* Court.

GOD, who is the Wisest of the Wisest, instruct thee to adjust thy Differences happily with this noble Nation, that so thou may'st see thy Son again in Peace at *Sallee*.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1666.

L E T.

LETTER VIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master of the Customs, at Constantinople.

UPON my Word, thy Letter came in a critical Hour, to prevent, for ought I know, more Mischiefs than could have been repaired again all the Days of my Life. I have but just taken my Eyes off from it, and set Pen to Paper, to express my Thanks to thee for the Care thou takest of thy exiled Brother; for the Post goes this Night, and I have appointed to meet *Eliachim* the Jew, with some *Armenians*, within these few Minutes. It had been an unfortunate Meeting for me, had not thy Dispatch come so opportunely to give me Warning of our Cousin *Solyman's* Perfidy: For these Furred Caps are his Spies and Confidants. The back Blows of *Tagot*, *Negidher*, and the *Great Devil*, be upon him and them. What have I done to that ungrateful Villain, to merit such ill Offices from him? But upon thee be the Mercies of God, the Favours of his Prophet, and the Benedictions of all good Men and Angels: For thou art to me as one of the Watchers above, more than a Brother: Thou art the Tutelar Genius of my Life, my good *Dæmon* in Time of Danger.

We had designed this Evening for a private Banquet of Wine, which, thou knowest, dilates the Hearts of Mortals, unlocks Secrets, and makes the most reserved Man in the World too talkative and open.

I keep as great Guard upon my Tongue, perhaps, as another; but God knows how far I might have been tempted by such good Company, to let it loose for the Sake of Discourse: For these Fellows are soft as the Air in their Address and Conversation; they appear as innocent as *Santonès*, sincere as *Hadgis*, loyal and courtly as the Pages of the *Serail*. They would wheedle ninety-nine of *Argus's* Eyes out of his Head successively, before he missed one.

They

They came first to *Paris* as Merchants; and no Doubt but *Solyman* had given them Instructions how to insinuate into *Eliachim's* Acquaintance, and so by Degrees into mine. For that honest *Jew* trades with People of all Nations and Characters.

However it be, I remember the very Words which thou insertest in thy Letter were spoken by me in Company with these Infidels. But I shall find a Way to be even with them, and *Solyman* too, before they will dream of it.

In the mean Time, I pray heartily, that if ever it shall be thy Misfortune to be in the like Peril, Destiny or Chance, Providence or Fate, may raise some Friend to give thee a Caution, and that thou mayest not, with the unhappy *Cæsar*, neglect to read it in Time.

I am now going to encounter these *Giafers*; perhaps I shall catch them in their own Snares. If not, I will secure they shall not catch me.

Dear *Pesteli*, may thy Soul repose under the Protection of God.

Paris, 1st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

TO whom should I complain in my Adversity but to my Friend? I have been more embarrassed within these two Moons, than through all the former Course of my Life. Troubles of divers Kinds throng in upon me. I seem like a Butt or Mark, whereat every Species of Misfortune, like a skilful Archer, directs the fatal Arrows of its Malice. I am near overwhelmed with Calamities. Heaven and Earth are set against me, and all the Elements conspire my Ruin. Yet no Persecution appears so terrible as that of Men,
nor

nor any Affliction so poignant as that which proceeds from the Ingratitude and Perfidy of my own Country-men, Persons related to me by Blood.

Age and much Sicknefs have confined me to my Bed for a confiderable Time, which is no small Alloy to human Happinefs. But to render me perfectly miserable, the Ministers of the Porte are angry with me for being old and infirm, and for not continuing to serve the Grand Signior with the same Vigour and Strength as formerly : Else what mean the frequent Reproaches they send me, whilst I am not in a Condition to answer them, or make an Apology for myself ? Would they have me immortal, and Proof against the Stroke of Destiny and Death, which thou knowest are unavoidable ? When I was in my prime, healthy, and strong as an Eagle, they encouraged me with the fairest Promises in the World, telling me I should never want for Money, or the Protection of the Grand Signior. Yet even then I received not my Pension without Murmurs and obscure Menaces. So hard a Thing is it for Courtiers to be touched with any Man's Necessities. But now they threaten plainly to stop all farther Supplies, unless I will grow young again, and do Business as briskly as when I had numbered but thirty Summers. Thus they serve poor *Mahmut* as we use Oranges and Lemons, whose vital Spirit when we have suck'd out, we throw the rest away as unprofitable. Yet not one of them will contribute in the least to my Recovery. Only the generous *Cara Hali*, our beloved Friend, hearing of my Malady, sent me a strange chymical Liquor, with the celebrated Confection *El Razi*, some *Bezoar*, and the most precious Balm of *Gilead* ; all prepared to my Hand, with Directions, and sealed with an authentick Signet.

These indeed had a marvellous Operation on me ; I tried them but Yesterday, and find myself suddenly restored to some Degrees of Health, as by a Miracle. Whether it be the vast Esteem I have for that excellent Physician, with the Confidence I repose in his Skill and Judgment, has had some Influence on me, or what
else

else I know not ; (yet we use to observe, that the Patient's good Opinion of his Physician is Half a Cure :) However, these sovereign Medicines have inspired me with a new Energy : And had I not other Afflictions to break my Heart, I could almost promise myself to reach the Age of *Nestor*. But my unfortunate Stars will have it otherwise, and I am resigned to Destiny.

Thou knowest my Cousin *Solyman* the Turbant-Maker, and art no Stranger to his Humours and Fortune ; what an unsettled Man he has been in the whole Course of his Life ; that no Employment could ever please him, nor he be long fixed in any Place. How he has rambled from *Constantinople* to *Scutari*, from thence to *Chalcedon*, &c. always murmuring against Heaven, and complaining of his hard Fate, in that he was not bred a Courtier, a Student, a Soldier, or any Thing but what he really is. Thou art acquainted also with some of his religious Caprices, how he is addicted to doing the Book, making the tripple Knot, and to a Thousand other foolish Superstitions ; by which, whilst he aspires at the Character of a Sage, or a cunning Man, he renders himself more contemptible than an Idiot ; forfeiting the Esteem of all wise and good Men, for the Sake of a little Fame and noisy Character among the empty giddy Multitude.

But after all, I believe thou art wholly a Stranger to his secret Malice, and the Rancour with which he persecuted me, his poor exiled Uncle. I myself was deceived by the subtle Apology he made some Years ago, for the Slanders his Tongue had uttered ; when he transferred all the Guilt of that Injury on *Shasbim Istham*, the *Black Eunuch*, and *Ichingi Cap Oglani*, Master of the Pages. But now I am convinced he is a Traytor, a Villain, and a Fellow void of Faith and Honesty.

I received a Letter from him within these seven Days, full of tender and insinuating Expressions, thanking me for all the good Offices I had done him, and for my seasonable Counsel in several Cases : Professing also at the same Time an inviolable Friendship, and that he
would

would make it his Study to do me some effectual Service. Yet the next Post brought me a Dispatch from my Brother *Pesteli Hali*, wherein he bids me beware of *Solyman*; assuring me, that he had good Reason to suspect that Cousin of mine had some ill Design upon me. This is certain, says my Brother, *Solyman* boasts to his Familiars, not without some Insult, that there is not a Word or Action escapes his Uncle *Mahmut* at *Paris*, but he is soon informed of it at *Constantinople*. And that which confirms me in the same Jealousy as *Pesteli*, is, That he inserts in his Letter to me some Passages and Discourses *verbatim*, which I must needs own to have been between me and *Eliachim* the Jew, with two or three *Armenian* Merchants, in our most private Meetings at *Eliachim's* House or my Chamber. These he learnt from some of *Solyman's* most intimate Companions.

What can I make of all this but that these *Armenians* are of *Solyman's* Council, his Privados, his Chrones, &c. whom, having Business of their own at *Paris*, that perfidious Wretch has engaged to pry into my Secrets, to give him a constant Account of what Discoveries they make, and if possible to trepan me into some irrecoverable Error in my Conduct, that so he may finally ruin me.

O *Mahomet*! What is become of the Reverence due to thy sacred Name, to thy Law, and to the Book penned in Heaven? Where is the *Mussulman* Faith and Integrity? The religious Fastness of Friendship, with which our Fathers propped up one another in the Service of God and the Empire of True Believers? But there is no Need of exclaiming against Faith and Piety on this Account: Human Nature itself is responsible for the Baseness and Ingratitude of my Kinsman. He no longer deserves the Character of a Man. I advise thee to shun his Company as a Pest, a walking Contagion among Mortals.

In a Word, dear *Dgnet*, let not thou and I suffer ourselves to be carried away by a vain Pity or Tenderness for any Man, though he be the Son of a Mother's Sister,

Sister, since there is no Trust in Flesh and Blood: But let us learn the Maxims of *French* Wisdom, which teach Men to lay the Foundation of their own Happiness, in smiling at the Misfortunes of others.

Paris, 14th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER X.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

BESIDES the general Characters of Countries and the People inhabiting there, it is necessary for thee to be informed of particular Emergencies, and such Events as deserve a Place in the eternal Records of the Ottoman Monarchy, the Fifth and Last in the World; that so the Ministers of the august Divan, the destined Arbitrators of the Universe, Judges of all human Affairs, and Counsellors of the Great Sultan, may, in the sacred Code, as in a Mirror, behold whatever happens in the distant Climates worthy of Remark.

After the Salutations, therefore, proceeding from profound Humility, entire Respect, and perfect Friendship, know, that a devouring Pestilence hath lately made a fatal Decimation in the *English* Territories, especially in *London*, the Capital City of that Island; where above a Hundred Thousand Souls, struck with invincible Darts from God, went off the Stage of human Life, in less than six Moons Revolution.

The dire Contagion, by Degrees, spread farther through the adjacent Provinces, and reached the most remote and solitary Corners of the Land: Death set his Standard up, proclaiming open War against the Inhabitants; with flying Troops of mortal Plagues, he ravaged over the Isle, filling all Parts with doleful Cries and

and Lamentations: The Cemeteries were not large enough to hold the Carcasses of such as fell before the dreadful Conqueror: But open Fields were turned to Sepulchres, and crammed with Spoils of Human Race: And universal Desolation reigned: Death celebrated cruel Triumphs every where.

Such as pretend to Astrology and hidden Sciences will have this to be an Effect of the late Comet, which appeared at the End of the Year 1664, whilst others attribute it to nearer natural Causes; and some conclude it is a Judgment sent from Heaven on that rebellious People, who, a few Years before, had involved the Nation in a Civil War, and barbarously massacred the King. God only knows the Truth, that is concealed from Man.

Thou mayest register also, That the Queen-Mother of *France* is newly dead, and the Crook-backed Prince of *Conti*. On which Account this Court is now in Mourning, and the Churches hung with Black, whilst melancholy Bells perpetually invite the Living to pray for the deceased Royal Souls; and deep-buffed Organ-Pipes breathe out incessant doleful Aspirations, sounding like inarticulate Prayers, and funeral Sighs for the Departed. In this the *Nazarenes* approach near to the Faith of True Believers. They give Alms also, as we do, and settle Stipends on certain Priests and Dervises, to mumble over daily Masses for the Dead; which is an evident Sign, that they have Hopes of Immortality, and look for the Resurrection. Doubtless, there is something Good at the Bottom of all Religions, though it be over-laid with Errors and Corruptions.

God direct us through the Meanders, which human Frailty involveth us in; and grant every Mussulman a particular Chart and Compass, whereby to steer his Course through the uncertain Tracts of mortal Life, that he may at last arrive in Paradise. For we shall never find the Way thither by General Rules.

Illustrious *Hamet*, I pray that thou and I may, at a destined Hour, encounter one another in the Walks of *Eden*, there to converse under immortal Shades, near to
some

some warbling Stream of matchless Wine or Water; to revolve our past Fatigues on Earth, and to caress ourselves in the Security of endless Bliss.

Paris, 15th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THOU and thy feigned Messias be damned together for Company; Must I be baulked of my Money for the Sake of your new Superstition? How many Messiahes have you had, Twenty Five at least, besides the Son of *Mary*, who is acknowledged and blessed for ever? Must all the World be bubbled to Eternity by the Fables of your Nation? Curse upon your Rabbies and Cochams, those Pimps to the more religious Debaucheries of Mortals. *Nathan*, I took thee for another Manner of Man. However, if thou art a sworn Servant to *Sabbati Sevi*, the new sham King of the *Jews*, I have nothing to say to it: Do as thou wilt. But I dare be a Prophet so far as to tell thee, thou wilt be cursedly left in the Lurch, with the rest of the Fools, thy bigotted Brethren. Let what will be, it behoveth thee, as an honest Man, to transmit the Bills that are entrusted to thee. Whether *Sabbati Sevi*, *Ben Joseph*, or *Ben David* be the Name of your expected Messias, I would not have *Ben Saddi* degenerate. Continue thou Faithful, and the Few others that are entrusted with the Sublime Affairs; and let all the rest of the common *Jews* go to *Gebenna*, or to the Vale of *Tophet*, which you please. But I would fain have thee in the Number of the Righteous, who shall possess Paradise. Some of thy Letters have encouraged me to hope for this, but thy last makes me almost despair of seeing thee happy either in This World or the Next:

For

For thou writest like one in a Frenzy, raving on Chimeras of strange Honour, Glory, and Power, which thou shalt shortly enjoy in the Kingdom of thy fantastick Messiah; thou art already a Prince in thy own Conceit.

For God's sake, *Nathan*, wean thyself from these religious Fondnesses: Awaken thy Reason, which is the distinguishing Character of a Man. Examine the Grounds of this new Delusion; search into the Birth and Origin of *Sabbath Sewi*, and thou wilt find him to descend of an obscure and base Parentage; his Father being but a Kind of mungrel Jew, and by Profession an Usurer, which is forbidden by the written Law of *Moses*, and in the great Alcoran it is accounted execrable: His Mother a Woman of the *Curds*, suspected for a Witch, in regard most of that infidel Nation practise Magick Arts, and Diabolical Charms. And it is not altogether improbable, that your counterfeit Messiah was educated privately by her in the same Studies; whence he learned the Methods of Enchantments and Illusions, to deceive the Senses, and impose on the Reason of Mankind.

I can tell thee of a Truth, that there are more Eyes on him and his Actions than he is aware of; and myself, at this Distance, have received a particular Relation of his Life, from such as knew him a Youth at *Smyrna*, the Place of his Nativity. He is accused of many Vices and Extravagancies during his early Years. His Conversation was wild and dissolute, being a noted Inamorato or Stallion over all that City. For which, and some other Crimes, he was expelled the Synagogue, and banished from *Smyrna*; by the mutual Consent of the Mussulman Cadi, and your own Rulers. He was also excommunicated by the Rabbies as a Heretick, for broaching certain Doctrines repugnant to your Law, and the general Faith of the Jews. All which cannot but be prevailing Recommendations of him to the Office of Messiah or King of *Israel*.

From thence he rambled up and down the *Morea* and other Provinces of *Greece*, leaving a Memorial of In-

famy

famy wherever he set his Foot; continually marrying and divorcing of Wives, debauching of Virgins, and frequenting the Company of Harlots, till those Countries grew weary of him, and threatned to chastise his Wickedness. Then he passed over into *Syria* and *Palestine*, beginning to set up for a Reformer of your Law, and at *Jerusalem* openly professing himself to be a *Messias*, whereby he drew a Rabble of Lunaticks and frantick People after him. But as for the Seniors and Governors, they have rejected him as an Impostor.

Consider, *Nathan*, the Fate that befel *Ben Cochab*, as he called himself, that is, the Son of a Star, who pretended to be the *Messias* in the Days of *Adrian*, Emperor of the *Romans*; reflect on the Calamities which overwhelmed him and his Followers, to the Number of Four Hundred Thousand *Jews*; who all fell, with their false Prophet, Sacrifices to the just Revenge and Fury of that incensed Monarch: For they had impudently boasted, that, by such a prefixed Time, he should be taken Captive and deposed from his Throne by the *Messias*, who should assume the Imperial Dignity, and all the World should obey him. But when those who survived the Slaughter of their Brethren reflected on the Author of so tragical a Catastrophe, they changed his Name in Contempt and Hatred, calling him no longer *Ben Cochab*, the Son of a Star, but *Bar Cuziba*, the Son of a Lye, a false Prophet, and Seducer of the Brethren.

Thou hast all the Reason in the World to have no better Opinion of *Sabbati Sewi*, since he is rejected by the wiser Sort of *Jews*, and hath not performed one Miracle in Confirmation of his pretended *Messias*ship. Neither hath any uncommon or preternatural Appearance happened before or since he assumed this Dignity. Whereas all your Rabbies teach, that no less than Ten eminent and remarkable Prodigies shall precede the Coming of your *Messias*. And I remember thou thyself, about ten Years ago, sentest me a Letter much to the same Effect, telling me, that certain monstrous Sorts of Men should come from the Ends of the Earth,
whose

whose Eyes shall be as venemous as Basilisks, with a great many other Stories of like Nature.

Hast thou forgot this, *Nathan*, or art thou so far infatuated with the bold Impostures of this impudent Deceiver, as for his Sake to deny thy former Faith, reverse thy own Sentiments, and disannul the Traditions of thy Doctors? For Shame, rouse up thy intellectual Faculties, and suffer not thy Reason to be lulled asleep by the prestigious Umbrages and Charms of a lewd Vagrant, a Wizard, a Cheat.

Have but Patience, at least till thou see those Signs accomplished which are to usher in your Messias, before thou give up thyself to so dangerous a Credulity. Let the Sun first emit those pestilential Vapours, which shall kill a Million of the *Koprim* or Infidels, every Day, as your Traditions threaten. Let that Luminary be also totally eclipsed for the Space of Thirty Days. In a Word, let all the other Prodigies come to pass, which thou thyself didst once so passionately believe: And then I promise thee, on the Word of a Mussulman, that I will be thy Profelyte, and embrace thy Law, and adore thy Messias; on Condition that otherwise thou wilt be my Convert, believe the Alcoran, and obey the Messenger of God, the Last and Seal of the Prophets.

Paris, 11th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am afraid the Divan will be obliged to send another Agent to *Vienna*, to supply the Place of *Nathan Ben Saddi*, who is running mad after the new Messias of the *Jews*. There is no Doubt, but thou and the other happy Ministers, residing at the august Porte, have heard of a certain Impostor at *Smyrna*, by Name *Sabbati Sevi*, of *Hebrew* Race, who calls himself the Only begotten Son of God, Messias and Redeemer of *Israel*; and what

Mul-

Multitudes of doating credulous *Jews* he draws after him. So that there is a Schism broke out between them, and they are divided into two contrary Factions, both in *Smyna* and all over the *Levant*. It is impossible that these Things should be concealed from the Resplendent Seat of *Fame*, since they have reached even our Ears, who dwell at this Distance: Nay, there is hardly a Province or City in all the *West*, which has not received Intelligence of so remarkable a Novelty.

I have received a Dispatch from *Zeidi Almanzi* at *Venice*, wherein he informeth me, that all the *Jews* of *Italy* are preparing to visit the Holy Land, and to see the Face of their long expected *Messias*, who they now believe is really come on Earth, and is that *Sabbati Sevi* at *Smyna*. They are settling their Affairs as fast as they can, acquitting themselves from all worldly Engagements; and those who are devout give themselves up to Prayer and Mortifications; whilst others spend their Time in Feasting, Dancing, and all Manner of Mirth. He says, some of them will sit or stand up to the Nose in Water, for four and twenty Hours together. And this they do in Imitation of *Adam's* Penance, according to their Tradition: For they are taught, that the First Father of Mortals, after he was banished from Paradise, as a Punishment for his Sin, stood a hundred and thirty Years together in Water, thus reaching to his Nostrils.

Others of these superstitious People will sit naked many Hours together on a Heap of Pismires, until they are almost stung to Death. A third Sort dig their own Graves, and, going down into them, cause themselves to be covered all over with Earth, except only their Faces; and in this Condition they will lie until they are almost famished.

In the mean while, they send circular Letters from all Parts, congratulating each others approaching Happiness and Deliverance from the Oppression of the Gentiles: For so they term all that are not of their own Nation. And in these mutual Addresses, they fail not to prophesy, That their *Messias* shall, in such a Moon,

go to the Grand Tyrant, King of the *Ismaelites*; and Lord of all the Children of *Moab* and *Edom*; (so they blaspheme our glorious Sultan.) That he shall depose him from his Throne, and lead him away Captive; after which he shall have the Dominions of the whole Earth laid at his Feet.

With such Kind of wild Stuff do these deluded People flatter one another and themselves, as if in a little Time they were to be Lords of all Things. So that no Trading or Commerce goeth forward among them; an universal Stop is put to all Business, it being esteemed an inexpressible Sin, to follow their Trades in the Days of the *Messias*, who is to enrich them with the Wealth of all Nations.

Strange Rumors are spread abroad of the Return of the Ten Tribes over the River *Sabbation*, who were carried away Captives by *Salmanassar*, King of *Assyria*, and never were heard of since, until they now discourse of their being encamped in the Defart of Mount *Sinai*, in their March to the Holy Land. It is reported also, that a mighty Fleet of Ships were seen at Sea, whose Sails were of Sattin, and their Streamers bore the Figure of a Lion, with this Inscription, 'The Lion of the Tribe of *Judah*.'

The Christians seem astonished at these Things, yet some look on them only as Dreams. As for honest *Eliachim* here, he is no more moved at these Things than I; only he laughs at the Folly of the credulous World, and curses the *Jews* for bringing such Contempt on themselves and their Posterity. But *Nathan* is like one Hag-ridden, or defiled by the *Lamia* of the Night. He has lost all Reason, and it will be no less than a Miracle that must restore it again.

Sage Minister, whilst these execrable People thus lose themselves for the Sake of their counterfeit *Messias*, let us continue to honour the true one, even *Jesús*, the Son of *Mary*, who is now in Paradise, and our holy Prophet with him.

Paris, 1st of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

L E T.

LETTER XIII.

To Murat Bassa.

THIS has been a considerable Year of Actions and Events. At the Beginning of it, I sent to the *Porte* an Account of the Death of the Queen-Mother of *France*, and of the Prince of *Conti*; now I will farther inform thee of a War that is broke out between this Crown and that of *England*. The Occasion of it was this: The *English* and the *Hollanders* trafficking in *America* had had some Misunderstandings and Feuds about the Limits of their several Conquests in those remote Parts of the World. The *Hollanders*, being the strongest, did many Injuries to their Neighbours the *English*, and domineered over them as their Lords. The *English*, resenting this very heinously and grown weary of their Oppressions, sent Complaints to their King. He, to redress his Subjects, ordered his Resident at the *Hague* to demand Satisfaction of the States. They refused to him that Justice; upon which, he was resolved to have Recourse to his Arms, and accordingly proclaimed War against *Holland*, making all necessary Preparations to carry it on. The same did his Adversaries. The *French* King, in the mean Time, was obliged by a Treaty with the *Hollanders*, concluded in the Year 1662, to espouse their Quarrels; yet, that he might not break with *England* rashly, he first sent an Ambassador to that Court to mediate a Peace. But that proving ineffectual, he proclaimed War against that Nation, and commanded the *English* Ambassador to depart his Kingdom. The Duke of *Beaufort*, who is Admiral at Sea, was ordered to equip a gallant Fleet, and join the *Dutch* Navy; which he performed with all imaginable Diligence and Expedition. There have been two Combats between these Enemies at Sea, and in both the *Dutch* had the worst of it. Neither did the *French* escape without some Loss, having two of their

greatest Ships severely shattered, and a third taken by the *Englisb*.

The Plague still rages in *England*, and hath almost depopulated whole Provinces. Whilst a milder Death hath robbed *France* of one of her greatest Heroes: The Count *d'Harcourt*, of whom I have often made mention, is gone to celebrate the Triumphs due to his Valour and Fortune in another World.

The Emperor of *Germany* hath at last married the Infanta of *Spain*, after Abundance of Demurs and Hesitations about that Business. These *Nazarenes* can do nothing with Expedition. The spiritual Courts, as they call them, have more Tricks and cramp Words to amuse People with, than an *Indian* Mountebank or Juggler. Neither are sovereign Princes more exempt from their Jurisdiction, than the meanest of their Subjects: Especially the Court of *Rome* can make or annul Marriages at Pleasure. And they are sure to be excommunicated who refuse to submit to their Orders. This Holy Court can also bind or release Sins, open or shut the Gates of Paradise, make a Devil a Saint, or a Saint a Devil. In a Word, they can do every Thing if there be Gold in the Case. But if that be wanting, they can do nothing but shrug their Shoulders.

Thou mayest also inform the Divan, that the *French* King hath given Permission to some of his Subjects, to undertake a Conquest in *America*, and establish a Commerce in that Part of the World. Many Vessels are equipped in order to this Expedition, and they that are concerned in the Voyage are as merry as *Jason* and his *Argonauts*, when they were preparing to fetch the Golden Fleece from *Colchos*. The *Western* Continent affords immense Riches, and tempts all the Nations in *Europe* to make an Experiment of their Fortune, in gaining one Part of it or other. It were to be wished it lay nearer to the *Ottoman* Empire. No Record can discover the Origin of the Inhabitants. Yet most Authors conjecture, that they passed over from the *North-East* Parts of *Asia*, where the Streights of *Anian* are very narrow, and would invite Sea-faring Men to seek new Adventures. Besides, by their being Canibals, it appears

appears very probable, That either they descended from the *Tartars*, or the *Tartars* from them. God alone knows how to adjust the Differences, and reveal the Secrets of History.

Brave Bassa, it is no Matter from what Stock we are descended, so long as we have Virtue; for that alone is the only true Nobility. God regale thee with his Favours.

Paris, 30th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

L E T T E R XIV.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Customs, and Superintendant of the Arsenal at Constantinople.

WHEN I hear of thy Prosperity, my Heart is dilated like his who has found hidden Wealth. Yet, I am sorry for the Disgrace of the good old Man thy Predecessor: But we must not censure the Conduct of our Superiors. The Justice of their Actions is not to be called in Question. The *Sultan* cannot err. This is an established Maxim in all Monarchies, especially in that of the renowned *Osmons*.

As for what relates to thee in this new Advance thou hast made; thy own Experience, acquired by many Years Travel and Observation in foreign Countries, added to the Knowledge thou hast in the Laws, Discipline, and Customs of thy own, will be a sufficient Guide to conduct thee in the Management of thy Business. Yet despise not the Counsel of others. A Man is never nearer to Ruin, than when he trusts too much to his own Wisdom. Therefore the greatest Emperors undertake nothing of Moment rashly, or without Advice. Temerity often blasts the fairest Designs.

It will be of particular Import to thee, to hear of a tragical Event that hath lately happened to *Rezan*, a great City in *Russia*, by the blowing up of the Magazine. This Gunpowder does more Mischief than Good in the World. The Ancients fought as successfully with Bows and Arrows, Swords, Spears, and other Instruments of War, without running the Hazard of blowing up whole Cities into the Air in Time of Peace. And they could undermine the strongest Castles, even those situated on Rocks, without the Help of this infernal Dust. Nature taught them to be industrious in defeating their Enemies, and they spared no Labour to gain the Victory. Our Fore-fathers were hardy and strong, patient of Toils and Fatigues: They cut their Way into Mountains of Stone, if any Place of Strength were built on, it which they had Occasion to besiege. And as they hewed away that Part of the Rock which supported the Walls, they under-propped the Foundation with wooden Pillars: And when they had finished their Mines, they set Fire to certain combustible Matter, which consuming these Supports, the Walls and Gates that rested on them sunk down and left the Fortrefs naked and open to the Besiegers.

It had been well for the Inhabitants of *Rezan* if their City had been only thus gently dismantled, by some Enemy, against whom they might have afterwards employed their Courage to defend themselves, or make Composition. But, poor unfortunate People, they have felt a ruder Shock and an unmerciful Blow of Fate, their City being in a Minute's Time, without the least Warning, stormed, plundered, and laid in Heaps, by an Enemy which giveth no Quarter.

This Accident happened on the 15th of the last Moon, about the Hour of *Ulanimisi*. There were five hundred Barrels of Powder in the Magazine; and the Force of the Blow was so violent, that besides the Destruction of the City, or at least the best Part of it, all the neighbouring Villages round about it felt its fatal Effects, some of their Houses shaking as in an Earthquake, others falling to Pieces.

Assuredly,

Assuredly, Heaven is angry with these Infidels, and turns the very Instruments of their Defence and Safety into Scourges for their Chastisement. I formerly sent *Saleb*, the Superintendant, an Account of the like Misfortune that befel the City of *Gravelines* in *Flanders*, and of other terrible Effects of the Wrath of Heaven in the *Low Countries*. One Disaster follows close on the Back of another; yet the Infidels are insensible and stupid, as they were in the Days of *Noah*, when the Flood came and surprized all the Inhabitants of the Country. That Prophet gave them warning of the approaching Danger. He was three whole Years in cutting down *Indian* Plant-Trees, and preparing Planks, Beams, Pins, and other Neccessaries, and seven Years more in building that wonderful Ship. The Infidels went by daily, and saw him at work; but they derided the patient Apostle, and taught their Children to mock him, saying, 'Where is the Water this Ship is to sail in? After the Ark was finished, it lay on the Ground seven Moons, until they had thrice sacrificed some of *Noah's* Followers to their Idols.

It was perfected in the Moon of *Rajeb*, and in the Moon of *Saphar* was the Decree of the Chastisement signed, which was to be executed on all of mortal Race, save *Noah* and the Fourscore that were with him, with the two Pairs of every Species, which the Four Winds, by God's Appointment, collected together, and drove into the Ark, and the Body of *Adam*, which was enshrined and brought to *Noah* by Angels out of the Region of *Mecca*. There was also *Philemon*, the Good Priest of *Egypt*, with his whole Family.

Just as the determined Day and Hour of the Flood was come, the Prince of the Country, stimulated by his evil Destiny, mounted his Horse with some of his Retinue, and, having sacrificed to their Idols, rode toward the Place where *Noah* and his Company were shut up in the Ark, with a Design to burn it to Ashes. He called out aloud to the Prophet with Scoffs, saying, 'O *Noah*, where is the Water in which this Ship is to sail? It will be with you incontinently,' replied the

holy Man, 'before you can remove your Station. Come down, thou Dotard,' said the proud Infidel, 'otherwise I will burn thee and thy Companions with Fire. O miserable Man,' said *Noah*, 'turn to God, for his Judgments are ready to burst forth on you.'

The Prince, incensed at this, commanded his Slaves to put Fire to the Ark. But while he was yet speaking, he manifestly saw the Water gushing out on all Hands round about him, and under his Feet. Then his Heart was troubled, and full of Anguish and Fear. He hastened to secure himself with his Family and Goods, in the Castles which he had built on the highest Mountains. But alas! the Earth opened and broke like a Spider's Webb; so violent was the Force of the Waters which boiled up every where. The Clouds poured down vast Cataracts of Rain, mixed with dreadful and insupportable Thunder and Lightning. The miserable Infidels thronged upon one another, cursing and blaspheming their Gods who had deluded them. Great was the Confusion and Cry every where; for such a Calamity had never been known since the Moon gave her Light. If any were so nimble as to reach the Foot of a Mountain, yet he could not ascend by Reason of Stones which fell on his Head, and Torrents of boiling Water that ran down upon him, as if it had come out of a Cauldron. And suppose he had reached the Top, it had been but a short Delay of his Fate; for, in a Word, the Waters swelled forty Cubits above the highest Mountains, and all the living Generations perished.

Son of my Mother, when thou readeest this Memoir, (for it is a Fragment of an antient *Arabick* Writing) think on the Day of Judgment, which shall surprize the World, even as the Deluge did. At that Hour, the greatest Part of Men will not dream of any such Thing, until they see Flames and Rivers of Fire bursting forth from the Springs and Fountains, which before yielded Water, and Showers of Fire descending from Heaven, instead of Rain. For the Elements will change their Courses, to accomplish the Decrees

of

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

To Useph, Bassa.

God only knows the Origin of these Epidemical Contagions; whether they derive their Pedigree from Heaven or Hell; from the Earth, or any other Element. Perhaps, some latent Poisons in the Air mix with the Breath of Mortals, and, by their subtile Energy, soon dissipate the vital Flame of human Bodies, like the infectious Blasts of the Wind *El-Samiel*, in *Arabia*, which in a Moment's Time committeth a Rape upon the Lives of Travellers, scorching their Spirits up, and leaving on the Sands a black, stiff, Carcass of jellyed Flesh, as though they had been Thunder-struck. Or, perhaps, some venomous Exhalations from the Minerals below transpire through Chinks and Crannies in the Earth, to plunder Mortals of their Breath, like to the fatal Vapours in the Cave of Death, not far from *Virgil's Grot in Italy*. Or, who can tell, but that some hidden Meteors above, or some malignant Stars may send down whole Battalions of

empoisoned Atoms, to invade this Region of Mortality, and in *Death's* Name, King of the World Invincible, to claim and carry away a certain Number of Ghosts, pricked down by *Destiny*, a Tribute set by *Fate*? However it be, that whole Island may well be called, at this Time, the Grand Infirmary of *Europe*, where baneful Sickneſs maketh its publick Reſidence. The timorous Giaſers run from Place to Place, thinking to eſcape from Heaven's all-ſearching Purſuivants. They flee from popular Towns to Villages, and from theſe again to unfrequented Deſerts, Woods, and Heaths, carrying their Wives and Children with them, and all the Subſtance of their Houſes. The Roads are covered with the Caravans of doubtful Paſſengers, who dread to think of going back to the contagious Seats they left behind, yet know not where to be received anew. So general is the Conſternation, ſo ſtrong the Fear of thoſe who yet ſurvive, leſt they ſhould alſo catch the Infection and die.

Besides this, they have felt the Strokes of another ſurprizing Calamity: *London*, the Capital City of *England*, being newly conſumed by Fire. It is not certain, whether Deſign or Chance firſt kindled the devouring Element. But it fell out at an unlucky Season, when the Wind was high, and from its *Eastern* Quarters blew the Flames full *West*, which, ſpreading *North* and *South*, demolished all before them, laying the greateſt Part of that rich and famous City in Aſhes.

Some aſcribe this to a Plot of the *French*; others term it a Judgment of God, for their Rebellion, Pride, and other crying Sins. Whilſt with equal Probability, a third Sort affirm, It was contrived and put in Execution by a Cabal of Carpenters and Maſons; who, wanting Employment, and projecting the Method of enriching themſelves, diſdaining alſo the inartificial and obſolete Form of Buildings, reſolved to put this City into a new Figure, and raiſe it according to the Models of foreign Architecture. Every one gueſſes as his Affections incline him, or his Conjectures follow the Byaſs of his Intereſt. Men are always partial to them

themselves, and the Cause they have espoused. God only knows the Truth.

The Superstitious among the Roman Catholicks take Occasion, from the timing of this horrible Conflagration, to insult over the *English* Protestants; who, from some obscure Passages in the Book of their Gospel, used to foretel, in a Prophetick Manner, That the final Ruin and Catastrophe of *Rome* would happen in this Year 1666: Whereas, by fatal Experience, more sure than vain Predictions, they find the Metropolis of their own Nation reduced to Ashes.

Whoever are the Instruments of these Tragedies, it is certain the Designs of Fate are still performed. Every Kingdom, State, and Community, has its critical Periods and Climacters, wherein it suffers Detriment,

* * * * *

Ec†.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

† This Blank the Italian Preface mentions, and says, it is owing to the Loss of some Part of the Arabick Letter, supposed to be torn off by Chance, or on some other Occasion.

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Haly, Physician to the Grand Signior.

I Am melancholy, beyond the Description of Painters, Poets, or the lively Eloquence of *Cicero*. Methinks I am some exotick Being; a perfect Foreigner on Earth; a Stranger to its Laws and Maxims. I appear

pear to other Mortals like a *Giafer* or *Frank* in his *Western* Dress, at *Morocco*, *Babylon*, or *Constantinople*. I mean not for my outward Habit, (for in that I am conformable enough to the Mode of the Region where I reside) but I am all unfashionable within; ridiculous in my Sentiments and Conversation. When others laugh, I sigh, and find a Reason to be sad, in the Midst of merry Company. Even Wine itself, that exhilarates all the World beside, does but increase my Melancholy, by adding Strength unto my labouring Thoughts. It sublimates my Spirits up to sacred Phrensies. I am all Lunatick such a Time. Each Glas creates new Dreams more wild than the strange Flights and Raptures of a *Santone*. My heated Spleen, like Mount *Gibel*, belcheth forth horrid Clouds of Smoak and Vapours, which lay long smothering in its spongy Caverns; these quickly spread and cover all the Horizon of my Soul, rendering it dark and gloomy, as the *Cimmerian* Solitudes, or the more dismal Valleys bordering on the River *Styx*, where furly *Charon* waits to ferry over the Caravans of trembling Ghosts, and lands them in *Elyfium*.

Oh! that those Fables of the ancient Poets were but true! or that I knew but something certain of our future State! whether the Soul survives or no, when Death has stopt the Circulation of our Blood? And what becometh of that Immortal Substance, after its parting from the Body? Whether it pass by transmigration into the Embryo of some other Animal, as *Pythagoras* taught; or be united, swallowed up, and lost in the Universal Soul of the World, as *Plato* did believe? Or if some other Magnet doth attract its Presence; and hidden Sympathies of Nature teach it to form itself a Vehicle or Body of the Elements? Perhaps some Souls unite with Air, whilst others mix with Water, Earth, or purer Skies. This for its horrid Sins in mortal State may be by the Eternal *Nemesis* sunk down into the fatal Caverns of Mount *Ætna*, *Stromboli*, or *Vesuvius*; there to incorporate with burning Rivers and Lakes of Sulphur, and other Minerals; to
hear

hear perpetually the frightful crackling, rumbling, and loud Thunder of those infernal Vaults; to be, without Intermiſſion, annoyed with the eternal Stench of melted Mines, whose poignant Vapours equally kill it and revive it every Moment, that it may be confined to an endless Circle of Miseries: To feel the excruciating Torments which no Tongue can utter; whilst the incessant rapid Motion of those exalted and most violent Fires, with which it is embodied by Decree of Fate, rob it of the very Possibility of the least easy Thought, or quiet Minute; and at the same Time rack it with infinite Tortures.

Think not, my dear Physician, that it is impossible a separate Spirit can thus be sensible of Pains. There is no such Thing as a separate Spirit, save God, who made all Bodies, and therefore was before them. The Angels themselves are partly corporeal; so are the Devils. Do not believe then, that mortal Man, who is in a middle State between these two, shall, by dying, gain a Privilege above the most illustrious Spirits in Heaven. As soon as Death hath dislodged us from one Body, Nature, Providence, or Fate provideth us another, according to our Qualities, Inclinations, and Merits. We may as well by Metempsychosis become the Spirit or Soul of a flaming Sulphur-Mine, or at least of some Part of it, as of a Horse, an Eagle, or a Dove: For such, for ought we know, may be the Disposition of Divine Wisdom, Justice, and Omnipotence.

By the very same Reason, another Soul may be transported to the open happy Skies, where it may either range in boundless, free and serene Tracts of Bliss, or be enfranchised in the Corporations of the Stars, to dwell in Palaces of Azure, Topazes, and Diamonds; to possess Provinces more rich than in *Peru* or *Guiney*, where the Rusticks plow up Gold; more beautiful and pleasant than the famous Fields of *Thessaly*. God knows what will become of us after our Dissolution: But the Ignorance of this one Truth, occasions all my Melancholy.

Death

Death is not formidable of itself, nor all the dolorous Circumstances that precede it: It is only what cometh after, raises all my Terror. Were I to melt away in lingring Agues and Consumptions; or to be sooner posted of in high-wrought Fevers, Pleurifies, or Pestilence: Or if it were my Fate to die by Pistol, Sword, or Poison, or any other Kind of slow or sudden Death, allotted me from Chance or Nature, Providence or Fate: Should Heaven consume me in a Trice by Lightning; or this Globe with equal Swiftneſs bury me in ſome ſurprizing Earthquake: It would be all one to *Mahmut*, were it not for the After-claps, to which I am a Stranger. I tremble at the hidden and unſearchable Force of Nature: I dread the irreverſible unknown Decrees of Fate, the Secret Methods of Eternal Deſtiny, the Laws and Order of the other World, in billeting the Troops of human Souls, that go to Winter there, after this Life's Campaign is finiſhed.

Once, in a cold and froſty Evening, as I was travelling over a bleak wide Plain, and felt the penetrating Blaſts of *North-Eaſt* Winds, with chilling Sleet, which fell upon me from the Clouds; my Spirits alſo tired with tedious Journeys, and my anxious Thoughts being wholly taken up about a Reſting-place that Night, and how to avoid the Aſſaults of Robbers, with a thouſand other Perils, threatening a Stranger on the Road; at length I chanced to think of the untryed and remote Voyage I muſt one Day make to another World. It chilled my Blood to imagine the diſconſolate naked Circumſtances of a ſeparate Soul, which, for ought I knew, might be bewildered, loſt, and forced to wander up and down through untracked Waſtes of miſty frozen Air, where the inhospitable Element affords no Guides, nor Caravanſeras to comfortleſs, poor, ſtaggling Ghoſts; unleſs they would accept a Lodging in ſome Cloud, the Ciſtern and Chariot of Rain, Hail, or Snow; there to incorporate with the unwelcome Meteors, and be whirled round the Globe, or elſe precipitated down to Earth again in Showers; from thence perhaps to be exhaled by the Sun, and mixed with Embryos

Embryos of Lightning, Fiery Dragons, Ignis Fatui, or other Bodies hourly flaming in the Welkin, and thus to circulate in endless Transmigrations. Who knoweth the Circumstances of departed Souls, or Laws of a Separate State? Let him declare what Usage we shall find in that invisible and dark Recess from Life: He shall be then esteemed more than *Apollo*, by the pensive *Mahmut*. Not the old *Delphick* Oracle could receive greater Reverence from the inquisitive World; nor *Mecca* now from devout *Mussulman* Pilgrims; or *Medina Talnabi*, where the Prophet rests in Peace, than such an one should have from me, who could with unfeigned Truth discover how we shall be disposed of when we die. But I am cloyed and nauseated with dull Romances of the Priests and Derviches.

My Friend, let thou and I learn to improve the Joys of present Life, and not by damned Mistakes deprive ourselves of double Happiness. But let us so comport ourselves, that our Transmigration may be but from the Pleasures of Earth to those of Heaven; from one Paradise to another.

Paris, 6th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER XVII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THE Blessings of God and his Prophet cheer thy Heart, as thou hast exhilarated mine by thy last Letter, wherein thou encouragest me with the Hopes of being removed from this disagreeable Post, to one more delightful and happy, even to a sweet Country Retirement, either in *Arabia*, or any other Part of the Grand Signior's Dominions, which is the very Mark of all my Wishes.

I have

I have a natural Aversion for great and populous Cities. They seem to be so many magnificent Sepulchres of the Living, where Men are shut up, imprisoned, and buried from all Commerce with the Elements, or they are like Hospitals and Pest-Houses, where People crowd, infect, and stink one another to Death, with a thousand Pollutions. They hive together like Bees, and build their Apartments in Darkness. Like Nests of Pismires, they trudge up and down all the Summer of their Youth to heap up Treasures, that they may spend the Winter of their old Age in loathsome Ease, and benumbed Stupidity; not daring to venture out of the Purlieu of their nasty, smoaky, Habitations, and yet they are ready to be stifled with their own Breath.

It is with Pleasure I contemplate the Face of the Infant Earth, before it was deformed by the unnecessary Arts of the Carpenter, Smith, and Mason: When Men had no other Houses, save what they made themselves, every one for his Family, of the Branches and Boughs of Trees, interwoven with Osiers, Reeds and Ivy; and covered thick with Leaves and Grass to shelter them from Wind, Hail, Rain, and other Injuries of Weather. Or, perhaps, some had found out a Den or Cave in the Earth, or the hollow of a Rock, for a Sanctuary in such Cases, where they reposed in perfect Tranquillity, without Fear of Snares or Violence, without Apprehension of Robbers, or any tragical Surprise. They went out and in, slept and waked, laboured and rested in Safety and Quiet. Avarice, Envy, and Injustice, had not as yet corrupted the Minds of Mortals. The Earth brought forth Corn, Herbage, and Fruits, without the Husbandman's or Gardener's Labour: All Places abounded with Plenty of innocent Refreshments, and those primitive Inhabitants coveted no more. The Cattle and Bees afforded them Milk and Honey, and the Fountain-Waters were generous as Wine. This Globe was a compleat Paradise, and no mistaken Zeal had taught Men religiously to invade one another's Rights, and in a pious Fury to murder their

their Neighbours, in hopes of meriting Heaven hereafter. There was no such Thing as Bigotry or Superstition to be found among any of human Race. The Law of Nature was in universal Force: Every Man pursued the Dictates of Reason, without hearkning after Religious Sophistry, or Sacred Fables.

But when once the Lucre of Gold had corrupted Mens Manners; and they, not contented with the Riches and Sweetness which they daily crompt from the Surface of the Earth, had found a Way to descend into her Bowels, stung with an insatiable Desire of hidden Treasures; then began Injustice, Oppression, and Cruelty, to take Place. Men made Enclosures to themselves, and encompassed a certain Portion of Land with Hedges, Ditches, and Pales, to fence them from the Invasions of others; for the Guilt of their own vicious Inclinations filled them with Fears, and made them jealous of one another. They built themselves strong Holds, Fortresses, Castles, and Cities: And their Terrors increasing with their Criminal Possessions, they persuaded themselves that the very Elements would prove their Enemies, if not pacified by Bribes and Presents. Hence sprung the first Invention of Altars and Sacrifices, and from these vain panick Fears of Mortals, the Gods derived their Pedigree. For one built a Temple to the *Sun*, another to the *Moon*, a third to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, or the rest of the Planets. Some adored the Fire, others the Water or Wind. Every one set up to himself such a God as he fancied would be propitious to him. Thus Error being equally propagated with Human Nature, they created an infinite Rabble of imaginary Deities, paying to those Idols the supreme and incommunicable Honours due only to the Eternal Essence, Father and Source of all Things.

Besides, they lived in intolerable Pride and Luxury, in constant Wars and Strife, in Darkness, Ignorance, and Confusion. I speak of such as dwelt in Cities, and were incorporated together by one common Interest. For still there remained some who obeyed the original Laws of Nature, and the Traditions of Primitive Humanity.

These

These dwelt in Tents, or other moveable Habitations, as our Countrymen the *Arabs* do at this Day, with the *Tartars* their Brethren. They scorned to fasten themselves to the Earth, by possessing any Part of it in Propriety: Every Field and Wood, Hill and Valley, River and Well, were with them in common. They straggled whither they pleased.

This is the Life so emulated by me, or instead of that, at least a Retirement from Cities, that I may breathe out my last Hours in a free Air, remote from the stifling Company and Contagion of Mortals. I long to range at Liberty through unfrequented Paths of Desert Ground, over wild, unpolished Heaths; from thence insensibly to fall into some venerable Solitude, where the dry, mossy Barks of Trees in silent Characters proclaim the Antiquity of the Place; and gentle Whispers of the Wind instruct the Methods of *Platonic* Love; inspire strange Passions which we never felt before, and teach us to converse with Satyrs, Nymphs, and other harmless Tenants of the Shades. How great is the Pleasure to be thus surprized with some harmonious, warbling Stream, or silent, soft, deep, chrystal River? To speak Incognito with Dryads, Hamadryads, and the sporting Ecchos; to lie dissolved in loose, yet innocent, Enjoyments on the Banks, to talk with Nature, with Immortal Substances, and with Eternity itself? Oh God! is not this ravishing.

It is difficult to say, whether it would be pleasant or painful to return from these ineffable Parades of the Soul, to our domestick Felicities, though even in a rural Life, which I acknowledge to be the happiest on Earth. Yet there to trace the Herds and Flocks, to walk amidst the high-grown Corn and Grass, to pluck the bearded Ears of Barley, to let our Eyes rowl over the various Figures of the Wind-blown Wheat and Millet, our Noses to suck the fragrant Airs of Marjoram, Thyme, Oranges, and Lemons, with innumerable Spices; our Ears to hear the inimitable Melody of Birds, and every Sense to be transported, snatched away,

away, and lost in sacred Extasies; must needs be ranked among the highest Kinds of earthly Pleasures.

But to descend from those Enjoyments, to the meanest and most common Diversions of a Country-Life; methinks there is something peculiarly charming in the very ellenge Situation of the Houses; whether it be on the Brow of a Hill, or the Bottom of a Valley; in the Midst of a Wood, or the Opening of a Heath; on the Side of a Road, or in some obscure Corner of the Country. It is agreeable, when walking in the Morning, to hear the Bleating of Sheep, Lowing of Oxen, Screaming, Quacking, and Crowing, of Geese, Ducks, Cocks, and other Home-bred Animals; to hear the louder Winds, threatening to tear up Trees by the Roots, demolish Houses, and remove the Globe itself, if possible, from off its Basis. This would be better Musick to me for a Change, than a Concert of Dulcimers, Theorbos, Timbrels and Viols. Human Nature delights in Variety, and there is a certain audacious Curiosity in the Soul, which loves to venture on Extremes. The Rain, the Dirt, the Stink of Hogs, Camels, Dromedaries, and other necessary rural Beasts, would please me better than the constant tedious Ease, and fulsome Sweets of the Court or City. I sweat whilst thus shut up within these Walls: It cloyeth me to be daily walking in a Circle; to trample always over the same Ground, in a vast Labyrinth of Houses, where my Senses meet no new refreshing Objects, but my Ears are hourly nauseated, vexed, and tired, with the rattling Din of Coaches, Carts, Artificers, and the harsh Voices of such as sell Flesh, Fish, and other Things about the Streets. My Eyes can find no grateful Prospects, but dashed with surly rugged Looks of proud wealthy Infidels; or with the sly satyrick Smiles of well-shaped People, who condemn me for my bandy Legs, and crooked Back.

In a Word, my dear Bassa, I long to feel the gentle Breezes of the *East*, purifying my Soul, and cleansing it from so many Pollutions. I languish for the Sight of Turbants and Crescents, for the devout Call of the Mueziot

Muezins on the lofty Minarets: I die in Contemplation of the sacred Fasts and Feasts, the nocturnal Joys of *Ramezan*, the Revels and chearful Illuminations of *Beiram*, and the Imperial *Dunalmas*. When I think of these Things, my Soul bursts forth in fervent Invocations, and every Faculty crieth, *Alla, Alla*.

May that Divine and Immortal One hear my Prayers, and grant me the Happiness to see the Face of noble *Kerker Hassan*, in an Horizon pure and free from the Defilement of Infidels.

Paris, 14th of the 2^d Moon,
of the Year 1667.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Isouf, his Kinsman, a Merchant at Astracan.

I Sent a Dispatch to thee in the Year 1664, wherein, among other Things, I recommended our Cousin *Solyman* to thy Friendship and Patronage, if ever he should travel to *Astracan*, as I advised him. For thou knowest he hath a roaming Genius, without the Wit to improve himself in any Foreign Country, unless he hath a Friend to guide and take care of him: And then it will be a difficult Task to make him sensible where he is. He will always think he is within the Verge of the Grand Signior's Hunt, where he may domineer at large, under the Notion of a Retainer to the Sultan. He is a strange humoured Fellow. I know not what to make of him. He is as changeable as *Proteus*, or a Camelion: Sometimes religiously Dull and Phlegmatick, like a *Hadgi*; at another Season you shall feel his Pulse beating to the Tune of youthful Pride, Ambition, Lust, and other Vices. To Day he would be a *Derviche*, *Santone*, or any Thing that bears the Form of Holiness:

Holiness; But when he hath slept upon it, the vain young Convert would return again to the World, and be a Soldier, Courtier, Professor of the Law, or any Thing that maketh a Figure in the Eyes of Men. So unwelcome are the rigid Paths of Virtue to a Soul not well established in its Principles.

And yet our Cousin *Solyman*, as I am told, is the Mussulman of the Mussulmans, as to his Exterior. With Hand devoutly laid to Breast, and humblest couch of the Head, he gives the Salem to his Friends and Neighbours: Soft, as the Signs of Mutes in the Seraglio: Humble as the *Grecian* Chapman, walking through the Streets, is forced to imitate, when he is hector'd by the rampant Janizaries.

But, oh my Cousin *Isouf*, it is Grief to say, that *Solyman*, Partaker of our Blood, is base, ungrateful, and perfidious: That he should be thus unnatural, studying the utmost Period of our Life; instead of honest, just, and noble Presents, to prolong it.

I had Reason, long ago, to compare him to *Pontius Pilate*; and if I had gone on, and scum'd of all the most enormous Crimes of human Race, it would be too little to express his Enmity against *Mahmut*, the kindest Uncle, and the truest Friend, that ever poor *Solyman* could boast of.

But he is degenerate, and that is too little, without the mournful Sighs of thee and me, to increase the Aggravation of his Crime.

In fine, he is our Kinsman, and let us shew Mercy. He hath been perfidious to me, and I would retrench the Words I have spoken in his Disgrace. If he comes to *Astracan*, do as thou pleasest: But have an Eye over thine own Affairs. Take not *Solyman* for an Angel: He is still but a Turbant-maker; a frolicksome Blade; and a Merchant that makes a very small Figure.

Cousin *Isouf*, forget not the Maxims thou hast learned in thy Travels; Be true to thy Friends, and thyself. Honour the Memory of thy deceased Parents. Love all Men that are good. And be not remiss in praying
for

for the Soul of thy deceased Uncle, whenſever God
ſhall call for it.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1667.

The End of the Sixth Volume.



